

Movie CLASSIC

NOVEMBER

10
CENTS

FAY WRAY
Natural Color Photo

**CAN YOU PASS JOAN
CRAWFORD'S LOVE TEST?**

**HOW SIMONE SIMON
FOOLED HOLLYWOOD!**

THRILLING *New* LIPSTICK DISCOVERY!

To the world's most permanent transparent lipstick has been added an amazing new ingredient that gives lips a more exciting glamour than they have ever had before!

ORDINARY INDELIBLE LIPSTICK



Often the cause of lips becoming dull, dry, rough, wrinkled, old-looking and decidedly *unattractive*!

THE NEW TATTOO



Contains a moistening agent that makes lips lustrous, moist, smooth, soft, youthful... *irresistible*!

Why Some Lipsticks Make Lips Unattractive

Of course, you want your lipstick to be permanent... your lips soft and smooth... their caress a never-to-be-forgotten thrill!

But you have probably learned that lipstick does not always make lips soft and smooth! Ordinary indelible lipstick often makes them feel dry and parched, causing an unconscious and frequent licking of the lips in an effort to restore moistness and softness.

This constant licking removes the lips' natural oils as well as the protective oils supplied by the lipstick, resulting in lips readily becoming dull, dry, cracked, rough, old looking... *unattractive*!

How The New TATTOO Corrects All This

With the *New TATTOO* you have all the permanence you could wish for... and the marvelous moistening agent it contains ends all desire to lick the lips... thus keeping them moist... softer and smoother than ever before... thrillingly, youthfully irresistible... without a wrinkle... without a line! Instead of be-



ing rough and dry, they'll be tattooed with thrilling transparent color... and instead of being dull they'll have a kind of lustrous, inviting, shimmering gloss and sparkle that is never denied... *anything*!

Send Coupon For Trial Lipstick

So that you can instantly *see* and *feel* the astonishing difference, a generous introductory size of the *New TATTOO* in a clever silver and black case will be sent for the coupon below and 10c to cover postage and packing. There are five exciting shades... the most famous colors ever put into lipstick! Most women want more than one. So why not send for several shades of this miracle lipstick today! You'll get an entirely new beauty thrill the instant you TATTOO your lips... with the *New TATTOO*!

TATTOO, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept. 18, Chicago

Send me trial size *New TATTOO*, postpaid. 10c enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coral (Orangish) | <input type="checkbox"/> Exotic (Fiery) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Natural (Blood Color) | <input type="checkbox"/> Pastel (Changeable) |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Hawaiian (Brilliant) |

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

The New TATTOO

"Ridiculous"



SAYS
MODERN
MATRON

A MODERN MATRON AND A DENTIST BATTLE OVER A CARROT

"Intelligent"



SAYS
YOUR
DENTIST



(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)

"RIDICULOUS," said a prominent matron. "No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would behave so badly. She'd be outlawed—every door closed to her!" *That's the social side of the debate.* But just for a moment listen to a modern dentist...

"Ridiculous?—not a bit of it. That's a very sensible picture. I'd be delighted to post it in my office as an object lesson for my patients. If more people chewed as vigorously, if modern teeth and gums were on better terms with coarse, rough, natural foods we'd hear a lot less about

tender, rundown gums—we'd hear a whole lot less about 'pink tooth brush,' too."

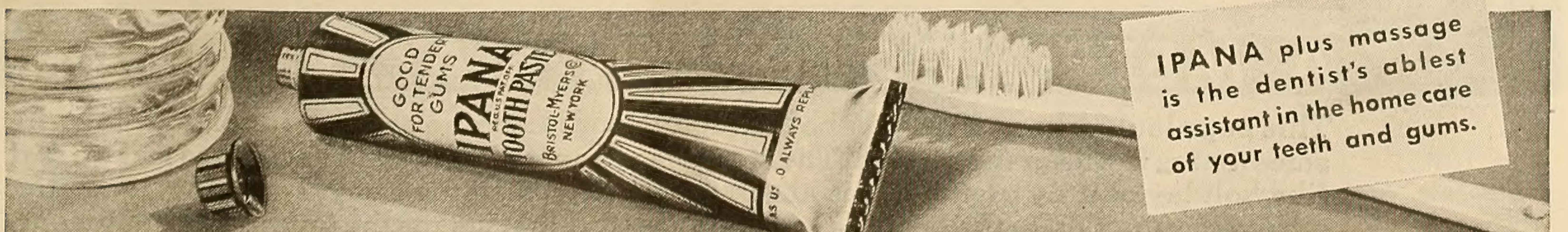
"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious

When you see "pink tooth brush"—see your dentist. It can mean serious trouble. But usually it simply means that modern soft foods haven't given your gums enough work—that they need the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Ipana plus massage is a part of modern dental practice because Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well

as clean the teeth. Get a tube of Ipana today and begin this modern health routine. Massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Your gums feel healthier. And your teeth grow whiter, show more sparkle.

Help your dentist to keep you from being a "dental cripple." Don't let your tooth brush show "pink." Don't let yourself in for the really serious gum troubles. Firm gums and shining white teeth are vitally important to you. Switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—and *switch* today!



IPANA plus massage
is the dentist's ablest
assistant in the home care
of your teeth and gums.



Jean
HARLOW
William
POWELL
Myrna
LOY
Spencer
TRACY

IN
LIBELED LADY

with **WALTER CONNOLLY**

Directed by Jack Conway • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten



A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Production

This page looks like a "Who's Who" of Hollywood! Imagine seeing four of your favorite screen stars in one grand picture! The story was so good that M-G-M decided to make a real film holiday of it by giving it this ALL-STAR cast. The result is a gay, sparkling, romantic, de luxe production in the best M-G-M manner—and that means the tops in entertainment.

On the Cover

Edwin Bower Hesser, Hollywood's master of natural color photography, contributes a new personality study of Fay Wray, the fourth in a series posed exclusively for MOVIE CLASSIC

MOVIE CLASSIC

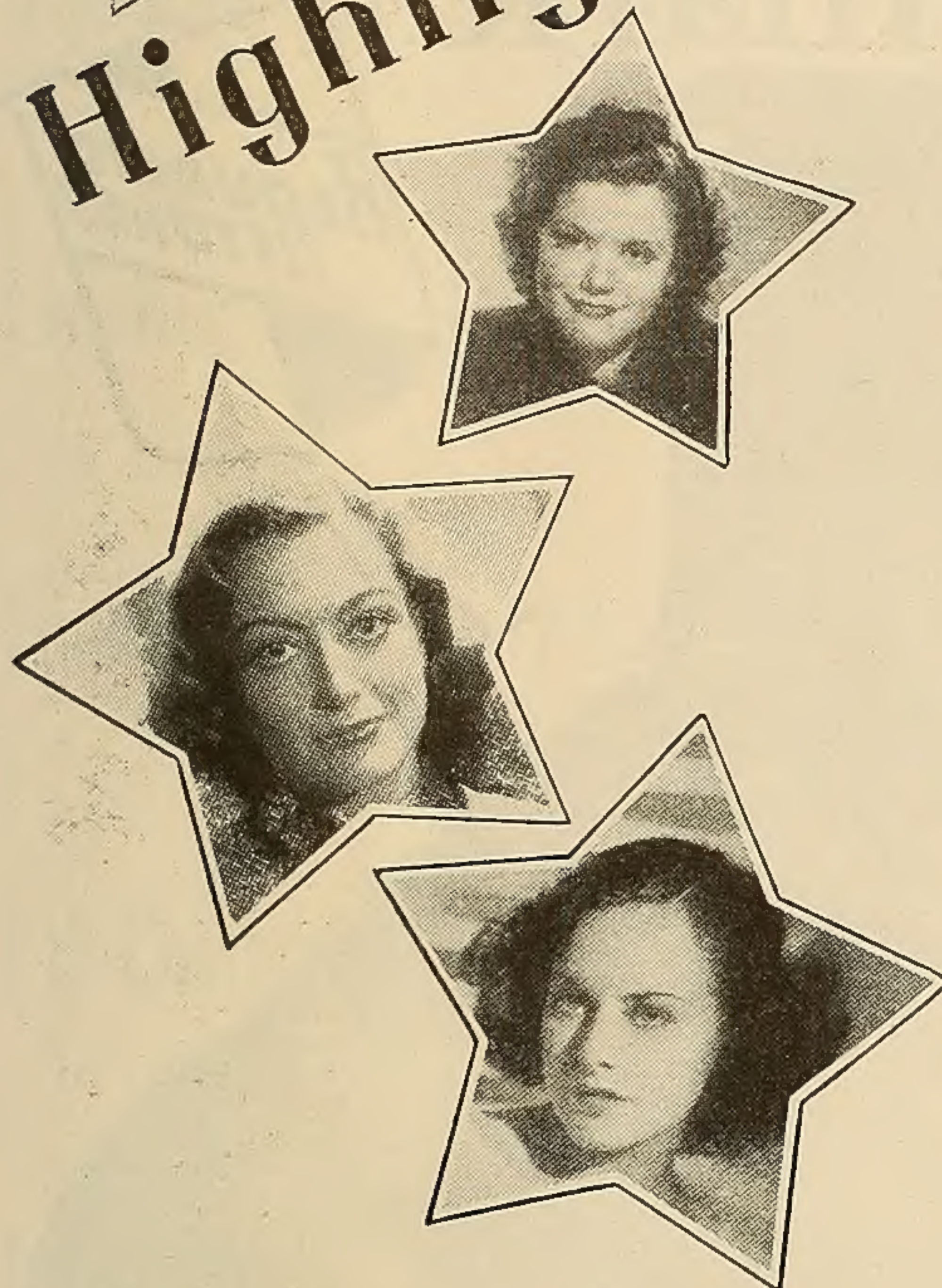
EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

NOVEMBER, 1936

VOL. 11 No. 3

ERIC ERGENBRIGHT
Editor

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W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

Go to your favorite newsstand for December MOVIE CLASSIC. You will find it on sale on October 30th.

W. M. MESSENGER
General Manager

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GEORGE
ARLISS

LORD OF THE ORIENT . . .
Subtle . . . Sinister . . . All-powerful . . . but powerless to impose his will on two young people madly in love . . .



**EAST
MEETS
WEST**

with **LUCIE MANNHEIM**
GODFREY TEARLE • ROMNEY BRENT
Directed by **HERBERT MASON** Story by **E. GREENWOOD**



COMING TO YOUR
FAVORITE THEATRE

A  Production



Mervyn LeRoy, famous director, wants a trademark for his new production company and offers MOVIE CLASSIC'S readers valuable prizes for their ideas

WITHIN ten days after this easy trademark contest closes on December 20, 1936, winners will be tucking away in their pocketbooks "Christmas Gift" money ranging from \$50 to \$250—and all because they were smart enough to take full advantage of this remarkable offer.

And it might as well be you! Imagine how simple it is! All you have to do is to submit trademark ideas symbolical of a Mervyn LeRoy Production. The only cost is the stamps needed to send them in.

Mervyn LeRoy, as you know, has an astounding record as a motion picture director. As a proof, scan this list of notable successes—*Gold Diggers of 1933*, *Five Star Final*, *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, *Tugboat Annie*, *Oil for the Lamps of China*, *Little Caesar* and *Anthony Adverse*. He recently completed directing that great stage success, *Three Men on a Horse*, for Warner Bros., who are plan-

ning to release it as one of their big specials of the year.

Now, Mr. LeRoy is forming his own production company which will be known as "*Mervyn LeRoy Productions*." His pictures will be released through Warner Bros. At present he is concerned about a trademark—one that will be in keeping with the sterling type of motion pictures he plans to produce. Regarding it, he says:

"I am looking for a trademark that will be entirely different from any now in use. It must be distinctive as well as impressive. It is my plan to produce only class pictures with mass appeal, therefore those participating in this contest should bear that fact in mind. I am not concerned with the artiness of the suggestions sent in as I am with the effectiveness of the ideas. It isn't necessary for anyone to be an artist—though a sketch of the idea will be as welcome as a description of the idea itself."

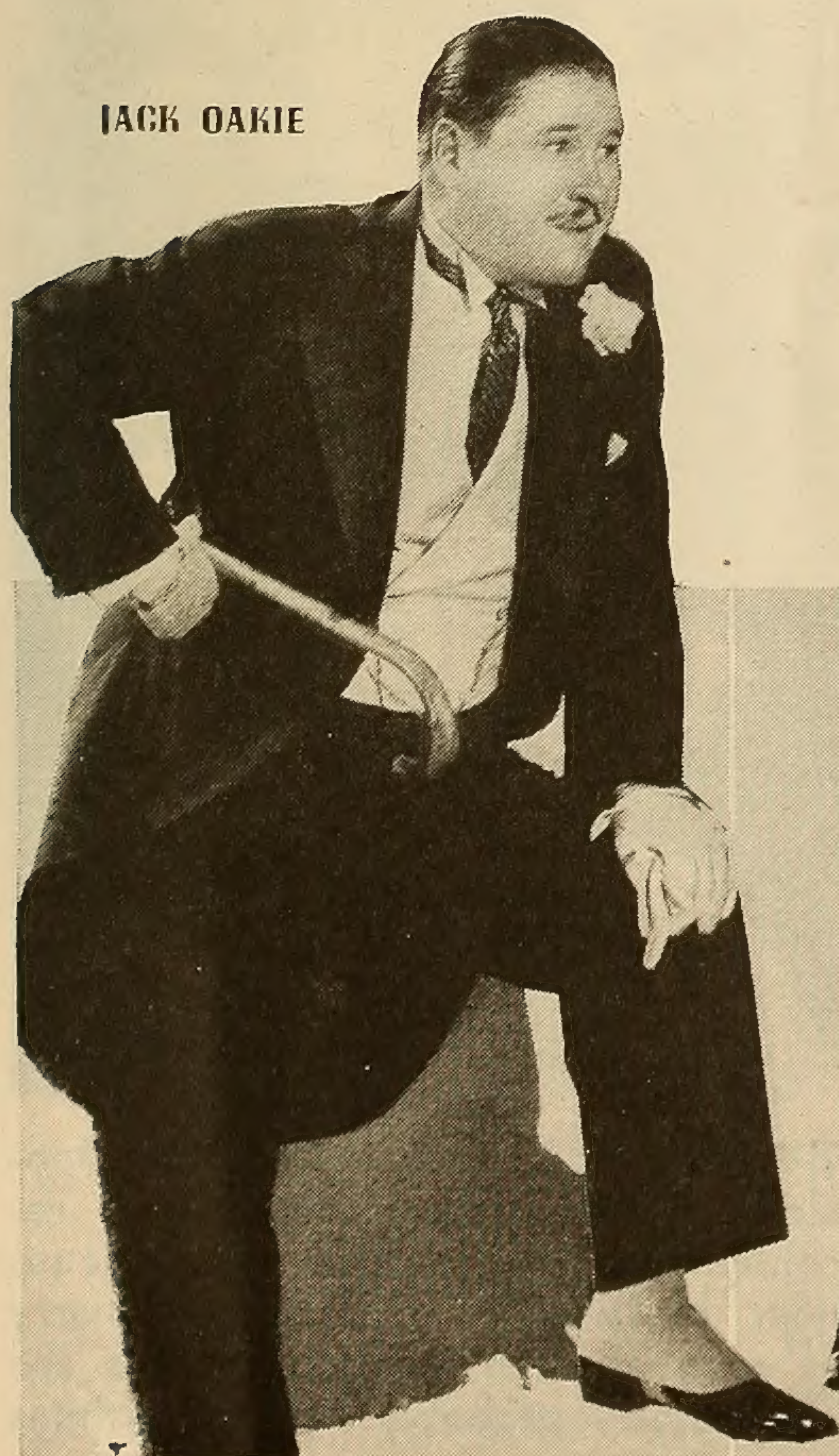
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This is the Champagne Waltz
 This is the Dance of Love,
 Under the Soft Light's Gleam,
 Just Close Your Eyes and Dream!
 I'd Dance My Whole Life Thru
 If I Could Dance With You.

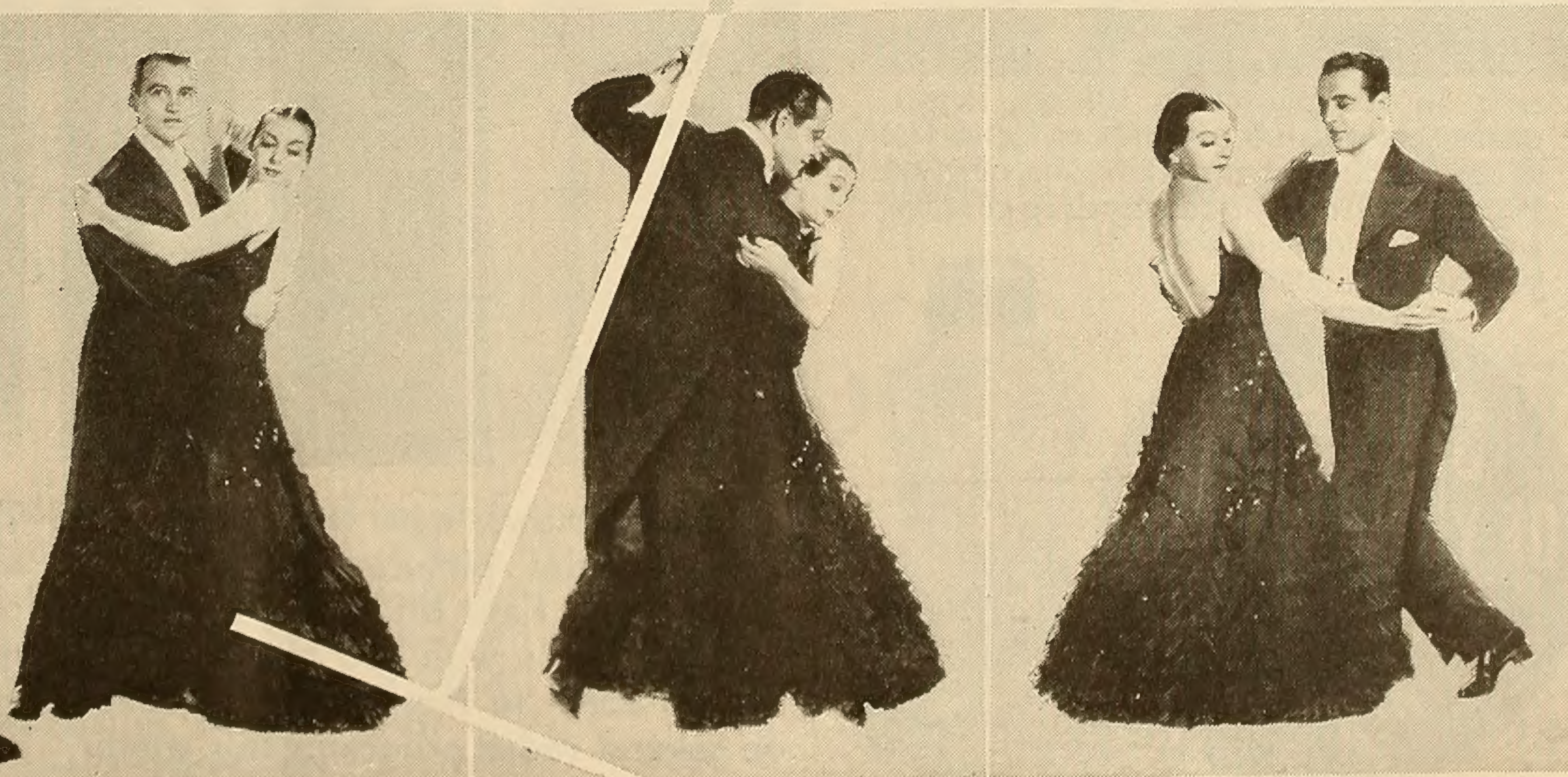


FRED MacMURRAY
 GLADYS SWARTHOUT
"Champagne Waltz"
 with JACK OAKIE
 VELOZ & YOLANDA
 HERMAN BING
 A Paramount Picture. Directed by
 A. Edward Sutherland

JACK OAKIE



VELOZ & YOLANDA



• When Doctors swab SORE THROAT..

surface germs are destroyed,
soreness relieved, healing
quicken



• When you Gargle with PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC... you continue your doctor's treatment by destroying sur- face germs, relieving the cold.



USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FOR COLDS—TO RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS

• The reason doctors have you gargle is to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—saves you $\frac{2}{3}$ of your money.

So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 500 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c, or \$1.00 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.

**SAVES $\frac{2}{3}$
OF YOUR DOLLAR**

*..Goes 3 times
as far!*

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau



Hollywood Highlights

Our inquisitive sleuth goes a-snooping for inside facts and foibles about the famous ones of Filmdom

by The Boulevardier

HOLLYWOOD is chuckling. When Samuel Goldwyn was preparing *Dodsworth* he instructed his casting director to find an actress to play the rôle of the woman who intrigues Walter Huston and shatters his happy marriage.

"Get me an actress," said Sam, "who appears sexless, just an ordinary woman, the sort that will make the audience wonder what Huston saw to make him fall for her."

The casting director went about his duty carefully and methodically.

He finally found just the type Goldwyn desired—Mary Astor.

Then came—The Diary!

A Humble Beginning

Over on the Paramount lot there is a young chap whose ambition is to see his name in lights some day.

He's started. At least his name appears on the call list of the Cecil B. De Mille production, *The Plainsman*.

His listing is "chair boy," which means that all day long he totes a chair around and when the great C.B. seems disposed to squat the boy shoves the chair under him with all the skill and aplomb of a waiter in the Trocadero when doing a similar service for Jean Harlow.

It's a start, anyway you figure it.

Inevitable

Kate Smith is headed for Hollywood and possibly an unique experience as a "stooge."

The explanation of which is that Kate "Coming Round the Mountain" Smith is slated to appear in a picture with Shirley Temple and that means nothing more nor less than being a "stooge," if you get the idea.

Aren't they all?

Neigh, Neigh

Most colossal Gesture-of-Independence of recent years among Hollywood stars, as performed by Bing Crosby: Ordered by his financial manager to stop buying race horses, Bing turned right around, stomped his foot, and paid \$150 for a mule for his near-San Diego ranch. There!!! Dern it!

Verse of the Month

Dick Powell has a spaniel;

The spaniel was gonna have pups—

So Dick, to pals, promised eleven,

But only six were delivered by heaven;
Of all the numerical flups!!!

Much Married

I wonder—I just can't help wondering!
—how Joan Blondell feels at the marriage of her recent ex-husband, Cameraman



Jessie Mathews, now starring in the English-made picture, *Paris Love Song*, took time off to "go on the air" in London with Ted Husing. Jessie will come to New York to appear on several radio programs this winter

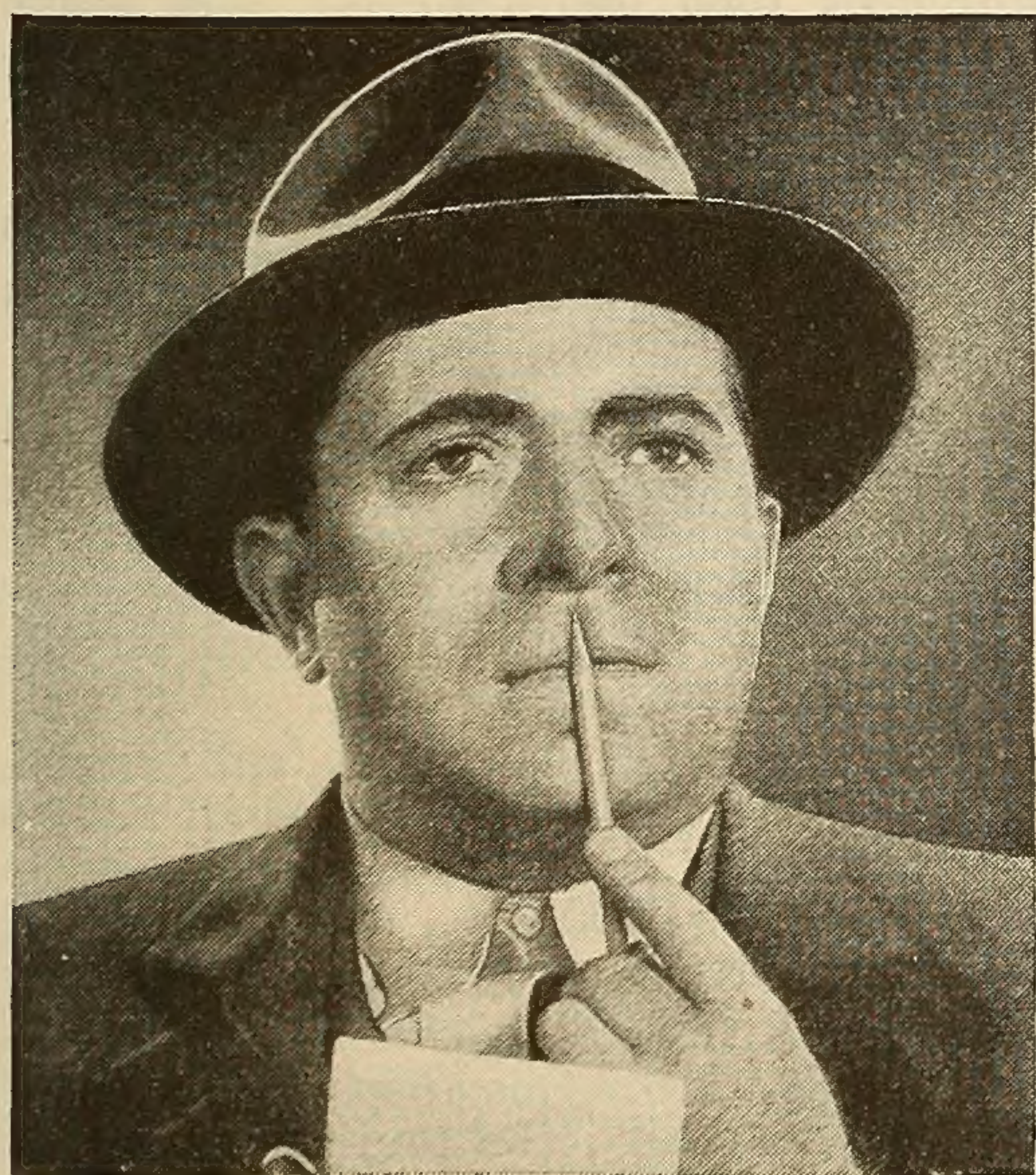


Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald announced their engagement recently. They are building a ranch house near Hollywood and plan to marry as soon as their current pictures are completed—probably by Christmas

"Folks, Meet 'OIWIN'"

('Oiwin' is Brooklynese for the good)
old Anglo-Saxon name of Erwin)

To the bride and neighbors he was a polite and milk-toasty Erwin, but to the mob he was 'Oiwin'—the horse-picking demon who gave bookmakers financial D.T.s! A gentle Jekyll in Jersey . . . but a Hyde-de-ho in the betting ring.



A candid camera study of 'Oiwin' . . . as the marvel of the ages picks a long shot and almost wrecks the betting industry.

Now it can be told! Nearly every star comedian in Hollywood wanted to play 'Oiwin'. "I'll buy the play," said one . . . "I don't want any salary. Just give me the chance and a percentage," said another world-famous funnyman . . . But Warner Bros. decided to give this coveted acting plum to Frank McHugh—not because he was the best-known actor to do 'Oiwin'—but because in their opinion he was by far the best suited. How glad you'll be they made this choice when you meet 'Oiwin' on the screen!



"I just love a bettin' man, Oiwin . . . especially if he keeps winning all the time."



Every time 'Oiwin' looked at a racing sheet the book-makers took more aspirin.



"Oiwin, you made us millionaires . . . we want to do some little thing for you."

COMING SOON!

"THREE MEN ON A HORSE"



Conceded to be the greatest comedy hit in ten years, now in its second capacity year on Broadway and being played in four countries, by ten companies to thousands of hilarious crowds everywhere!

Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with

FRANK McHUGH
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • CAROL
HUGHES • ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE • TEDDY HART

Why Some Women are Natural Beauties

They intensify natural coloring... yet never look "made-up". Read how the Color Change Principle available in Tangee make-up brings natural loveliness.

You see many more "naturally" beautiful women than you used to. For make-up styles have changed. Gaudy make-up has vanished. The Tangee Color Change Principle is available in powder, lipstick and rouge.



Your lips become the blush-rose that nature has hidden there. The cream base of Tangee keeps lips smooth, youthful and appealing.



Your cheeks, when rouged with Tangee, are alive and sparkling with your own color. In Compact or Creme form. Both contain the Tangee Color Change Principle.



And because Tangee Face Powder blends naturally with your own skin tones, your skin is smoother, fresher... with never a trace of that powdery look.

Begin tonight to be lovelier in your own way. Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Color Change Principle. Tangee Powder is 55c and \$1.10. Rouge, compact or creme, each 83c. Lipstick is 39c and \$1.10.

• BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Always ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY F116
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check ☐ Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel.

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Hollywood Highlights

George Barnes, to Film-Dancer Betty Wood. Not, I mean, that Joan can really have any morbid interest in her ex's heart-affairs. But the idea is that this latest is George's *SIXTH* marriage.

Imagine Joan, looking at herself in her mirror, and telling herself: "Oh, I'm just one of the former Mrs. Barneses...!"

Just Say "Mr. K"

The man must certainly have something! I mean Andre Kostelanetz, who's both musical director and fiance to Lily Pons. A man *must* be ooo-la-LA to get a gal to change her name from Pons to Kostelanetz, of *all* things! (Even Lily herself has to shorten it to "Kosty.")

A Great Actor

Let's be serious, really, for just a second—

Having clowned himself through headlines with the help of Miss Barrie, John Barrymore now finds himself in still more headlines—with various reports of his immolation in this hospital or that sanitarium. Lots of people think it's still funny.

Somehow or other, I don't. Regardless, utterly, of how or why John went to those hospitals, the fact remains that John is a mighty sick man. And, whatever else he's done, John has given us some splendid performances—even though some of them were offscreen). And now, as I said, the man is sick—very!

And that's NOT funny!
Thanks for bearing with me.

Garbo Is Garbo

You've been reading, most probably,



It's frontier garb for Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur who are currently playing the leading rôles in Cecil B. DeMille's epic of the old West, *The Plainsman*. Gary and Jean were teamed in several pictures about five years ago



Dorothy Lamour, hailed as one of Paramount's new white hopes, will make her screen debut in the title rôle of *Girl of the Jungle*. Prior to her arrival in Filmland, she starred as a singer on several radio programs

amazing tales of how Garbo has stopped garboing. I mean about how she's gotten positively chummy and palsy with the extras and folk on the set, and how she twits merrily with the musicians on the set, and all that sort of thing.

Well, forget it. Garbo is still Garbo, and even heaven must remember not to approach her. In case anyone else forgets that, Garbo is seeing to it herself. For, around the house she's moved into, Garbo has built an *eight-foot-wall*!! All around.

Evidently, Miss Gustaffsen intends that never again shall it be said of her (as it was once said by a little five-year-old boy who lived next door to her): "OOOh, mama—there's that funny lady out in her yard next door again without any clothes on!"

"What-Won't-They-Be-Doing-Next"

—having nothing else to do, Joyce Compton spent a whole day, giving oil shampoos and lemon rinses to her pet peke and two pet griffons...

—Betty Grable insists on playing at least twenty games of solitaire in bed each evening, to make her sleepy. (And that for you, you Hollywood sin-whisperers!)

—in the home of Pat O'Brien, one goes into stitches at what is laughingly, haha, called the "moaning room." It's where Pat, hahah, keeps all the little knick-knacks, whatnots, and so-ons that he got himself talked into buying at auctions, oh my heavens...!!!

—Wallace Beery, who used to train elephants before he became Mr. B. of MGM, is going in for smaller things in life, now. On his ranch, he is going to breed frogs. To eat their legs. (Anyway, that is more than he—yes, *even* he—could do to an elephant's!)

The Year's Greatest Romantic Adventure!

None knew the overflowing, bursting gladness, the singing joy these two, who had never loved before, found deep in the heart of the desert. The lavish brush of Technicolor reveals the golden beauty of Marlene Dietrich, the burning emotions of Charles Boyer with an intensity never before seen on the screen.

Selznick International Presents

Marlene Dietrich Charles Boyer
The GARDEN of ALLAH

IN TECHNICOLOR
with BASIL RATHBONE • C. AUBREY SMITH
TILLY LOSCH • JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK • Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI
From the book by ROBERT HICHENS
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



PHOTOGRAPHED IN
THE HOLLYWOOD HOME OF

Mary Brian

APPEARING IN
"THREE MARRIED MEN"
A PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION



1881

ROGERS
MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.

Such charming silverware is perfectly at home on the gracious tables of Hollywood Stars. And you need not deny yourself the same luxury — for with Quantity Savings of \$2.50, a Service for Six Persons, with stainless-blade Hollow-Handle Knives, in a beautiful tarnish-proof Chest, can be yours for as little as **\$13.50**

FOR A LIMITED TIME

Sampler Set

6 TEASPOONS only \$1.



THIS Sampler offer is made because we want you to admire one of the three sparkling designs on your own table. See your dealer at once.

Hollywood Highlights

—at RKO, young Mr. Gordon Jones was turned down by the casting department for the football picture *The Big Game*. They told him he wasn't the type. P.S.—Three years ago, Mr. Gordon Jones was on the varsity football team of the University of California at Los Angeles.

—in Australia (just to prove Hollywood isn't as whatever it is that it's cracked up to be) they've just finished shooting an epic. The hero of the epic is a kangaroo. The film is the story of the kangaroo's life, from mama's pouch to his final fame as a circus boxing-freak. Even Hollywood wouldn't do that. And never mind saying "it couldn't."

—Cecil B. DeMille, a director once described by Mr. Laughton as being sort of "cozy" with God, used to jingle gold coins in his pocket. At wits-end (or is that possible) since the government called in all gold money, Cecie has finally had to console himself with silver dollars.

—to Inez Courtney goes the achieving of Hollywood's strangest injury. She busted her own glasses on her own little nosey-wosey, with her own little racquet-wacquet while playing badminton. Kidding aside, it was lucky she didn't blind herself—the glass, fortunately, didn't hit her eyes. But her face is as full of plaster patches as a bargain bungalow after the first year.

—a year ago, fresh-skyrocketing to screen fame, Bob Taylor told me "I'll never go for this Beverly Hills mansion splurge, these chromium-plated autos, and all that sort of stuff." At the time, Bob lived in one of those little valley farm-houses, and had a dinky little car. Latest Taylor item: Bob, who now lives in a Beverly Hills house, took a just-received MGM bonus



Lillian Emerson gave a Bavarian party and Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter were among those present. Mrs. Baxter is the former Winifred Bryson, a famous star in silent pictures.



Luise Rainer has fallen victim to Hollywood's tennis Phobia, installed a tennis court on the grounds of her Brentwood home, and plays at every possible opportunity

check and bought two new cars, one of which is simply "stupendous."

Cafe Observation

Mind you, I wouldn't go so far as to say that Paulette is going the way of all flesh—no, I mean the way of all those other once-famed Chaplin Leading Ladies, but I do know that the other night, in the Brown Derby, Charlie and Paulette were dining. It was a nice dinner, in three stages: First Stage: Charlie and Paulette chatted; Second Stage, Charlie and Paulette talked loud, fast and furious at each other; Third Stage, they finished the meal in silence.

Isn't it the first year that's the hardest?

A Rudy Romance

Girl friend of Alice Faye's on the coast insists that the romance between Rudy Vallee and Alice is as cold as an agent's heart.

A radio gal named Niela Goodele is Rudy's current heart and is wearing a ring—if that means anything.

Niela, by the bye, is the exotic type—a la Fay Webb, and exotic girls are usually Rudy's weakness.

Taboo

Repercussions, following the litigation over the custody of Freddie Bartholomew and Edith Fellows are reverberating over Hollywood and studio executives are secretly informing parents, guardians, et al, of other kids under contract that there must be no more court proceedings and the attendant unfavorable publicity.

Carriage, Please

Times have certainly changed in the picture world.

Today top ranking stars at their various studios have their swank motor cars stand by to carry them from dressing rooms to sets. Ten years ago Gloria Swanson introduced that system at Paramount studios but Gloria used a real Atlantic City wheel chair


[Continued on page 70]

(Academy Award Winner)

VICTOR McLAGLEN *The* MAGNIFICENT BRUTE

"A fighting fiend and a fool for blondes"

with BINNIE BARNES, JEAN DIXON,
WILLIAM HALL,
HENRY ARMETTA, EDWARD NORRIS



A - UNIVERSAL PICTURE

from the LIBERTY MAGAZINE STORY "BIG"

CHARLES R. ROGERS, *Executive Producer*
EDMUND GRAINGER, *Associate Producer*

Directed by JOHN G. BLYSTONE

Have a Clear LOVELY SKIN

"Cell Over!"



To be Truly Lovely,
Make Your Skin Lovely
... All of It!

GET rid of blemishes, spots and pimples. Give your arms, your throat, your shoulders—as well as your face—the radiant, youthful beauty that men admire so much.

Disfiguring eruptions vanish magically if you remove their real cause. And the cause in thousands of cases—perhaps in yours—is poisons that have accumulated within your body and tainted your blood.

To win the beauty you want—you must rid your system of these poisons at once. So do as thousands have done—and try pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets today.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure, wholesome yeast—one of the richest known natural sources of Vitamin B Complex. And this precious *natural* food substance works in nature's own way. It tends to strengthen and tone intestinal organs—helps rid the body easily and naturally of poisonous wastes. Then—your skin has the chance to become truly lovely.

Get Yeast Foam Tablets today. End the frequent cause of ugly blemishes—and strive to make *all* your skin enchantingly lovely.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

Free!

Mail Coupon
for Trial Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.

Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only 1 sample per family.) FG 11-36

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

He Wanted to be Athletic

—And Erik Rhodes got his wish. He's really a formidable young man



ONCE upon a time—all of a year ago—a song writer cooked up a little ditty about a gal who was a “Latin from Manhattan.” The ditty won fame and posies for the song writer—and the Latin—but for one he-guy out in Hollywood it was just a pain in the neck.

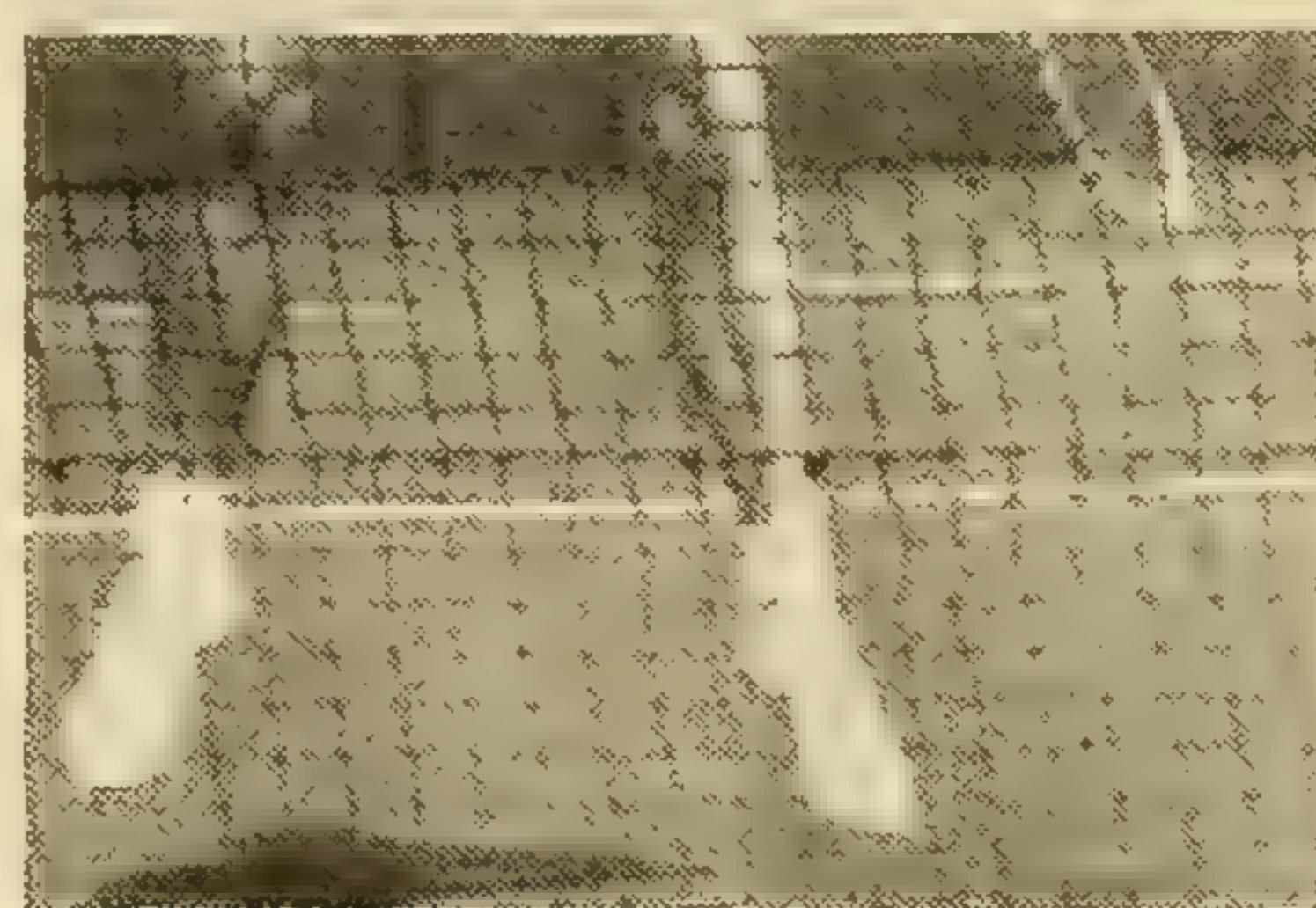
Because why? Because this he-guy knows what it means to be a Latin with a “made-in-America” stamp and he's just a little bored with it all.

His name, as perhaps you've guessed, is Erik Rhodes. He is *not* a Latin. His father and his mother and his cousins and his aunts are Anglo-Saxon all the way back to there. His skin is fair, his hair light brown. He hails from Oklahoma. That last fact should settle the argument. Dyed-in-the-wool Latins do, on occasion, turn up in Manhattan, but out in Oklahoma you either speak English or you're an Indian.

Despite all this hundred per cent Americanism, Mr. Rhodes—to his enthusiastic public—is still the Latin menace. The world remembers with glee his portrayal of the Italian co-respondent in *The Gay Divorcee* ('Scusee, please); the world still chuckles when recalling the orchidaceous dress designer in *Top Hat*. Nobody, his audiences claim, could act that Latin—and that menacing—and not *be* Latin and a menace. Mr. Rhodes, it would seem, is too good an actor for his own good. At the moment he's dusting off his dialect for another “Italian menace” rôle in *Breakfast for Two* at RKO-Radio.

Not that Erik objects to being a menace. In fact he will point out to you the number of present public heroes (Clark Gable, Preston Foster and Bill Powell to name a few) who got their start as teeth-gnashers. What he does object to is being cast consistently as a flutter-budget, a mild Latin, a mild comic and—the last insult to injury—a mild menace!

For, as Mr. Rhodes argues with more
[Continued on page 80]



Erik plays tournament tennis—he rides spirited jumping horses—he plays polo, although he nearly broke his neck

by
Ruth Penny



and now **WINX** brings you
BALANCED COLORS



... in the **NEW**...

Yes, it's *real* news! And it's perfect news for the millions of women who've been waiting for the secret of "natural" eye makeup. For with this startling scientific development of true-tone blended colors, WINX has made it possible for every woman to individualize her eye make-up according to her own particular type. Whether you are blonde, brunette, or titian... whether your eyes are blue, gray, or brown... you will find *your true* color scheme in WINX Eye Beautifiers. For all WINX colors have equalized tone values. They not only blend with your eyes and complexion—they actually blend with other WINX colors. Thus a Brown WINX mascara blends not only with the Brown WINX Eye Shadow and Eyebrow Pencil, but also with any other WINX color—be it even the Blue, Green, or Mauve Eye Shadow. In this, you have the secret of "natural" make-up. The face, the eyes, the brows, the lashes, colors—are blended into one harmonious, alluring picture. So try these new Blended WINX products today. Only with colors which blend with each other can you obtain "natural" eye make-up. On sale at your local department, drug, or 5 and 10 cent store.

WINX
Eye Beautifiers

3-WAY BLEND

THAT HARMONIZES

1 *with Your Eyes!*

2 *with Your Complexion!*

3 *with Each Other!*

WINX 3 WAY BLEND

EYE BEAUTIFIERS

EYES	BRUNETTES					
	MASCARA		BROW PENCIL		EYE SHADOW	
	DAY	NIGHT	DAY	NIGHT	DAY	NIGHT
BROWN	BLACK	BLACK	BLACK	BLACK	BROWN	MAUVE
BLUE	BLACK	BLUE	BLACK	BLACK	BLUE	BLUE
GRAY	BLACK	BLACK	BLACK	BLACK	GRAY	MAUVE
	BLONDES					
	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN	BROWN	BROWN	MAUVE
	BLUE	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN	BROWN	BLUE	BLUE
	GRAY	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	GRAY	GREEN or MAUVE
	TITIAN					
	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN or BLUE	MAUVE or BLUE

USE THIS CHART TO CHOOSE YOUR CORRECT COLORS.

USE THIS CHART TO CHOOSE YOUR CORRECT COLORS

Look for this WINX color harmony chart at your 5 and 10 cent store counter. It tells you what colors to use for your type and eliminates guess work in eye make-up.



YOU'LL WANT BOTH *Foundation and Girdle*

"Rhapsody" offers new found comfort with adequate support for the figure which needs more than mere "holding in". Styled of extra firmly-knitted two-way stretch Lastex—actually controls and moulds. Boning at front shapes comfortably and smoothly.

Enjoy the Girdle for About Town and everyday wear—and the Foundation for Dress and Formal occasions. It's an economy to have the set of two at only \$9 and up. May be had separately, of course.

"Rhapsody" Girdle \$4 and up—Sizes: 28 to 34. "Rhapsody" Foundation \$5 and up—Sizes: 34 to 40.

You should find "Rhapsody" and other Creations by Hickory at your favorite Corset Department. If not—write for FREE brochure. Address: 1143 W. Congress St., Chicago.



A. STEIN & COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

Loretta Young

Answers

The Star of *Ramona* answers your queries—and selects the winner of this month's "Win a Telephone Call" Contest

by
The Inquiring
Reporter

Congratulations to Jeanne Malenchek of 905 Queen Street, Columbia, South Carolina.

Her question, "What is the most beautiful word you know?" has been selected by Loretta Young as the most interesting of all the thousands of questions submitted by MOVIE CLASSIC readers—and she therefore is the winner of the long distance telephone call from the charming star of *Ramona*.

Again, congratulations. By the time this appears in print the editor of this magazine will have arranged with the lucky winner the day and hour at which the telephone call will be placed.

Your questions had flooded MOVIE CLASSIC's office in staggering number long before the closing date of this contest. There were, of course, many duplications but almost without exception they reflected real thought and I believe they have brought out much that is new and interesting about one of Hollywood's most popular players.

And so without further ado let's summon Loretta Young to take her place on our witness stand. Your questions will be found in blackface type. Her answers, in italics.

Q. When you have acquired enough money from your work in pictures to enable you to retire in comfort, would you retire or would you continue your work for the love of acting and fame?

A. I would retire. Acting in motion pictures is a fascinating work but I hope I have the courage to leave it while I am still young enough and eager enough to build a happiness that is based on something more tangible than a screen career. Motion picture stars are supposed to be envied in many ways. Their earning power is great and there is a certain satisfaction in fame—but honestly I do not believe that this profession of mine itself builds towards lasting happiness.

Q. Why did you seek so avidly to play the rôle of *Ramona*?

A. Because Ramona has always been one



Loretta Young, now working in *Ladies in Love*, will next be co-starred with Don Ameche in *Lloyd's of London*, if the present plans of 20th Century-Fox are carried out

of my favorite stories. I have loved it ever since I first read it when I was about twelve years old—because Ramona is a romantic, sincere and honest character—and because I was anxious to face the challenge of technicolor.

Q. Do you feel that being a child star robbed you of a normal childhood?

A. I don't think so—although probably I am a very poor judge, since if I have been robbed of a normal childhood, I would have no way of knowing it, the comparison being denied me.

Q. Do you plan to marry in the near future?

A. I have no matrimonial plans.

Q. What opinion did you form of Robert Taylor while you were playing opposite him in *Private Number*?

A. A very excellent opinion of a very charming gentleman.

Q. If you hadn't been blessed with beauty and talent for the theatre, what other vocation in life would you have selected?

A. I have no idea for I started acting before I was old enough to develop a definite interest in any other vocation.

Q. Do you like to travel?

A. Yes.

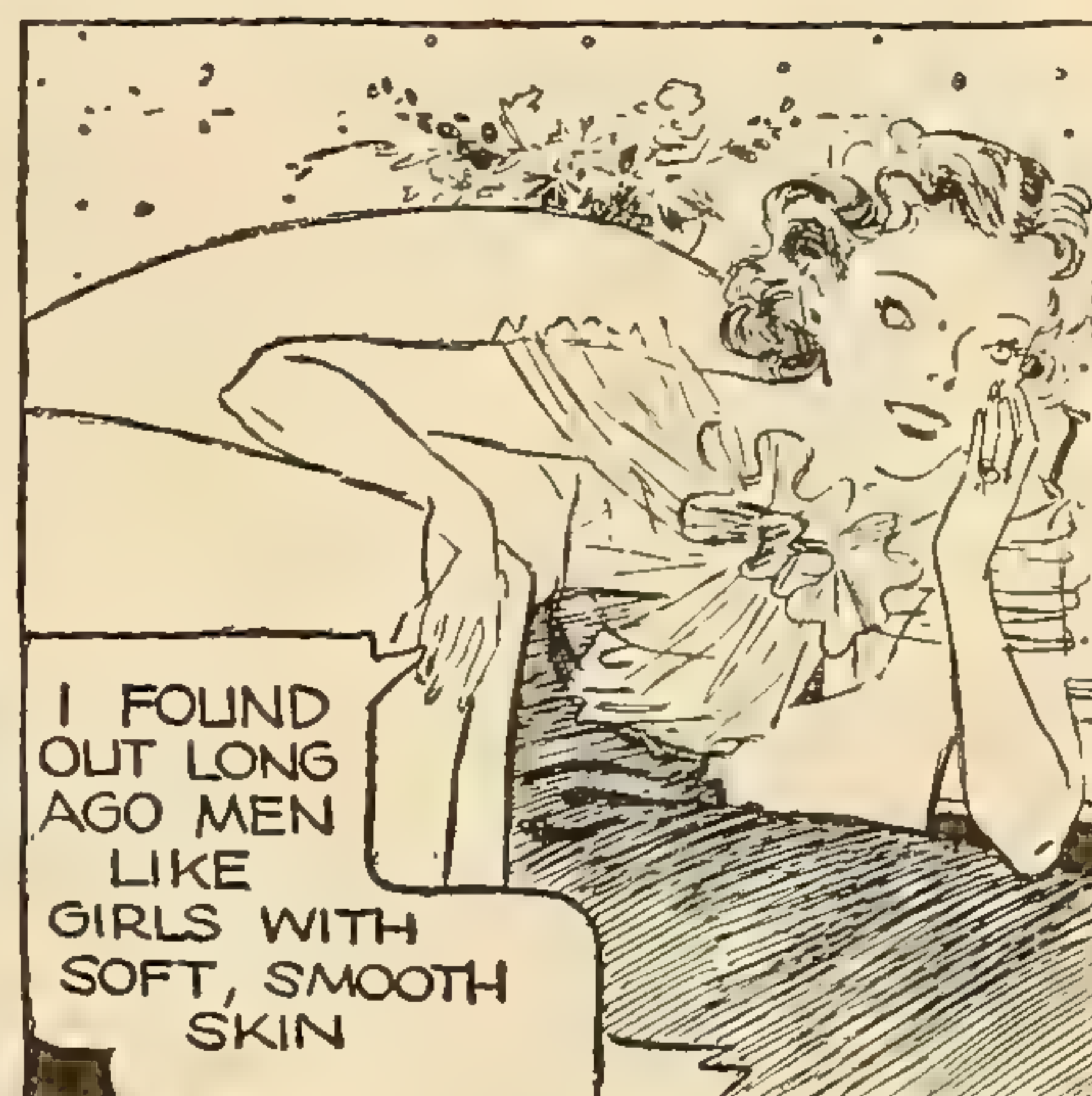
Q. In selecting your friends, just what qualities must they have?

A. Honesty, tolerance and a sense of humor.

[Continued on page 52]

"When skin is really lovely
men always notice"

Here's "Lucky Sue" who
knows the Screen Stars' secret



LORETTA YOUNG

20TH CENTURY-FOX STAR

STAR OF "LADIES IN LOVE"

"IT'S wonderful," says Loretta Young, "how you can use all the cosmetics you wish, yet keep your complexion exquisite with Lux Toilet Soap."

It's when stale rouge and powder *choke the pores* that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap guards against this risk. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, carries away every trace of dust, dirt and stale cosmetics.

When 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap to keep skin lovely, you can be sure it's the right complexion care for *you*. Why don't you try it?



YOU want to have the charm of smooth, clear skin. So follow this simple rule: Before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed, use Lux Toilet Soap.

Hormel Offers A Thousand Prizes for Speed Cooking

Joan Bennett invites
you to be her luncheon
guest in Hollywood!



JOAN BENNETT'S MENU

Hormel Chicken Broth
Melba Toast
Vegetable Beef Pie*
Buttered Corn
Tomato Crème Salad*
Toasted Saltines
Peaches and Cream
Assorted Cookies
Tea or Coffee

*See recipes for these dishes

SPEED and efficiency become more and more the keynote of today's culinary achievements. Women are no longer merely interested in the appetizing qualities of a recipe—the little time and effort required come in for a large share of applause.

How to cook quickly those nutritious dishes which at the same time appeal to the male palate is a constant problem. Now Hormel, makers of those delicious soups I so often recommend, has come forward with a plan to construct a splendid meal—rapidly—with soups as the foundation. Not one iota of goodness has been sacrificed. On the contrary, the added soup flavor enhances the richness of recipes.

To reward your interest, there are one thousand and eleven prizes offered—from an all-expense tour to Hollywood—to handsome, handmade luncheon sets—and all you need do is try out speed cooking with Hormel Soups and write in your opinion!

They have prepared, for the first month's contest, a complete menu, sponsored by Joan Bennett, for you to serve, and two recipes are presented for your first experience with speed cooking. Here they are!

VEGETABLE-BEEF PIE

1 can Hormel Vegetable-Beef Soup
2 tbs. butter
2 tbs. flour
cup of leftovers
Bisquick pastry

Blend the butter with flour, and add soup. Pour in a cupful of leftovers such as diced meat, carrots, peas, or potatoes. Cook and stir until slightly thick. Pour into a pie plate and cover with Bisquick pastry, cut in rounds. Bake in a hot oven—450 degrees—until brown.

by
**Dorothy
Dwan**

TOMATO CRÈME SALAD

2 tbs. granulated gelatin
3 tbs. cold water
1 can Hormel Cream of Tomato Soup
1 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce
2 pkgs. Cream Cheese
4 tbs. cream
1 tbs. mayonnaise
 $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. salt
1 additional tbs. gelatin
2 additional tbs. cold water

Soften gelatin in cold water. Dissolve it in hot Cream of Tomato Soup. Add Worcestershire Sauce. Blend Cream Cheese, cream, mayonnaise, and salt. Add additional gelatin softened in additional cold water and dissolved over steam.

Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ tomato mixture into freezing tray and chill five minutes. Pour Cheese mixture on top and chill until set. Add rest of tomato mixture, and chill until firm. Cut in squares or fancy shapes and serve on beds of crisp lettuce.

Give one or both of these recipes a try-out in your kitchen today. You'll be eager to write the letter of not more than a hundred words explaining "Why I Like Speed Cooking With Hormel Soup." You will discover the many advantages of this new type of cookery that so aptly fits into the scheme of our present day world.

The prizes are well-worth striving for. First of all there is a free trip to Hollywood, to be entertained by *MOVIE CLASSIC* at the studios. The lovely Walter Wanger star, Joan Bennett, will be your hostess at luncheon. That, in itself, will be an unforgettable thrill, for a date with the star of such pictures as *Big Brown Eyes*, *Two Is A Crowd*, and *Wedding Present*, is an event that comes once in a lifetime.

In addition, of course, you'll see Hollywood in all its glory.

The other prizes will delight feminine hearts the world over. Five beautiful Benrus wrist watches for men or women are waiting for five fortunate winners; five deluxe Hospitality Tray Sets to serve you; and a thousand handmade luncheon sets in gay, merry hues to lend color to the next parties of a thousand different women.

Now for the rules. Simple—easy—and fun!

1. Try either one or both of the recipes shown here. You need not serve the whole menu unless you wish.

2. Write a letter of 100 words or less telling "Why I Like Speed-Cooking With Hormel Soup."

3. Send your letter with the label from one can of any Hormel soup (or a facsimile), and the name and address of your grocer to Contest Department, George A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.

4. The contest closes midnight of November 10, 1936, and entries cannot be accepted after that date.

5. The 1,011 best letters, in the opinion of judges appointed by Hormel, will win the prizes. Judges' decisions will be final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after contest closes.

6. All entries become the property of Hormel, and will not be returned. Contest not open to Hormel employees or members of their families.

Go to the grocer who handles Hormel Soups and ask for the free menu and recipes for the Joan Bennett Contest Luncheon, and other assistance which may help you win a prize. Tell him if you win, he wins the same prize you do!

At Your Service

*Serve the Dishes That
Grace the Tables of
Our Leading Film Stars!*

Imagine owning a complete cook book of film stars' recipes! Now you may have this splendid collection of favorite dishes—for only fifteen cents! Printed on heavy stock, size 8½ x 11 inches, and punched for loose leaf cook-book cover, this assemblage of approximately one hundred kitchen tested dishes, selected by noted celebrities, is just the thing to increase your popularity as a hostess.

MOVIE CLASSIC has made this offer possible through the efforts of its Home Economics editor, Dorothy Dwan, herself a noted film player whose hobby is cooking. Scan this list of stars and their recipes!

Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Puddings
Heather Angel's Salads
E. G. Robinson's Honey Recipes
Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart
Raquel Torres' Mexican Dishes
Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks
Sally Eilers' Appetizing Leftovers
Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes
Valerie Hobson's Casserole Dishes
Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.
Pinky Tomlin's Hot Breads

Address your letters to Dorothy Dwan, MOVIE CLASSIC's Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. ENCLOSE 15c IN STAMPS OR COINS.



TO INTRODUCE OUR
MARVELOUS NEW

Cashmere Bouquet LOTION

Never have you used a lotion that keeps your
hands and face so satin-smooth, alluring!



YOU will prefer Cashmere Bouquet Lotion, first because it is so much more *soothing*! Its healing ingredients smooth your skin at once. Chapped, red-looking hands grow soft and whiter, as if by magic... even with one application of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

Then, you'll prefer it too, because it vanishes quickly and completely... never leaves the slightest feeling of stickiness! You can pull on your gloves without any difficulty, immediately after using Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

And last... but certainly not least... you'll adore the fragrance of this lovely

creamy lotion. It is lightly scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet perfume... the same costly, lingering perfume used in Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

So use Cashmere Bouquet Lotion regularly. Every time you wash your hands, and always before exposure to cold, wintry winds. Use it on your face, too... at night before you go to bed, and as a powder base during the day.

Why not put one of these attractive bottles of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion on your dressing table right away?



GET THIS INTRODUCTORY OFFER AT
YOUR DRUG OR DEPARTMENT STORE!
Remember, for limited time only!

My Face Leads A Double Life

says
**Gloria
Stuart**

*In which a lovely picture star
makes a personal appearance*

by
Alison Alden

NONE of her acquaintances would accuse lovely Gloria Stuart of being "two-faced"—yet Gloria herself maintains she is just that. "My camera face is studio property, to make up or even mar up with cosmetics as they see fit," she explained. "My other face, the face I present to my husband and friends, is my own responsibility. Perhaps that is why I take more personal interest in the care of my skin and hair than I do in camera make-up."

Gloria was in her dressing room at Universal Studios where she is starring in *Rich and Reckless* when I arrived to interview her. While she ate her lunch and studied her script, a hairdresser was deftly arranging an intricate coiffure. Actresses of the screen always seem to accomplish an amazing number of things at once, and one of the things is pretty sure to be with an eye to beauty.

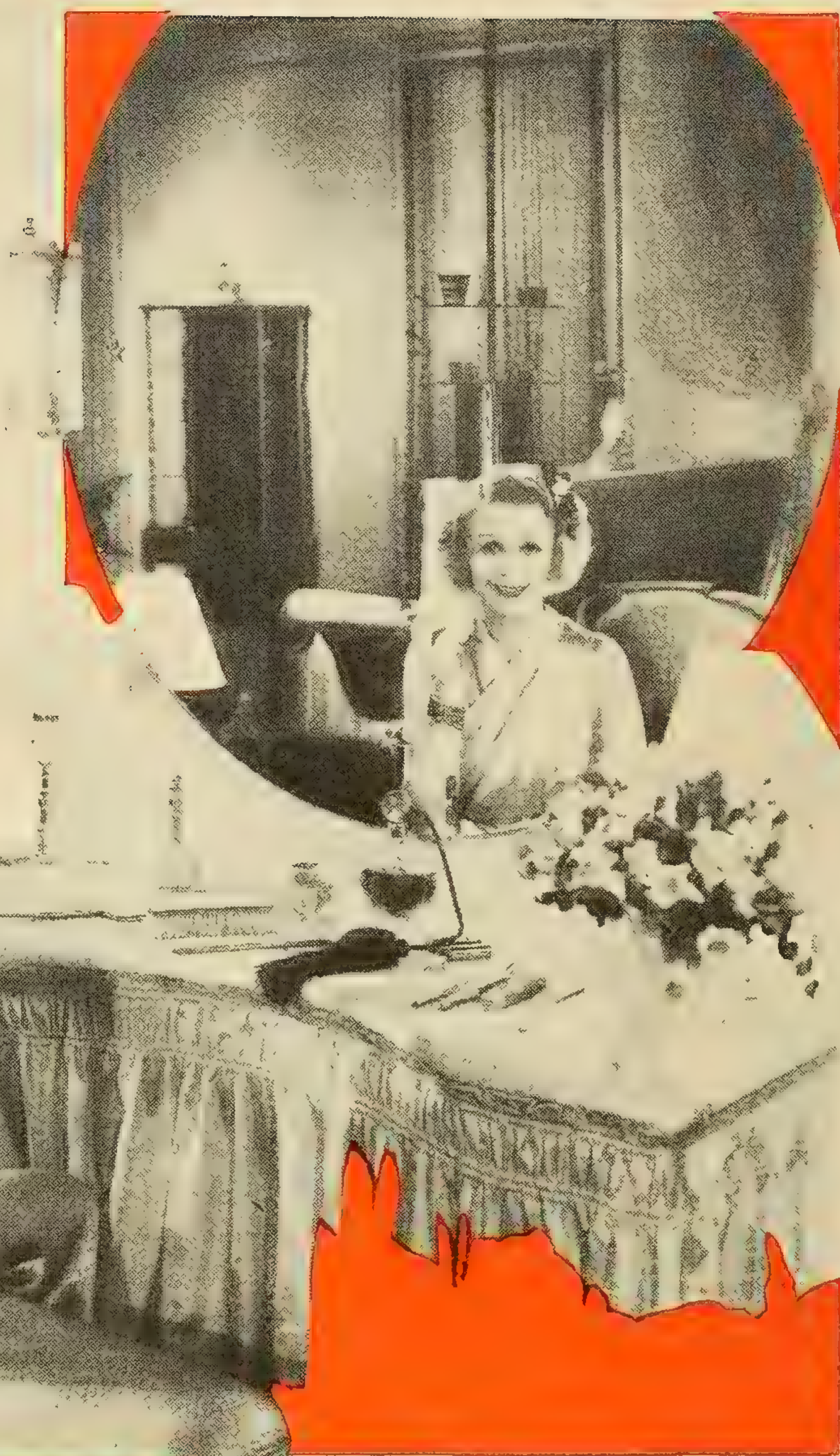
When I asked Gloria for the secret of her flawless skin, there was no reproachful I-came-this-way look from her! On the contrary she was as candidly enthusiastic about her discoveries in beauty aids as any young woman who is determined to make the most of her good features.

Distinctly an experimenter, she loves to try new cosmetics, creams, oils and lotions, and by the process of elimination has evolved a routine of care best suited to her type skin which is of an extremely delicate texture and coloring.

If your skin is of the inclined-to-be-dry type, then the procedure followed by this beautiful star will be doubly interesting, because it is to combat dryness that her



Gloria makes some hasty repairs to her lip rouge between scenes of *Rich and Reckless*



Reflected in the mirror of her dressing table is Gloria's smiling off-screen face, as she adds a final touch to her evening make-up

routine has been evolved.

"The removal of old-type picture make-up required Herculean effort, and subjected the skin to harsh cleansing processes," Gloria told me. "However, the new panchromatic make-up now in use by the studios is easily washed off with soap and water, which solves, for an actress, an important problem in the care of her skin."

"In removing street make-up I use a very light cleansing cream to prepare my face for its oil and soap bath, a little invention of my own. This facial bath is started with the application of two oils mixed in equal parts, to lubricate and soften my skin, which I allow to remain on about ten minutes. Then *over the oils* I apply a rich lather of soap, either a bland white or a medicated soap, and rub my face briskly with a soft-bristled complexion brush. With the oils and soap still on, I step into my shower and rinse my face under the needle spray, gradually lowering the temperature to a final dash of cold water that closes the pores. I have found the combination of oils and soap just the right treatment for my skin."

Although Gloria uses a white, unscented soap for her face, with a feminine fondness for perfume she prefers a fragrantly

[Continued on page 64]

Personality of the Month



MARGO

WHEN Margo, exotic brunette beauty, danced at Los Angeles' famed Cocoanut Grove three years ago, her spirited Mexican dances won enthusiastic applause from smart, sophisticated audiences.

But not one of the motion picture executives offered her a contract.

A year later Margo danced at the Waldorf Astoria in New York City. There she was seen by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who saw in her, despite her lack of acting experience, the ideal heroine for their first joint screen effort, *Crime Without Passion*. Making her debut opposite Claude Rains, Margo's dark-eyed beauty and surprisingly mature talent won for her a widespread public.

Hollywood wanted her services.

Such, in brief, is the story of Margo—another version of the prophet who was without honor in his own country.

Although Margo first won public acclaim as a dancer, it is as an actress that she hopes to achieve the heights. And she has a way of making her dreams come true. A year ago, when she read James Hilton's novel, *Lost Horizon*, she hoped, when and if the story were filmed, to play the part of the Chinese girl on the screen. And while she was making her second and third pictures, *Rhumba* and *Robin Hood of Eldorado*, she looked forward to the time when she might work with Hollywood's foremost director, Frank Capra.

Today she is at Columbia studios playing the part she wanted in *Lost Horizon* opposite Ronald Colman under Capra's direction! It was through the personal instigation of Author Hilton, who saw her in her recent stage success, *Winterset*, that she was chosen for the rôle.

Born in Mexico City a scant twenty years ago, Margo is the daughter of Dr. Amedeo Bolado, celebrated surgeon. She inherited the rhythmic talents of her Latin ancestors and made her debut as a dancer at the age of six. Soon afterwards she went to Spain with her parents, where she studied dancing for several years. Upon her return to Mexico City, she perfected the Mexican dances which have since won for her international fame. She performed, while still in her teens, at Agua Caliente and at the Cocoanut Grove.

Unmarried, Margo is five feet four inches in height, weighs 110 pounds, has hazel eyes and dark brown hair which she wears in a soft, curling coiffure. She is vivacious and gives the effect, both in person and on the screen, of being excited—and exciting!

GIVE A "FACE POWDER PARTY"!



See If You and Your Girl Friends Use the Right Shade of Face Powder

By *Lady Esther*

You're sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're convinced it's the right shade for you, or you wouldn't use it.

Your girl friends feel the same way about the shades they use. Each is certain she uses the right shade.

All right—I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you hold a "face powder party" at my expense. What's that? Well, it's a party at which you can have a lot of fun and, at the same time, learn something of great value.

You can hold this party at home or you can hold it at the office during lunch hour.

The Test That Tells!

Here's what you do: First, send for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, which I offer you free. Then call in several of your girl friends. Try to get girls of different coloring—blondes, brunettes and redheads.

Let each girl select what she thinks is her best shade of face powder. Have her try that shade on. Then, have her "try on" all the other four shades. Let the rest of you act as judges while each girl tries on the five shades.

Then, see how right or wrong each girl has been! Note that in most cases, if not in all, the shade of face powder that proves the most becoming is not the one the girl selected. On the contrary, you'll probably find that the shade that proves most flattering to a girl is one she would never think of using at all.

You can instantly tell which shade is most becoming to a girl. It immediately makes her stand out—makes her look her youngest

and freshest. The other shades, you will observe, have just the opposite effect. They make her look drab and years older than she really is.

Why Look Older Than You Really Are?

It's amazing the women that use the wrong shade of face powder. I see evidences of it on every side. Artists and make-up experts also bemoan the fact.

There is one and only one sound way of telling your most becoming shade of face powder and that is by trying on all five shades as I have described above. Trying to select a shade of face powder according to "type" is all wrong because you are not a "type," but an individual. Anyone knows that a blonde may have any one of a number of different colorings of skin while a brunette may have the same. So, trying to match a "type" is fundamentally unsound if not impossible, and may lead to some weird effects.

Prove My Principle!

Be sound, be practical, in the selection of your shade of face powder. Use the test method as I have described here. Clip the coupon now for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (27)

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

FREE

The GREAT GINGER ROGERS HOAX!



Ginger has fooled us long enough. We're going to tell on her—and that telling is going to amaze you! If you want to be "in the know" about today's most famous star you'll read the exciting scoop story in November

SCREEN BOOK

HOW JEANETTE MacDONALD

and

GENE RAYMOND

Fell In Love!

Their first meeting was as funny as it was unconventional. Their romance is unusual and thoroughly un-Hollywood! Read all about it in Screen Book's exclusive story.

Don't miss *Worm's-Eye View of Nelson Eddy*, in which his private secretary gives us another view of the romantic singer.

Do you know how John Boles proposed to Mrs. Boles? How Robert Young and Gary Cooper popped the question? *How Movie Stars Propose* is a vivid and entertaining account of the unique ways our most famous stars acquired their better halves. These are only a few of the stories which cram to the gills the November issue of

10c

NOW
ON
SALE



Unbiased reviews
of the new
screen offerings

CHINA



CLIPPER

The Show Window

by

Eric Ergenbright

EXCELLENT

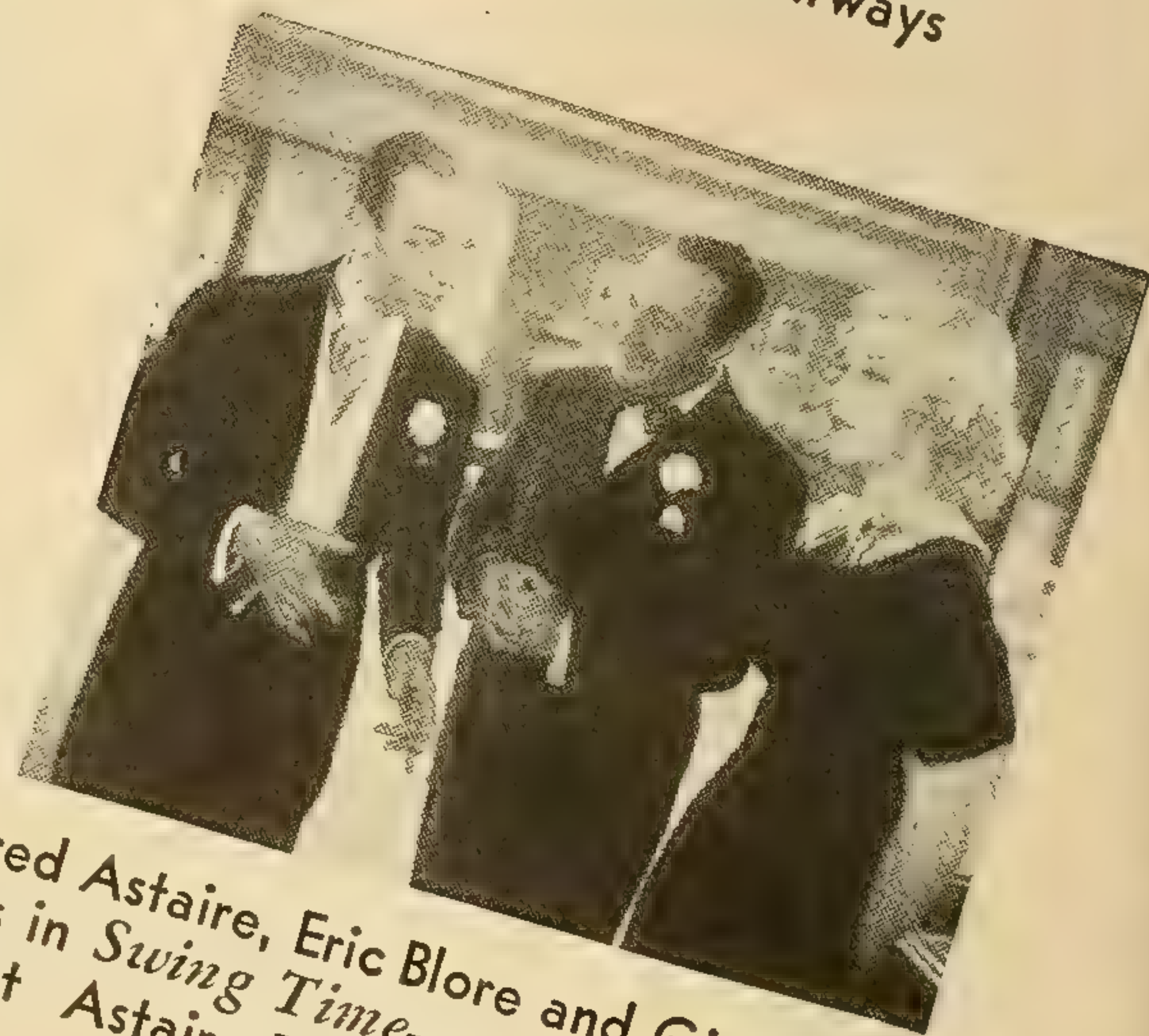
CHINA CLIPPER—A roaring drama of the airways, conceived and played on an heroic scale which will fire the imagination of any audience. The story depicts the rise of commercial aviation, the fight of its pioneers to make flying safe and to expand their service. It traces the birth of a great dream and follows its dramatic development from the humblest of beginnings to the—China Clipper. Crammed to the gunwales with exciting action, played brilliantly by an unusually capable cast headed by Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, Henry B. Walthall, Ross Alexander and Beverly Roberts, it is entertainment with a capital "E." Moreover, it is a picture that every boy should see for it has the inspirational quality of Lindbergh's flight. *Warner Brothers.*

SWING TIME—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, already the most popular team in screen history, will gain an army of new admirers by virtue of this ultra-entertaining extravaganza. *Swing Time* has everything—delightful dance numbers, engaging music, a satisfactory if not a strong plot, and uproarious comedy.

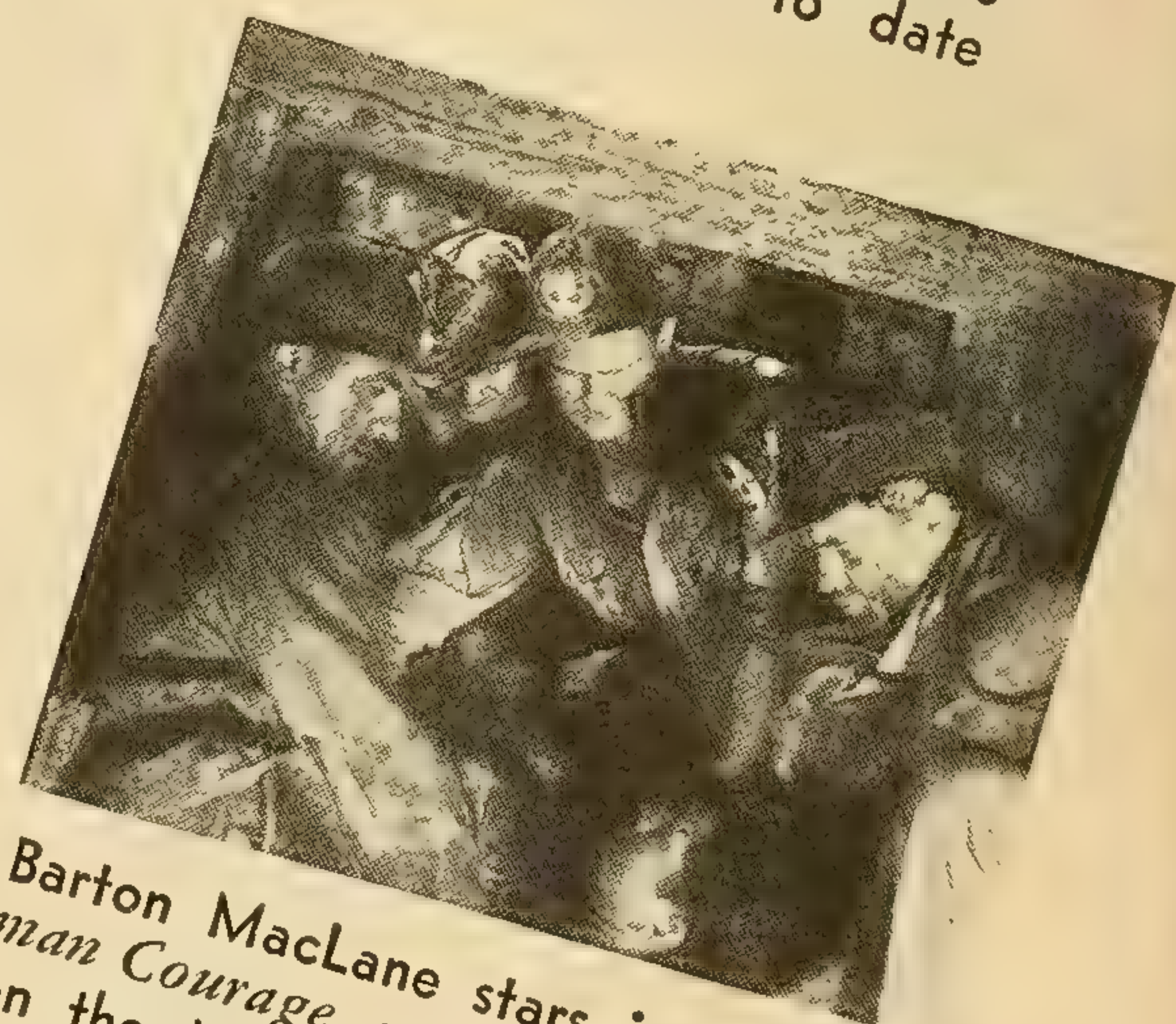
Comparisons are usually odious, but what better or more understandable manner of reviewing an Astaire-Rogers picture is there than to compare it with their previous productions? This is, with the possible exception of *Top Hat*, their best to date.

Astaire dances a routine in black-face that is particularly outstanding. In it, he takes advantage of Hollywood's camera magic to dance with his own shadow. The

Ross Alexander, Pat O'Brien and Humphrey Bogart in a scene from *China Clipper*, a stirring story of the airways



Fred Astaire, Eric Blore and Ginger Rogers in *Swing Time*—and it's one of the best Astaire-Rogers pictures to date



Barton MacLane stars in *Draegerman Courage*, a tense drama based on the Nova Scotia mine disaster

result is spectacular. His dances with Ginger Rogers, three in number, have more rhythmic charm than ever before. Ginger Rogers has become a very great dancer and carries a greater share of every routine than she did in their earlier pictures.

Victor Moore, Helen Broderick and the inimitable Eric Blore reap a rich harvest of laughs in the supporting cast. Betty Furness and Georges Metaxa are excellent in more serious rôles. *R-K-O-Radio*.

PICADILLY JIM—And here is one of the smoothest, most entertaining comedy-dramas of the month, a tempestuous laugh-fest which hinges on the adventures of a ne'er-do-well American artist in stately London. The plot is too complicated to permit retailing so suffice it to say that it was authored by the inimitable P. G. Wodehouse and followed faithfully by its scenarists. And it offers one of the most rapid-fire barrages of laughs that this reviewer has seen in many a moon.

Robert Montgomery gives his best performance to date in the title rôle, but is forced to share laurels with Eric Blore, Frank Morgan, Billie Burke, Madge Evans and Robert Benchley. Put this one on your "must see" list. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

LAST OF THE MOHICANS—Faithfully adhering to James Fenimore Cooper's classic tale of Indian warfare in pre-Revolutionary days, this melodramatic offering qualifies for a preferred position on this month's bill of fare. The director, George B. Seitz, has wisely chosen to keep the action moving at a mile-a-minute pace and not once, from opening shot to final fade-out, does the excitement lag. Hand-to-hand fighting between painted braves and white scouts, a mass attack on Fort William Henry, wilderness adventures, and a satisfactory love story highlight the plot. Adults will enjoy it; the kids will love it.

Randolph Scott, Henry Wilcoxon, Binnie Barnes, Heather Angel and Bruce Cabot share the acting laurels. *United Artists*.

LADY BE CAREFUL—And here, fellow laugh-addicts, is another of the sprightliest comedies of the season, a fast-moving, chuckle-laden tale of a dashing sailor's assault on the heart of a gal who is reputed to be love-proof. Lew Ayres scores triumphantly as the romantic pride of the navy whose amorous prowess is backed by all the coin his pals can muster. Mary Carlisle is excellent as the hard-hearted Hannah of Panama whose ice-bound heart melts under the fire of his attentions. Benny Baker is a riot as the side-kick of the hero and Larry Crabbe gives his best performance to date as the arrogant marine who wooed . . . and lost . . . and bet.

This one is grand entertainment. *Paramount*.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART—For many reasons this is one of the month's more important offerings. It marks Marion Talley's debut as a screen star; it establishes Michael Bartlett as a personality of real importance; it is the most magnificent production ever attempted by an independent studio—and last but far from least it is a great picture, entertaining and artistic.

Music, of course, is the predominant factor—and never has a more canny selection of numbers been made. Miss Talley, in magnificent voice, sings several operatic arias. With Michael Bartlett, whose voice seems better than ever, she sings the duet from *Les Huguenots*. The Hall Johnson negro choir is superb in two folk songs and Clarence Muse, the great negro bari-

[Continued on page 66]

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE
COLOR OF YOUR EYES

"Really remarkable!"
says **BINNIE BARNES**



Featured in "The Last of the Mohicans," a Reliance picture released through United Artists.



55¢ each

INDEED it is remarkable . . . this new Eye-Matched Makeup, the face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara that are *scientifically* color-harmonized, and keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes!*

Stage and screen stars, artists and fashion authorities, beauties and beauty editors agree that it's better. Nine out of ten of the million women who have bought Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup say it makes them look younger, lovelier, immediately more attractive.

Write your favorite beauty editor. Ask your own drug or department store . . . they'll recommend Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup, tell you to buy the *Dresden* type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, mascara if your eyes are blue; *Patrician* type, if they're gray; *Parisian* type, brown; *Continental* type, hazel. Full size packages, 55¢ each. (Canada, 65¢.)

Buy this new makeup by the color of your eyes . . . and be lovelier, for *his* eyes . . . tonight!

MARVELOUS
The Eye-Matched
MAKEUP

by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

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Now You're Talking

The readers' page, whereon they are urged to express their frank opinions of pictures and players—and MOVIE CLASSIC

\$15 Letter

We Told You So—During my vacation I experienced a thrill that rarely comes to we movie fans. I entered the holy of holies, the sanctuary of the gods. I walked in awe with timid steps upon Hollywood's most sacred ground, LOCATION.

A friend was my magic genii. It was he who from a discreet distance showed me two prematurely old, tired immobile Oriental faces. Faces, noted for their plasticity and expressiveness. Faces that have brought both tears and thrills to movie audiences now hidden beneath masks of Oriental grimness and the deft touches of the make-up man.

You guessed it. They were Paul Muni and Luise Rainer prepared for their rôles in *Good Earth*. It was in those brief moments of my visit that I realized how much care and work goes into one movie. I saw Luise Rainer as she patiently practiced her technique of scything the stalks in the wheat field. I saw Paul Muni rehearse one simple scene seven times before both he and the director felt it satisfactory.

It was a wonderful experience that gave me a deeper appreciation of the money, time, endurance, patience and precision that must go into the making of a single movie.—*Helen Veit, Columbus, Ohio.*

\$10 Letter

A WOOPER, A CHEAT AND A BORE

I like movies bloody and gory;

Also musical shows I attend;

I go for a mushy love story

Where the boy gets the girl in the end.

But spare me those movies purporting

To tell about marriage and more

Because in such movies the cast will be sporting

A wooer, a wife and a bore.

I like sequences shot in the tropics,

Where an Englishman can't stand the gaff,

Or a newsreel with current news topics,

Or a comedy film for a laugh.

But spare me a movie pertaining

To marital rifts. Its a feat

To get me to sit through a picture containing

A husband, a lover, a cheat.

Oh, give me a movie with action

With cowboys or gunmen or both,

Where the hero gets full satisfaction

By besting the villainous oaf.

But spare me from cinema pleasure

Triangular—mirroring life

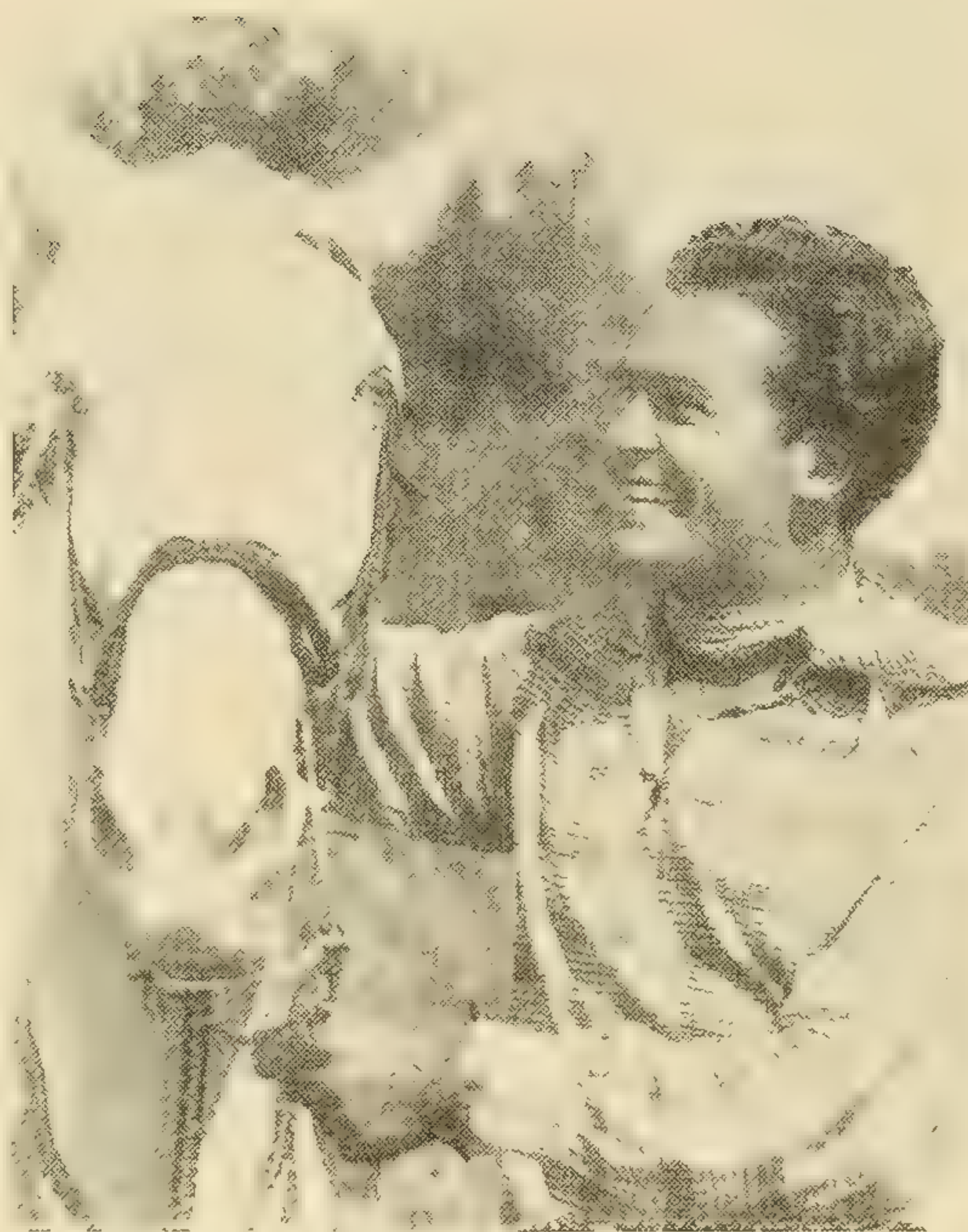
That deals with these three in big measure—

A husband, a lover, a wife.

—*Orville E. Reed, 16224 Baylis, Detroit, Mich.*

\$5 Letter

A Family Balance Wheel—I am one of those mothers who has to count the pennies these times and to study carefully where



Meet Craig Reynolds. Hollywood is acclaiming him as one of the most promising candidates for stardom in many a moon and he's such an obliging young fellow that he aims to make the prophecies come true

and how they must be spent to do the most good. Our budget sometimes has to be stretched to the breaking point to get everything in.

But, with all our rigid economy, we have not carried it to the extent that we have deprived ourselves or our two children of the movies. We try to squeeze out at least one picture a week for all of us and sometimes we make it two.

We feel that the movies are a sort of balance wheel for the whole family and that they contribute greatly towards keeping us sane and hopeful. We tried getting along without them for several months thinking that we could not afford them, but we found ourselves becoming unusually irritated, depressed, and more likely to get on one another's nerves, so we included them in our budget again.

And it paid real dividends, too, in better tempers and calmer nerves. We found we were all better able to face our troubles with confidence in our ability to overcome them. So our advice to the thousands of other families laboring under financial difficulties similar to ours, is not to exclude the movies from your budgets. Our experience has conclusively proved to us that it is very poor economy to do so.—*Mrs. C. W. Raymond, Parkersburg, W. Va.*

\$1 Letter

'Taint Fair—I wonder, as many other picture fans do, why the photographs shown in theatre lobbies and newspaper ads are, so many times, not seen in the actual showing of the picture.

We feel, thousands of us, that this is a kind of fraud that can and should be stopped. Where, as in this state, a rigid film censorship is established, there is a constant fear that a vitally important part of the picture has been deleted.—*Anna E. Johnson, 1540 Shehy Street, Youngstown, Ohio.*

Double Features Again—After reading and hearing many and varied kicks about the pseudo-popular "Double-Feature" I am moved to offer an extra and to my mind, most important argument *against* it.

Looking back over months of attending double-feature shows, I find that, almost invariably, one of the features spoiled the enjoyment of the other. Often the second "feature" was not a feature at all but a padded "quickie." Often, the secondary play on the billing turned out to be more interesting than the leading attraction causing me to leave the theatre feeling that I had been fooled. And in the few cases where both plays satisfied, one still had the after-effect of being mentally and emotionally "over-stuffed."

Finally, with the double-feature arrangement, it is almost impossible to time one's arrival to coincide with the beginning of a play,—so that in a double-feature house, one joins a mob of jumping-jacks that never come to rest.

Let's hope that the *quantity* soon yields to *quality* in movie entertainment; hysteria to common sense and good taste.—*Mayme Pelletier, 3218 S. Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Missouri.*

Virility Demanded—It is no secret that the majority of movie fans and theatergoers are women, and the women as a group seem pretty well satisfied with movies as they are. But I think it is time that someone should speak up and let the rest of the public know how we male fans suffer when watching a performance with some mollicoddle as leading man.

If the ladies must have plenty of romance in the plays, let's have more of Clark Gable, who can be romantic without getting mushy. If they like exciting movies, as most men do, what's wrong with Jimmy Cagney as a leading man? Clark Gable is distinctively a man's man; so is Cagney. In their acting, both are the good, hard-headed, "mushproof" type of leading men that every red-blooded person—and certainly, every man—admires.

So, here's a plea to the movie producers. Let's have more movies that will prove enjoyable for men as well as for women. In my opinion, the one way to go about this is to have more films with two-fisted stars like Gable and Cagney in the leading rôles.—*J. E. Camp, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

Clues For the Newcomers—I don't know whether to say "Hats off to the new stars", or "Hats off to a new mode of directing." Anyway it is such a pleasant relief to watch some of our new stars, with their calm, natural, easy and seemingly unaffected talent.

Bob Taylor and Fred MacMurray are getting most of the headlines right now, but there are others too, quite a few in fact, who are giving us this kind of acting. Is it a new era, new style, or what?

I think some of the more experienced stars should try some of this—what-ever-it-is! and quit giving us so much OVER acting! I can't think of anything on the screen more disgusting, and we do see, oh! so much of that. Am I being sarcastic? Well! call it that if you must, but what I really want to say is—"Come on you new actors and actresses, more power to you. We like what you are giving us."—*Mrs. D. L. Bolian, Bogue Chitto, Mississippi.*

To Our Readers

FOR a number of years MOVIE CLASSIC has been giving its readers *the final word* through the medium of prize letters. It was a grand game, enjoyed by readers and editorial staff alike and it is with mingled feelings of joy and regret that we hand out the final prizes and start a new game.

You will still have the final word and your opinions will be printed in this department but NOT in the form of prize winning letters.

Fan Clubs have been asking us to give them recognition in MOVIE CLASSIC. A checkup reveals that more than fifty thousand of our readers belong to movie fan clubs and *Fifty Thousand Readers Can't Be Wrong!*

Beginning with the December issue of MOVIE CLASSIC, this department will be dedicated to fans in general and fan clubs in particular. Official clubs, meaning those recognized and sponsored by the stars in whose honor they are conducted, will be listed alphabetically until we reach the final Z, even if it takes many months. After that, new clubs forming will be listed each month.

News from the various clubs will be printed. We want to know all about your activities, your aims, your hopes, your ambitions and even your troubles. We hope to act as arbitrator between you and the studios, the stars and exhibitors.

In addition to this department, MOVIE CLASSIC will carry one interview every month, covering any star selected by the fan clubs for that month. Since there are two large fan club organizations, *The Federation of Fan Clubs* and *The Fan Club Guild*, we will permit them to take turns selecting the star to be so interviewed.

The department will be conducted by Harmony Haynes and the star selected each month will be interviewed by her.

Miss Haynes asks your cooperation in making this department one of the best, and urges you to write her giving your ideas of what you would like in such a department.

All this fan club chatter does not mean that fans not belonging to clubs will be ignored or neglected. This department also belongs to them and they are urged to take part in it at all times.

The first shot has been fired! The game is already under way. Come on! Get in it!

» Quickly CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS

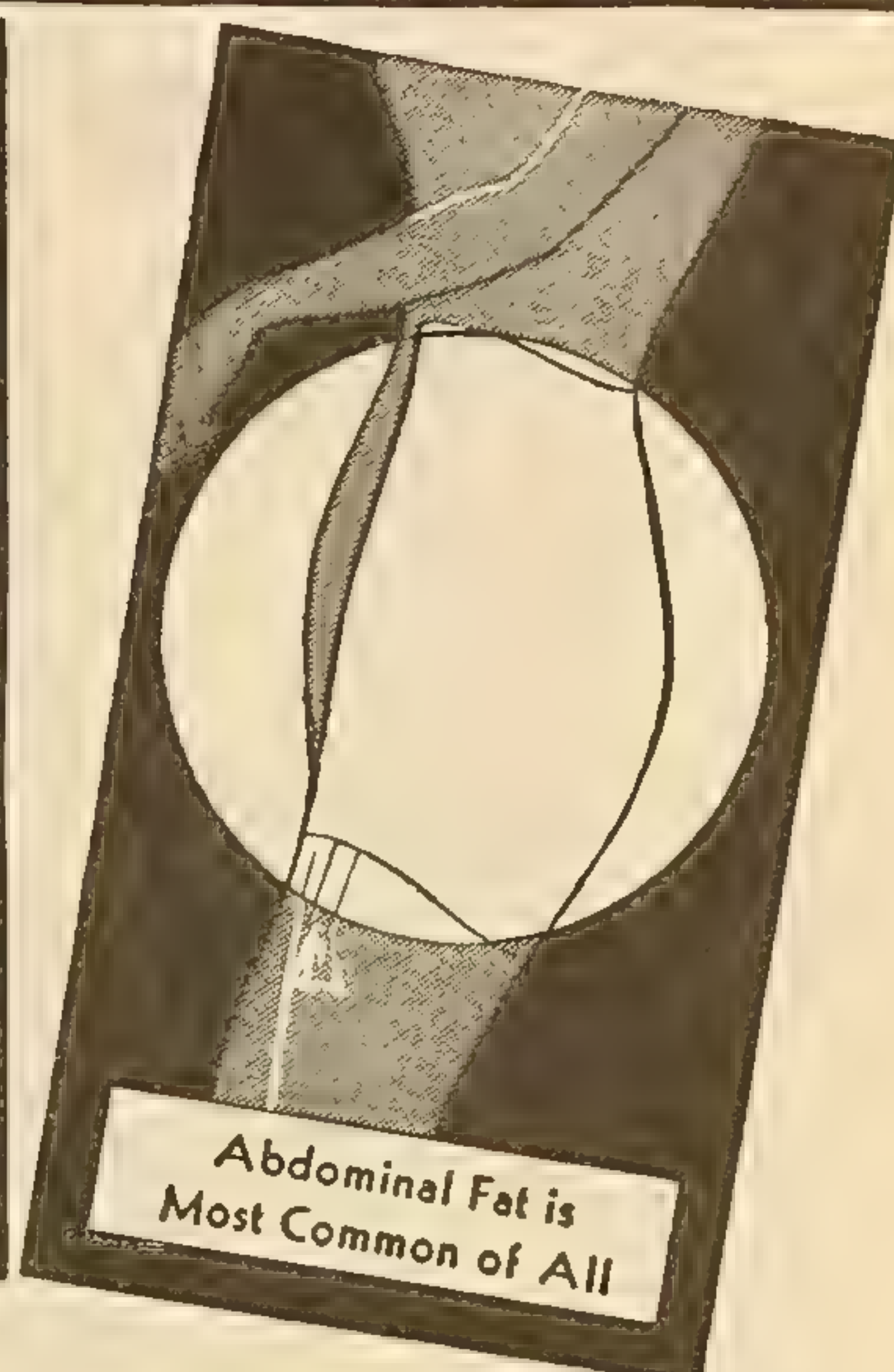
PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES...IT REMOVES UGLY BULGES!



The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly



Reduces Hips, Thighs and Diaphragm



Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

If You Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

with the Perfollastic Girdle

... it will cost you nothing!

THOUSANDS of women owe their slim, youthful figures to this sure, safe method of reducing. No strenuous exercises to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness!

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

You not only appear inches slimmer the moment you put on your Perfollastic Girdle and Brassiere, but every second you wear them, you are actually reducing without any effort on your part—and at just those spots where surplus fat first accumulates.

Past results prove that we are justified in making you this remarkable offer. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try the Perfollastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days at our expense and prove to yourself what they will do for YOU!

"REDUCED MY HIPS 12 INCHES," Writes Miss Richardson!

"Lost 60 pounds," says Mrs. Derr. "Used to wear size 42—now take size 18," writes Mrs. Faust. These are just a few examples of the astounding reductions experienced by Perfollastic wearers.



GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn separately

TEST . . . The Perfollastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense!

MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY!

With every move you make the massage-like action takes off unwanted inches. You do nothing except watch the fat disappear. All the while you are so comfortable you can hardly believe you are actually reducing. Because of the perforations and soft, silky lining, Perfollastic is delightful to wear.



SEND FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF MATERIAL!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women told in this FREE BOOKLET. You risk nothing... we want you to make this test at OUR expense. Mail the coupon NOW!

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Dept. 711, 41 East 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfollastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name

Address

City State

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard.

FOUR MORE GREAT HITS FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX



IN THE NEW PERFECTED TECHNICOLOR

RAMONA

with

LORETTA YOUNG

DON AMECHE • KENT TAYLOR

PAULINE FREDERICK • JANE DARWELL

KATHERINE DE MILLE • JOHN CARRADINE

and a cast of thousands

Directed by Henry King

Executive Producer, Sol M. Wurtzel

Based on the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson



SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in

DIMPLES

with

FRANK MORGAN

HELEN WESTLEY • ROBERT KENT • ASTRID ALLWYN

DELMA BYRON • THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by William A. Seiter

Associate Producer, Nunnally Johnson



Janet GAYNOR

Loretta YOUNG

Constance BENNETT

in

LADIES IN LOVE

with

Simone SIMON

DON AMECHE • PAUL LUKAS

TYRONE POWER, JR. • ALAN MOWBRAY

Directed by Edward H. Griffith

Associate Producer, B. G. DeSylva

Based on the play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete



PIGSKIN

PARADE

It's a "triple threat" of girls, music, and laughter!

With a Cast Picked for Entertainment

STUART ERWIN • JOHNNIE DOWNS

ARLINE JUDGE • BETTY GRABLE

PATSY KELLY • JACK HALEY

YACHT CLUB BOYS • DIXIE DUNBAR

TONY MARTIN • JUDY GARLAND



Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Directed by David Butler

Associate Producer, Bogart Rogers

Jeanette MacDonald

Soaring to greater heights with each new screen appearance, Jeanette MacDonald, from a humble beginning as a dancer in a New York stage production, has made herself one of the cinema's really outstanding personalities. On-screen, she will follow her sensational triumph in San Francisco by co-starring with Nelson Eddy in the operetta, *Maytime*. Off-screen, she has at last forsworn her belief that marriage and career are incompatible and has announced her engagement to Gene Raymond. They will be married in the near future

Photo by Clarence Bull

Hollywood is the

*From every continent on
islands of the seven seas
greatest melting pot, lures
kind and every condi-
problems, they achieve*

by

Paul Muni

as told to Gladys Hall

HOLLYWOOD is, literally, the melting pot of the world. When men of all nations rub elbows with us here—when an Einstein and a Marconi, a Wells and a Walpole, a Lindbergh and the princes of England and Sweden fraternize with us, work with us, play with us—well—

It's a fact—if you stay here long enough, if you sit, for instance, day after day in the famous commissary on the M-G-M lot, in the Green Room on the Warner Brothers' lot; if you are, especially, working in pictures in any capacity, the whole world passes you by—no, no, that's not what I mean to say—It doesn't pass you by—it *stops and talks to you*.

People have a habit of thinking of Hollywood in terms of an isolated group of movie actors with, at most, a sprinkling of directors, producers, script writers, cameramen and autographophiles thrown in for diversity. Nothing could be further from the truth. For here in Hollywood we rub, not only elbows but brains, with the most eminent men in the world. With men of every calling, of every race, and from every walk of life. The Einsteins, the Marconis, the Wells and Shaws and Walpoles, Presidents and Princes . . . great aviators, engineers, bacteriologists, chemists, inventors, explorers, economists, sociologists, lapidarians, artists, authors . . . there is almost no one who does not come

to Hollywood at one time or another, for one purpose or another. And those who come here come because they are passionately interested in the life and in the people here. They come to give and they come to take. They come willingly and eagerly and it is their ambition to be melted into the Hollywood stewing pot when they arrive.

The nations of the world meet and mingle here . . . Russians and Lithuanians, Poles, Czechs, Greeks—every nationality and members of every stratum of society and activity of every nation.

You do not have to take a boat and go places when you live in Hollywood. The ships of every port in the world dock here.

We are neighbors with the whole world . . . *Rhodes* brings us Africa . . . *The Good Earth* mixes us with the peoples of China . . . *Thunder Over Mexico* makes Mexico our next door neighbor in a deeper sense than the geographical . . . *Tale Of Two Cities* and *Pasteur* brought us France. We are cosmopolites. We wear coats of many colors. We speak with many tongues. We become brothers under the skin. We are the product of the Melting Pot. And in no other city in all the world

World's Melting Pot

earth and from all the Hollywood, the world's men of every race, every nation. Facing common mutual understanding

is it possible to meet and really to know the peoples of the world as one comes to know them here. For here they are not "On Parade." Think of it . . . if you should go, say, to England . . . how much chance would you have of passing the time of day, almost any day, with H. G. Wells or Bernard Shaw? At most and best you might, if you were a journalist, be accorded a cut-and-dried half hour for an interview. How much chance would you have of meeting, of dancing with Prince George of England, with the King of Siam? You might stand on the curb and wave a hand at the Prince, *en passant*. But in Hollywood these very men have

met and mingled with dozens, with hundreds of us. Formal introductions are not necessary. We meet them on the sets. We meet them while strolling around the lots, in the commissaries, at parties. Prince George of England was entertained at Pickfair and danced with people who would never have got near enough to kiss the royal hand anywhere else on earth.

They come to Hollywood, these men and women of all nations and all callings, because they seek to be initiated into the problems and mysteries of the Fourth Largest Industry. Or they come because they are curious to see and to meet the most publicized group of people in the world. They come to work with us. Or they come to play with us. And in either case they are eager to meet us. They *want* to talk to us. They are willing to share with us. They are eager to unburden the treasures of their brains, their accumulated experiences—their invaluable findings and conclusions. And they do.

I am, at the moment, on location with *The Good Earth* company. We are seated in bamboo chairs (brought from China) in the courtyard of "The Big House." Directly in back of us a Chinese gentleman is expounding the philosophy of Con- [Continued on page 84]



Paul Muni, the greatest character actor the screen has ever known, has played men of almost every nationality. No other education could have given him as much





Can *You* Pass CRAWFORD'S *Love Test?*

"**I** *THINK* I'm in love—"
"I'm crazy about him, but—"
"Is this love or *isn't* it?"

So many girls—boys, too—make these statements, ask these questions and, with the statements unconfirmed, the questions unanswered, proceed on their puzzled way, step into matrimony and, so often—tragedy.

Joan and I, having tea in her dressing room, were discussing love. We were speaking of the many needless tragedies and heartbreaks which are perpetrated in the false name of love. We discussed the thousands of young girls and boys who are the victims of infatuation, physical attraction, whatever you choose to call it, and, thinking the biological urge is love, marry in haste and repent at leisure—often in great agony of spirit.

It would be, I said, of enormous help to girls if there were some signposts set along the way, if someone who had "passed that way before" could help them to determine whether they are really in love or merely dazzled by love's substitute; if they could be given a clinical thermometer to use on Cupid—some sort of tests to apply to their own bemused hearts.

I have an enormous admiration for Joan Crawford. Both as an actress and as a woman. More, perhaps, as a woman. I believe that whatever she has to say is worth your listening to. I have known her for years. I have watched her take the clay which is herself and with resolute, competent hands, mould it nearer to her heart's desire. She has made mistakes and hasn't whimpered over them. She has used them as building blocks, not stumbling stones. She has known pain and has turned it to profit. She has stood face to face with herself and with the hands of a skilled self-sculptress has made of a pretty girl, born with more liabilities than assets, a woman to be reckoned with. She never says, "I can't" but always, "I will." She is tolerant

without being sentimental. She knows fear of nothing, neither death nor life—nor love. Her vision is not distorted. She looks love itself in the eye, strips off the gaudy trappings, makes sure she is offered bread and not a stone.

I'd listen to her if I were you.

She answered gravely when I asked her if she could suggest any ways of determining to her complete satisfaction whether love is love or a cheaper substitute. She said:

"Yes, I think I can. Girls should ask themselves one question first of all. It's this: *Do I feel lonely any more?*"

"That is the most vitally important question of all. That is a question only the individual herself can answer—but she can answer it. She knows. Because we have all experienced loneliness. We are all solitary little spirits—until we find real love, which is the only thing that can completely banish loneliness.

"We spend our lives, you know, trying to make people like us. Because their liking is warmth which penetrates a little our own natural isolation.

"Why do you suppose I shake and tremble when I face a crowd? Why do you suppose I inwardly quake before the





Are you really in love? Or are you blinded by a mere infatuation? Here are Joan Crawford's own rules for determining the true answer . . .

by
Gladys Hall

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone have based their love on understanding and companionship—and their marriage is proving one of the most successful in Hollywood

camera? *Because I am afraid people won't like me.* We are all afraid that people won't like us and the fear, analyzed, is really a dread of loneliness. I know of no fear that is harder to live with than this.

"It is the same, but intensified, with love. We want first to be liked, to be 'popular,' and then, as we mature, liking is not enough and we seek love. For that is the only condition in which we are lonely no longer. And for love to be

smash it because it doesn't exist, save as a bugaboo in morbid minds.

"For love, real love, is healthy. Love is exuberant and full-bodied and lusty of spirit. It does not mope about in corners, repine through fretful hours, sigh and moan and make melancholy. *That* is not love at all—it's *self-love*. It is a state of feeling mawkishly sorry for yourself and—blaming it on someone else.

"There are so many fallacies about love. There is the kind of love which leads a man to try to make a girl over. *Distrust that.* The man who tries to make you over isn't worth a nickel. He falls in love with what you are, doesn't he? And if he tries to make you over he kills the thing he fell in love with.

"This works in the reverse, too. [Continued on page 68]

real, it must, first of all, be mutual. It must be two halves, two shares of a perfect and complete experience.

"I say that love, to be real, must be mutual. I believe that. Which means that I do not believe in 'unrequited love.' If you think that you are in a tragic state of unrequited love—*snap out of it. There's no such thing.* It is a silly, passionless passion conceived and perpetrated by the poets. You are not in love at all. You are a neurotic person who would be neurotic about something anyway. Unrequited love is enjoyed by masochists, not by lovers. Any normal person can overcome such an abnormality.

"I know that I am attacking a tenderly cherished, traditional theory—but I dare to

From radio comes an Italo-American to take his place as one of the most promising young stars in Hollywood

Ameche

Makes His Bow

WITH Jean Hersholt in *Sins of Man* appeared a newcomer to the screen, with whose agreeable radio personality many of you were familiar. None of you knew his face. When it flashed on the screen, you found it as agreeable as his voice—dark, strong, yet with a marked quality of gentleness in its strength. Still you reserved judgment. He hadn't much to do in the early part of the picture, and you may have felt about his Swiss shorts as one lady did, who was heard murmuring: "Pull up your socks, Don. You're a big boy now."

Loretta Young and Don Ameche, as Ramona and Alessandro in the new screen version of Helen Hunt Jackson's immortal love story. Don's performance carried him to stardom

But from the moment he appeared as the younger son grown up, the tide turned. A magnetic something shot from screen to audience. From the little scene with the valet, played with a light but authoritative touch and an accent refreshingly unphony—through the restrained emotion of the recognition scene, so much more affecting than any heroics—to the final glimpse of the young musician, baton in hand, head turned to smile reassuringly at his father—your liking for Don Ameche mounted and swelled till, when he was formally presented at the end of the film, it found expression in a burst of applause.

That applause has swept him on, with sensational suddenness, to screen success. Already he has completed two more important rôles. Within another week or two, he will have started his first starring assignment, in *Lloyds' of London*.

The simplicity you noted in his performance marks the man. Despite his five years of success on the radio, he is not of the theatrical world. A deep rooted attachment to home and family comes first with him, and probably always will. Not that he blathers about it. But he doesn't try to hide it in a hole either. There it is, for anyone with eyes to see. Nothing else seems to "bother him much." Pleased with his achievements "so far," he refuses to get excited over them. From his Italian father he must have inherited more than his flashing smile—a strain of Southern philosophy, perhaps, which is satisfied to let things take their course. For like a refrain through all his story run the words: "It didn't seem to bother me—" spoken with a slow smile, which is partly amusement and partly good-humored mockery.

He was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin—one of a family of eight. His father, a miner during his bachelor days, had fallen in love with and married the Scotch-Irish daughter of the house where he boarded. With his savings he started a small liquor business. Don—christened Dominic—rollicked with his brothers and sisters and lived the normal life of a small boy in a small town.

At eleven he was sent to a Catholic boarding school, where he worked a little but played more. His teachers found their severity hard to maintain, when young Dominic's brown eyes would widen penitently in fervent agreement that the world wasn't made for fun alone—after which he would promptly depart in search of more fun.

When he was in his second year at high school, one [Continued on page 89]

by Ida Zeitlin



*The six beautiful girls who have
ing ladies were all hailed as new
have waned and fallen into profes-
wood seeks an an-*

*preceded her as Chaplin's lead-
stars—but one by one they
sional oblivion. And Holly-
swer to the riddle*

PAULETTE GODDARD stands on the threshold of stardom. She is the seventh lovely lady whom Charlie Chaplin, the baggy-trousered genius of the screen, has elevated to such heights in the past thirteen years.

Like so many skyrockets, Paulette's predecessors have glittered momentarily in the cinematic heavens and then vanished forever into that limbo seemingly reserved for lost meteors and ex-Chaplin leading women.

Will the strange jinx which has doomed the other Chaplin discoveries relegate Paulette to oblivion?

The answer will soon be forthcoming as Chaplin is making preparations to produce and direct a picture starring the vivacious young beauty whom he recently married. He

performance, but it was a comparatively unknown actor, Adolphe Menjou, who stole the picture. From this unexpected beginning he became a screen sensation.

Chaplin was still determined to put the voluptuous, blonde Edna across. He cast her for the lead in *The Sea Gull*. Josef von Sternberg, an unknown director, had just made a picture, *Salvation Hunters*, at the astounding low cost of \$5,000. Chaplin was intrigued by the picture, acclaimed von Sternberg a genius, and engaged him to direct the second Purviance starring vehicle. Something misfired. The picture was not released. It was junked. And so was Edna's starring career. She faded from the screen. Her fickle followers transferred their affections to other film luminaries. Today [Continued on page 96]

Can Paulette Goddard Beat The Chaplin Jinx?

will not appear in it. Hollywood anxiously awaits the outcome. Keen observers predict that Paulette stands a better chance to banish the jinx than the other ill-fated ladies who basked in Chaplin's favor. They insist that she has superior talent and greater charm. They point to her performance in the recent Chaplin picture, *Modern Times*, and recall the critics' praises. They predict flattering success when she blooms as a star in her own right.

However, the same brave prophecies were uttered in behalf of Virginia Cherrill, Myrna Kennedy, Georgia Hale, Edna Purviance, Mildred Harris and Lita Grey. They too had their fleeting interval on the Hollywood heights. Today they dwell in obscurity.

The chronological history of the doomed beauties in Chaplin's life begins back in 1923 when he decided to launch Edna Purviance as a star. Three years previously Edna had played the feminine lead with Chaplin in that classic of the silent screen, *The Kid*. And even before that she had supported Chaplin in a number of short comedies. Chaplin and Jackie Coogan won immortal fame in *The Kid*, and Edna's performance, although excellent, was overshadowed. Being a fair-minded individual and honestly believing the time opportune for Edna to win a following of her own, Chaplin produced *A Woman of Paris*. It was a magnificent screen achievement for 1923. Edna contributed a splendid

by Lew Garvey

Watch Fred And--Swing It!

ON A HUGE, modernistic night-club set of *Swing Time*, handsome Georges Metaxa, playing an orchestra leader, lifts his baton. The orchestra responds with the first strains of a new Jerome Kern waltz. Fred Astaire takes Ginger Rogers in his arms and they glide across the gleaming floor.

The melodious music pulses with rhythm that no waltz ever had before. And, dancing to that music, Fred and Ginger create a new rhythm that waltzing never has had before.

It is their supreme dancing duet. It is—"Waltz in Swing Time"....

"I think this waltz will sweep them off their feet," says Fred, in an amazingly un-Astaire-like burst of confidence. Then he retreats: "I mean, I hope it will. I've had the idea a long time. I've wanted to do a hot waltz for years... No, 'hot' isn't the word. You can't really get hot, doing a waltz. It doesn't ring true. But you *can* get super-rhythm into it... What delayed it this long was that I couldn't get the tune I wanted, until Jerry Kern wrote this.

"A Viennese waltz is beautifully languid"—he illustrates, with a slow left-and-right motion of his hand. "One-two-three, one-two-three. But this has a background of a swing. We are dancing at a four-four beat to music in three-four time. A fox trot in waltz time. While the music is going one-two-three, we are going one-two-three-four.

"In certain parts of the routine, we do some tapping. But just some. And part of the dance is ordinary waltzing. But it has a little more stuff, a little

Director George Stevens (with the script) calls for an on-the-set conference between the three principal players in *Swing Time*, Georges Metaxa, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire



Astaire

An exciting new dance—a waltz in swing time—Fred and Ginger dancing with a four-four beat to music in three-four time—and the world wanting to dance with them

more rhythm, a little more 'swing.' There's that word again. It is expressive."

As Fred and Ginger do the dance, it looks dazzlingly easy—for them, at least.

"It's easy for anyone to dance when music has swing to it," is Fred's answer. "That's why people are taking to swing music. But why are they so puzzled by the word 'swing'? It's just a new name for super-rhythm, for tempo with a high pulse-beat. I've had that type of music in all of my shows for years. I've needed it for the dances I've done. It isn't anything new. The word is new—that's all.

"And the word isn't so new, either. Two years ago, in *Roberta*, I had to say something to my band to pep them up for a hot number. 'What'll I say?' I asked the boys. 'Why, say, "Swing it",' they told me. So my line read, 'Come on, boys, let's swing it.' The expression was about a year old then."

But, in this year of grace, isn't the rhythm of swing music more accentuated than rhythm used to be?

"The style is more expert—that's certain. Hot tunes become stomp tunes. A good rhythm band, like Johnny Green's or Benny Goodman's, hits a marvelous peak of tempo. A good swing band makes the old-type jazz band sound a little ridiculous and passe. Like the word 'hot-cha.' A swing band glorifies rhythm."

Watching Fred, himself, glorify rhythm is one of the easiest things in the world. And imitating him is one of the hardest. Yet, seeing him, you want to try.

That is the amazing thing about him. He gives you illusions about yourself.

He makes you wonder about your feet. Aren't they good for anything except taking you on errands?

If they aren't, you never will admit it. [Continued on page 62]

by

James Reid



Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, king and queen of rhythm, show you how to do one of the dances which will highlight their new picture, *Swing Time*

Meet Frances Farmer



Hollywood has already met her—but can't make up its collective mind just what to think about a newcomer so self-confident and aggressive

by
Harry Lang



Currently playing a dual rôle in Samuel Goldwyn's epic, *Come and Get It*, Frances Farmer has won high praise from her director, Howard Hawks, who, (left) is discussing a scene with her

THE press-agent thought it'd be a grand idea to get some leg-pictures of Frances Farmer.

You know who she is, don't you? Or don't you? Well, she's that newcomer from Seattle, who won a newspaper contest there, and was signed by Paramount. As yet, you haven't seen much of her on the screen. She isn't, as yet, very well-known. That's one reason why the press-agent thought it'd be a good idea to get some leg-pictures of her—bathing-suit stuff, you know.

Because leg-pictures are the press-agent's open-sesame to publicity. Editors fight for leg-pictures. And Frances Farmer needs publicity at this stage of her career. So the press-agent smiled at her on the set, the other day, and said:

"Miss Farmer, how about posing for some—er—ah—some bathing-suit art?"

Frances looked at him coolly. In fact, she looked at him frigidly. This unknown newcomer to films, who (theoretically, at least) should have fallen all over herself to get any kind of publicity break, simply froze the press-agent.

"Why," she finally demanded, "should I pose for leg pictures? *Ann Harding* doesn't!"

The press-agent felt like Joe Louis must have, in that second round. He took a nine-count. Then he came back for more.

"But—but," he stammered, "other big stars do. Gladys Swarthout, and Jean Harlow, and . . ."

Frances waved an airy tut-tut.

"Oh, yes, I know," she said, "but *they* can, if they want to.

I don't think it'd be a good idea, though."

And that was that. You'll see *no* leg-pictures of Frances Farmer.

Now, the reason I tell you this little tale is because it shows, so graphically, what kind of girl this Frances Farmer is. She is a rank outsider, a brand-newcomer to films.

Out of 1,000 girls in a similar spot, at least 999 would eagerly co-operate in anything and everything suggested for their career by some experienced person in Hollywood. But Frances is the thousandth. Frances knows very definitely what she wants—and what she doesn't want—and she's having her own way about it.

It makes a lot of people (like the press-agent, for instance) very, very mad at her. It leaves a lot of other people very much amazed at her gall. It leaves still others in a dither of admiration. The result is that Hollywood is divided into two camps about Frances Farmer—one side holding that she's a great star-to-be; the other group insisting that she's just a dizzy kid fresh out of school, who'll be just another flash in the pan.

Frances Farmer herself holds with the first group.

Let me give you another picture of this girl, before I tell you who she is, what she is, and what she thinks . . .

I'll give you the picture of her as I first saw her. Imagine, first, a tense moment on the stage where *Come And Get It* is being shot. The film is one of Sam Goldwyn's biggest ventures. Edward Arnold stars in it. The director is Howard Hawks, veteran of countless great film successes, a man to whom anybody in Hollywood will defer when it comes to film judgment. Picture Hawks, sitting in his directorial [Continued on page 86]

Romeo



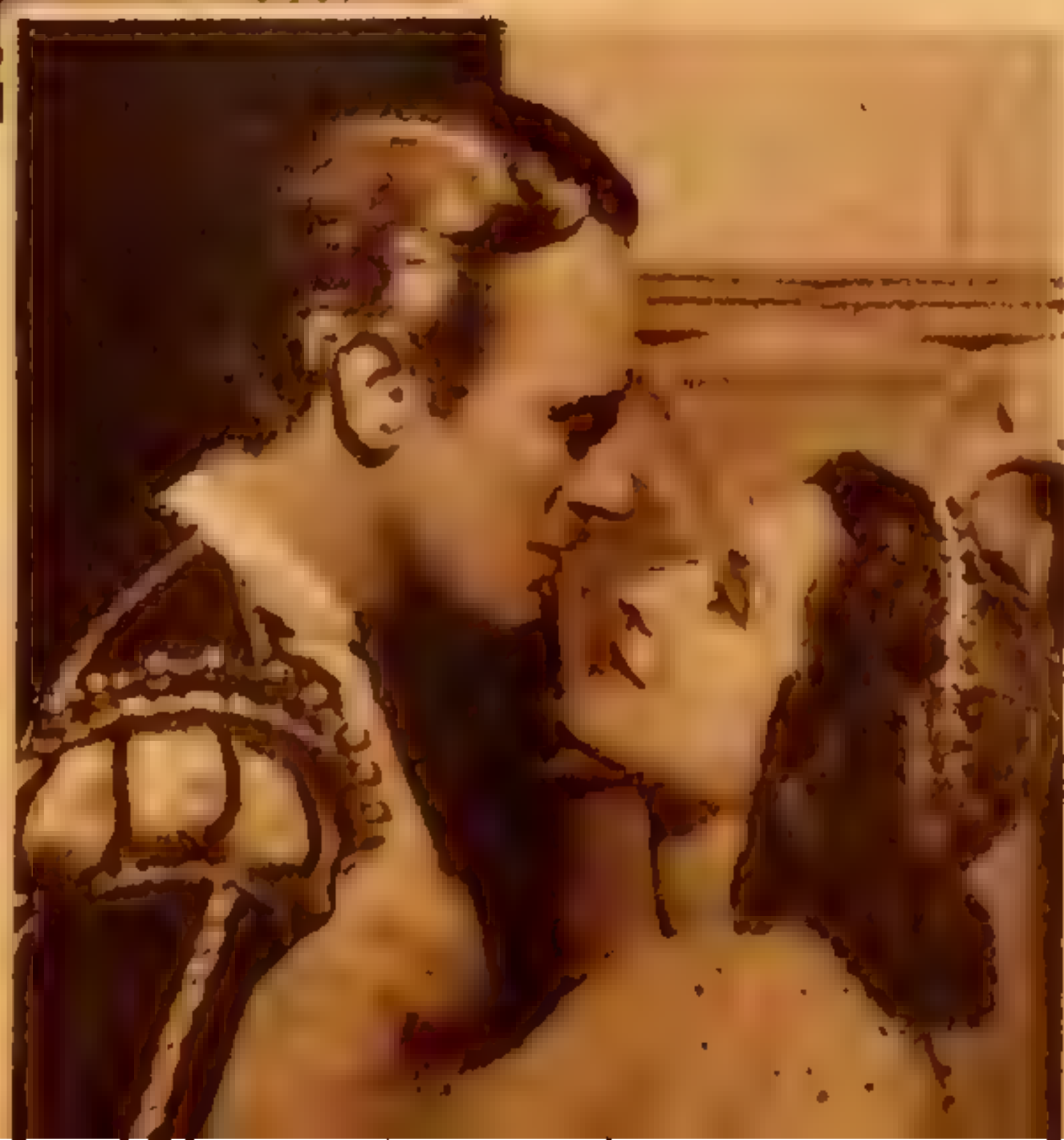
Before any one of the many spectacular sets was constructed, Metro's art directors prepared sketches to predetermine the desired effects. Above: Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M Art Director, and his aides check a finished set

and Juliet

the life story
of a great picture

Above: Director George Cukor and Producer Irving G. Thalberg have an informal, on-set conference. They worked together for more than a year on production plans. Upper right: Prof. William Strunk, of Cornell University, who collaborated on the script

IN THESE pages MOVIE CLASSIC takes you behind the scenes in the great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios to glimpse the activities of the "Men Behind the Scenes"—the technical and art workers whose skill made possible that great production, *Romeo and Juliet*. On the screen you saw the stars, Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer, re-enact the immortal romance of Verona—but few people realize the research and effort which made their rôles possible.





*When Sets
Come to Life » » »*

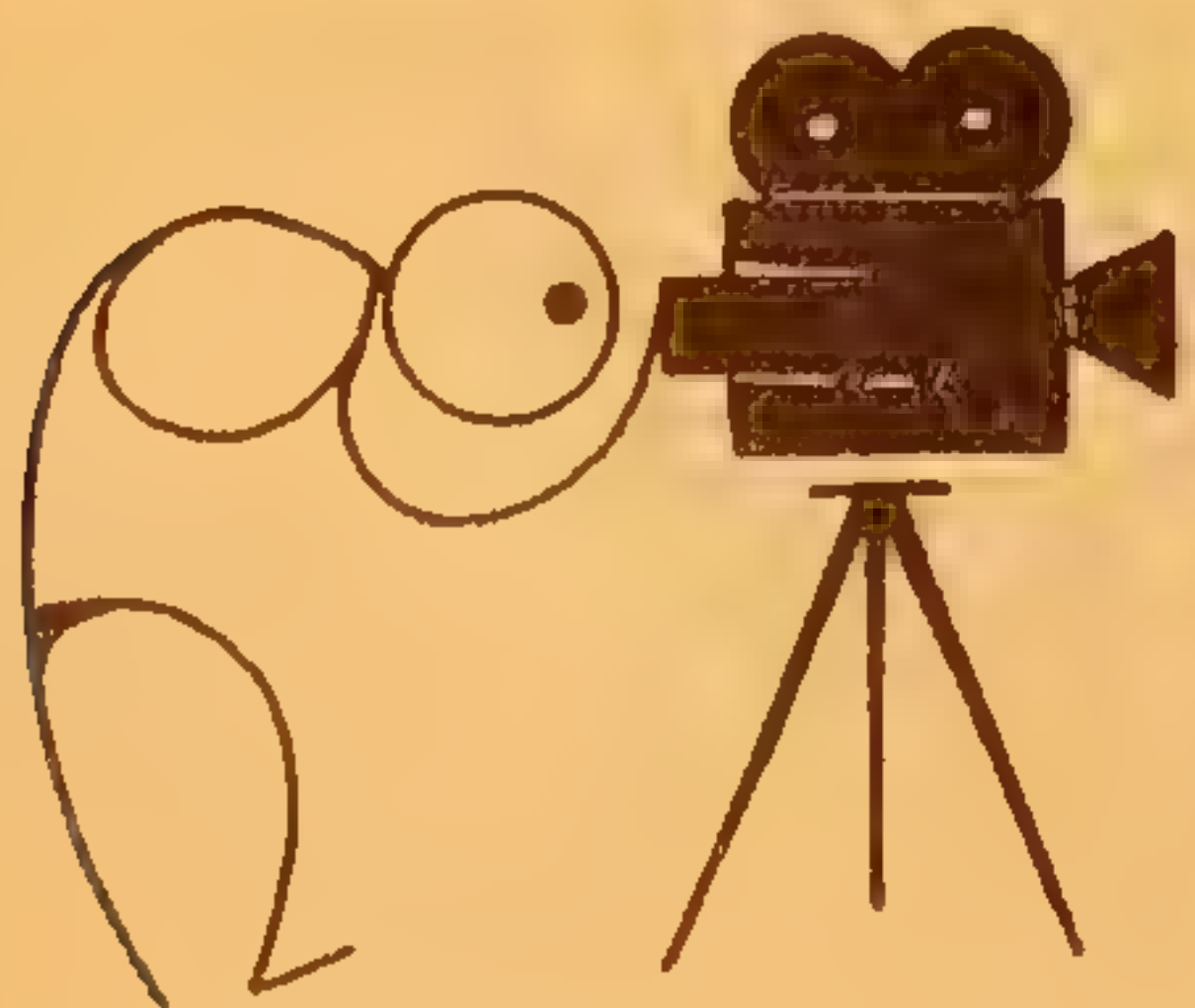
The Ballroom

Most massive and spectacular of all the sets constructed was the great ball room of the Capulets. The sketch, above, shows the designer's conception; the "still" on the right the finished product with the ball in progress



Capulet's Garden

No one seeing the picture will forget the beauty of the garden scenes. In designing the garden, Cedric Gibbons had to consider the action called for in the script as well as photographic quality and authenticity. His sketch (upper left) was the germ from which the finished garden (left) was finally evolved and constructed



The Tomb

Mood was the goal of goals in creating the interior of the Capulet tomb where the picture's most moving scenes were filmed. The sketch (above) was made after a study of actual mausoleums owned by historic Italian families. The finished set (right) varied but little from the architect's first vision



Costuming » » »



The creation of costumes involved months of research for every detail had to be absolutely authentic. On the left is glimpsed Adrian's sketch for a gown worn by Norma Shearer in the great ball room sequence

Filming the Picture » » »



After more than 18 months of preparatory work, the sets were completed, the costumes were in readiness and the cast finally assembled. Months were spent on the picture. Two hundred thousand feet of film was shot — and the world hailed a new screen triumph. On the left Leslie Howard and Basil Rathbone are seen in the famous duelling scene. Below: the balcony scene





ANY innocent looking young lady who can fool Hollywood is nobody's fool. In fact, she would be just about the smartest girl of the season. From personal experience I stand ready to nominate Simone Simon for such an honor.

The mere mention of her name makes my ears begin to tingle. I am positive I have never blushed in my life, but my cheeks turn a mental red every time I think about the neat way she fooled me, and a large part of Movietown while she was at it.

Simone arrived in town not very long ago from Paris. People were inclined to

Simone Simon *Fooled* *Hollywood*

How a clever little minx from Paris used a French accent to advantage

by
Ted Magee

call her a "find"—the finder in this case being Winfield Sheehan, one-time head of Fox Films. But as a matter of fact, Simone Simon was a Parisian star of films, the joy of many a continental heart. She is not a novice in the movies, and neither is she the naive little girl you saw in *Girls' Dormitory*, the 20th Century-Fox picture which launched her American career.

Latest estimates of Simone's age place her at about twenty-two. We feel positive she is no younger than that, although she looks scarcely nineteen. Simone, whatever her age—and she won't tell—is alternately a sophisticated woman [Continued on page 81]



On your left, ladi-e-e-z and gents, is none other than our reporter, Ted Magee, who lost a bout to Simone Simon, the smiling young lady on your right. And was his face red! Chorus: It was!

The Lion and The Lamb



Ray Jones

by sally martin

Presenting Jean Rogers, Universal player appearing in the Ace Drummond serials, and Jackie, famous movie lion, who makes his home at the California Zoological Society

For her morning walk, Jean wears a stunning gray Persian lamb coat with a decided flare, tricornermuff and smart chapeau from Hollywood's eminent furrier, Willard George

"AND IN THE



LEFT: Anne Nagel (left) and Carol Hughes stop for a chat with the monkey. Anne is smartly attired in a brown angora suit with a plaid blouse while Carol chooses navy blue with a tailored sports coat

RIGHT: Charming Anne Nagel, appearing in the Warner Bros. production "Loudspeaker Lowdown" has this lion cub for a pet. Anne wears a navy blue suit with a white embroidered batiste overblouse

Photos by Scotty Welbourne taken at the California Zoological Society



LEFT: Feeding the animals is half the fun of a zoo is Anne's opinion as she tosses a peanut into the open mouth of her well trained friend. Anne wears a gray caracul coat and carries a smart silver fox muff from Willard George

NEXT CAGE

RIGHT: Black Persian lamb with stitching on collar, epaulets and pockets place this Willard George coat worn by Carol Hughes as definitely 1936. A black beret designed by Jacqueline Duval is smart



RIGHT: Carol Hughes, featured by Warner Bros. in "Polo Joe" poses in a brown ensemble trimmed in brown caracul. Hat, Jacqueline Duval



ABOVE: Anne Nagel is charming in a brown chiffon frock with puff sleeves and full skirt, a gorgeous red fox cape and smart feather turban. Cape from Willard George, Hat, Helen Stepner, Molle-O of Hollywood



Above: The Crosby ranch house near Del Mar, where Bing raises race horses, avacados and sunburn. Left: Bing at a youthful—but not tender age—in Spokane. In those days, Mrs. Crosby's youngster was determined to be a second Ty Cobb

The Scourge of

WHEN Mrs. Crosby's little boy, Harry, still wore short pants, he was the Scourge of Spokane. At least, he tried to be. No girls' games for him!

He was usually out routing robbers or harrying the dreaded redskin, with a trusty shooting iron (or two) in hand. Day in, day out, day long, his mother was able to keep track of him by his battle-cry of "Bing! Bing!" And Mrs. Crosby had a sense of humor. When she wanted him, she would simply release on the outer air a soprano imitation of "Bing! Bing!" The rest of the family, also having a sense of humor, also took it up. In time, the call contracted to just one "Bing!" It became more than a call or a battle-cry; it became a name. And it stayed by him.

If he had been less of a boy's boy, that never would have happened.

In her wildest dreams (if Mrs. Crosby ever *had* wild dreams), his mother never pictured him as an idol of the feminine of the species. He had all of the hair-ribbon-wearers in

the neighborhood trained to run when they saw him—trained to run in the opposite direction. He didn't like 'em, and they knew it. They had a word for him. "Horrid." And he revelled in it. He had an unshakable belief that anyone who liked girls, and was liked by girls, was a sissy.

His mother always seemed to be after him to comb his hair and scrub his neck and try not to get mussed up. He developed another unshakable belief—that women didn't like a man if he wasn't dressed up. Which explained many things. It explained why, five minutes after a forceful scrubbing, he could manage to resemble a redskin who had bitten the dust. Why, five minutes after a combing, his hair could look like a mass of shredded straw. Why he hated neckties. Why he had a strange knack for getting rips in his best clothes, although nothing ever happened to his overalls or his cowboy suit, except dirt. And he wasn't fussy about dirt.

But time marched on. The boy grew older. He outgrew the cowboy suit and the tin gun, even if he didn't outgrow the

That's the title Bing Crosby coveted—and earned—when he was a girl-hating kid in short pants. Today millions of girls write him adulatory letters—and he lives in fear that “the fellows” might consider him a “sheik.” Meet the very informal Mr. Crosby

by
James Reid

Right: Bing and his eldest son, Gary Evan Crosby, take time off on the studio set for a lesson in horsemanship. It's a rare day that Bing's three youngsters don't visit their famous dad while he is at work

Spokane

nickname. His voice changed and went downstairs. He graduated into long trousers and self-consciousness. Simultaneously, he became conscious that there were two or three girls in the world who might be worth knowing.

He didn't suddenly go girl-crazy; just girl-curious. Besides, it would be smart to have “dates” like his older brother, Larry. It would sort of emphasize his long trousers.

So he got himself a “date.” He scrubbed himself, combed his hair, dressed up in his best. Shaking in his well-shined shoes, he pressed the girl's doorbell. They were going to the movies—on foot. On the way, he didn't know how to act with her, or what to talk about. She did most of the talking, and *all* of the acting.

The sight of the Scourge of Spokane all dressed up, and with [Continued on page 73]



Above: Bing rehearses a radio program with Bob Burns. Left: the champ of Lakeside Country Club accepts his spoils. His nondescript attire would shock the sensibilities of a million fans





Built on a thirty foot lot in the congested ocean front district, the Cooper house presents an unpretentious exterior but amazes by the caniness with which every square foot of ground space has been utilized



How You A Hollywood

Jackie Cooper's two-bedroom dwelling is analyzed here by an architect as a model for the small family home

AS AN architect who has designed many homes, I freely admit that Hollywood can teach us all how to make a modest home extremely attractive. Nowhere else can you find such graceful living.

And the reason for this? Just this—these stars work in studios where the finest designers in the world are employed to make sets. Every secret of spending—and saving—money is known to these set builders. They can create gorgeous effects in decorating a bedroom, a lounge, a living room. The stars have taken advantage of what they see every day on the set.

The Editor of *MOVIE CLASSIC* pointed out an obvious opportunity here. Why not let its readers in on these secrets? Every homebuilder would like to learn how to make his home more enjoyable, provided it could be done economically. While many stars can afford to turn the decorator loose, *carte blanche*, most of the colony find pleasure and profit in working out their ideas in the simple, direct methods employed by studio artisans.

Our first example of good taste and economy is presented here in Jackie Cooper's home. His parents, conserving his earnings, live simply but delightfully in a home you would like to own. It is small, yet commodious. It was not new when acquired, hence the changes made by Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow to transform the house into a lovely home makes this place doubly interesting. What they have done, you can do!

Living And Dining Rooms

The living room is thoroughly modern. The broad expanse of carpeting in a Burmah rose shade extends from the living room through the arch and into the dining room, making of these two rooms an harmonious unit.

Again, the walls of both rooms are done in lemon yellow, with touches of cobalt blue, adding to the harmony. The furniture, white painted, is our first lesson in economy plus beauty. Some of the furniture is upholstered in white leatherette, some in soft blue crash materials. The leatherette covering is washable—a big advantage. White painted furniture can slash furnishing costs to a remarkable figure, since the cost of furniture is in the wood and finishing.

In all small homes, it's a problem to find seating capacity without cluttering up the room. Jackie Cooper's home solves this nicely by built-in davenport. (See drawing).

These are easy to build. Wooden frames were constructed, springs installed, and upholstering [Continued on page 76]

by

Ralph E. Smalley

Can Enjoy Small Home

Sketch for Master Bed



Ultra-modern in design, the bed in Jackie's room, achieves the maximum in up-to-date comfort and beauty

Built-in Buffet

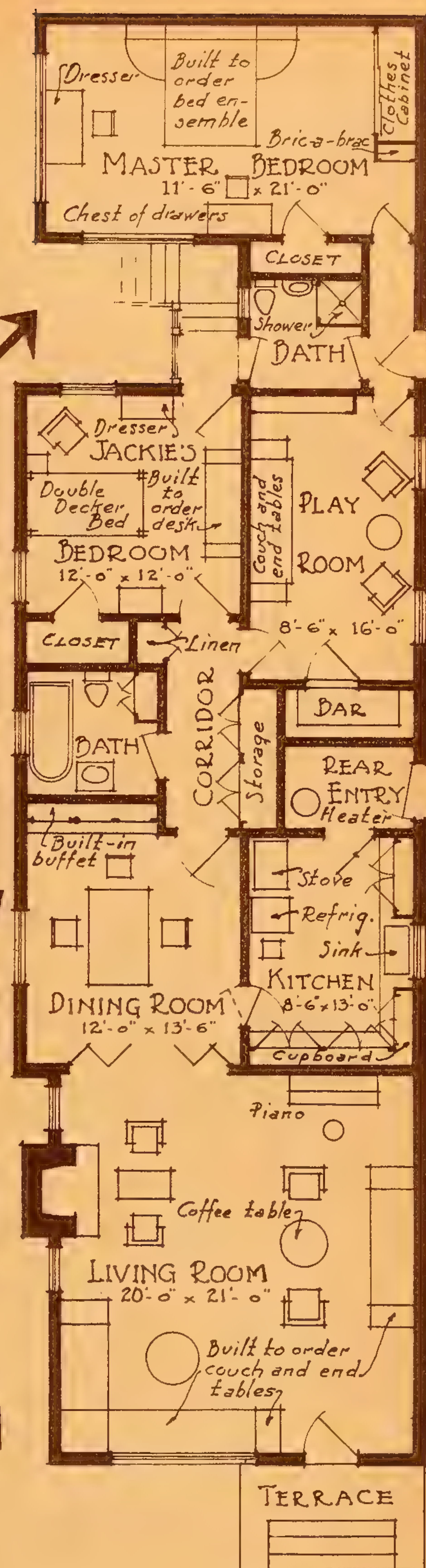


The built-in china closet conserves space and at the same time adds distinction to the blue and white dining room

Living Room and Entrance



The living room, unusually spacious, gains beauty and distinction by the use of Venetian blinds and slip covers



Floor Plan
Jackie Cooper's Home
Ocean Park, California

MOVIE CLASSIC begins here a series of unusual articles for the homemaker—showing how you can make use of the many money saving building and interior decoration plans which the stars have learned from the set builders of Hollywood.

The Editor.

Fate - Fame - and

A Quirk of Fate brought him to Hollywood—his own ability and the careful training that he had undergone since childhood carried him to stardom

by his mother
Mrs. Ruth Brugh

As told to James Reid

DURING his first few days at Pomona College, Robert Taylor went through a torment of loneliness. He had had a close pal at Doane College, back in Nebraska; here, no one cared whether he came or went. And he was only human; after the fuss that had been made over him at Doane, it was a rude shock to him to go totally unnoticed. But he never thought of quitting. Bob is not a quitter. There is too much Scotch tenacity in him for that.

He was instantly dubbed *The Sheik* and, apparently, dismissed as that. Because he was good-looking and dressed well, the other boys did not give him credit for having any brains. And because he was timid about making advances to people until he knew them, they had him down as aloof, conceited. He was always a little too backward; he still is. He never assumes that people will like him at first sight.

Then, gradually, they commenced to find out that he had a wonderful mind. Professor Robert Ross of the psychology department was the first to pick him up. He saw something in the boy. Then others discovered that he was good in oratory, in dramatics, in music, in sports, in his studies. It took a little time, but it finally happened.

Dr. Brugh and I, fifteen hundred miles away, did not know about his early tortures at Pomona. All we knew was that he had been there two weeks when he was chosen to play the lead in a campus play.

"Guess it doesn't make much difference where we put that boy!" his father commented, dryly.

Robert never talked much about his acting in high school or college but he says now that he used to imagine sometimes that he would be an actor. He did not think of Hollywood, however, any more than we did. By the time he arrived at Pomona, he had decided pretty definitely on a business career. He had made up his mind then that he would not be a doctor like his father, but would go into the financial world.

He was so interested in his work that he stayed at Pomona six weeks after the end of his first year there to take special studies with Professor Ross. Then he came back to Nebraska for the rest of the summer. While he was there, Doane College tried to get him back. They urged him so strongly, and made him such attractive offers, that he intended to drive out to

Pomona, pick up his belongings and credits, and go back to Doane for his last year. It did look to me as if he was a little too easily influenced; his father and I hoped that he would stay at Pomona. And when he got out here, he did decide to stay.

If he had not stayed—if he had gone back to Nebraska to college that Fall—the movies never would have discovered him. He might not even be an actor today. . . .

For it was in his Senior year at Pomona that he was given the rôle of *Captain Stanhope* in a campus production of *Journey's End*. And, unknown to him, a movie talent scout saw him.

The biggest surprise of his life came when he received a letter a few days later, asking him to call at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios in Culver City. They wanted to put him under contract as a student actor.



Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor are co-starred in *His Brother's Wife*, and, according to Dame Rumor, they are also co-starring in an off-screen romance which many predict will take them to the altar. At the left: Mrs. Ruth Brugh. The picture beside her is a photograph of Bob's father

Robert Taylor



He wrote and asked our advice—and I had the biggest surprise of *my* life when I heard the news. I did not know whether to be glad or not. I told him: "Be careful—take your time—finish your education before you decide."

Robert took my advice. He stayed in college and drove over to M-G-M every week-end for instruction in dramatics from Oliver Hinsdale, head of the studio's school for young players. But it was quite a drive from Pomona to Culver City and back, and he finally had to give it up—at least until after graduation.

I came out to visit him a month before graduation and had been here only a few days when I fell seriously ill. They sent for Doctor Brugh and he stayed then until Robert graduated. That was on the nineteenth of June, 1933, and we left for Beatrice on the twenty-first. I have always been so glad that I had that sick spell, that Doctor saw Bob in California—even if he could not live to see him famous here.

Robert told us that he would try acting for a year—and then, if it did not pan out, he would make use of his business degree. He came to Hollywood, took a room, and started a course in dramatics under a Miss Dixon, who operated a dramatic school. Every week or two, he would go over to the studio for a test or a tryout. The studio had an option on his services and was

watching whatever progress he was making—without building up his hopes very much.

Then, on August fifteenth, his father had an emergency operation and we thought that he could live only a few days. We sent for Bob. He started to drive home. On the way, he stopped in Pomona to tell Professor Ross the tragic news—and Professor Ross would not let the stunned, distraught boy make such a trip alone. He came with him, alternating with him at the wheel.

When Bob had been home a month, his father showed so much improvement that we thought he was going to get well—and we sent Bob back to continue his work in dramatics. A month later, on October fifteenth, I had to send for him again. His father had died. . . .

THIS time he flew back to Beatrice, reached home in time for the funeral, and stayed to help me all that he could. He helped me to settle the estate and try to adjust myself to a life without Doctor, who had done everything but breathe for me. And this time Bob said that he would not go back to Hollywood unless I went with him.

Some did not want me to go back to Hollywood with Robert; they thought I would be a hindrance to him, with my grief.

"All right then," Bob said, "I'll stay here. I'll go to work in an oil station until something better turns up. I'll just forget about the movies."

That put me in a hard place. I almost had to come. I wanted to stay in Beatrice. But I could not let a boy of his education, and abilities, go to waste there—when he had an opportunity to develop himself somewhere else.


I had a darling little home—a little white house on a gentle rise of ground. "Let me stay just a year, until you see how you make out," I begged him.

"No, not even a year," he said. "Either you go with me, or I stay here."

I rather believe that he had talked it all over with his father years before—and had promised that he never would leave me alone, that he would always try to make me happy. He had been brought up with that idea. His father had inspired him with it when he was just a young boy. It was the secret reason, I think, behind Robert's trustworthiness through the years.

Somewhere, somehow, an impression has arisen that Robert's father left practically no estate—and that Bob had no choice but to continue with his acting. That was not true. His father did not die wealthy; no country doctor ever does. But he did provide adequately for us. Bob did not have to accept the movie offer that he received. In fact, he *did not* sign a full-fledged movie contract until months later.

On the twenty-fifth of November, 1933, we left Beatrice. We took rooms on Franklin Circle in Hollywood, and he resumed his dramatic studies, going over to the studio every so often for tests. He had not been back very long before he was appearing in plays at the Hollywood Playhouse, then the Pasadena Playhouse. The studio kept urging him to sign a contract, and the theatre people tried just as hard to keep him from signing. I had been a terrible expense, with sickness after Doctor's death; and he was impatient to find out whether or not he *did* have any future on the screen. So, between those two considerations, he finally signed a long- [Continued on page 98]



James Stewart's slightly doleful smile is no clue to the brilliance of his screen future. Anyone in Hollywood will tell you he's going to be a star of the first magnitude

by Ida Zeitlin

Melancholy James

HE'S a shy bird, but an amiable one. Which was the first thing I discovered about Mr. James Stewart, late of Princeton, now of the movies. Instead of cossetting his shyness, like others I might name, till it swells with a sense of its own importance, he deals sternly with it, puts it in its place.

I faced him across a luncheon table. Or rather, I faced the menu behind which he was hiding. Unluckily, he couldn't hide forever. The waitress was hovering. He lowered the card to reveal a pair of hunted gray eyes and a head of brown hair, whose slightly disheveled state added somehow to his look of worry.

"Bananas and cream," he told the waitress.

I couldn't suppress a startled: "To begin with?"

"To begin with," he echoed firmly. Then he plunged, and was off. "I generally have filet mignon or something like that, when I'm eating with a bunch of fellows who order it too, so I'm not ashamed. But I can't stuff myself with filet mignon while you toy with a radish or something, can I?" He rushed

on, forestalling my protest. "Anyway, I'm not specially hungry today. I ate a whole steak last night, intended for four of us. We'd invited a couple of guests, and then at the last minute they couldn't come, and then the fellow I live with didn't show up, and there was the steak, no use wasting it, so I ate it myself." He ran down and stopped.

This was my first experience with a movie actor, to whom interviews are obviously an ordeal, yet who takes on his own shoulders the burden of starting one—who doesn't fix you with a chill eye, daring you to prod facts out of him, but pushes a spring-board at you, saying in effect: "I don't know whether the darn thing's any use, but maybe you'd better have a look at it, anyway."

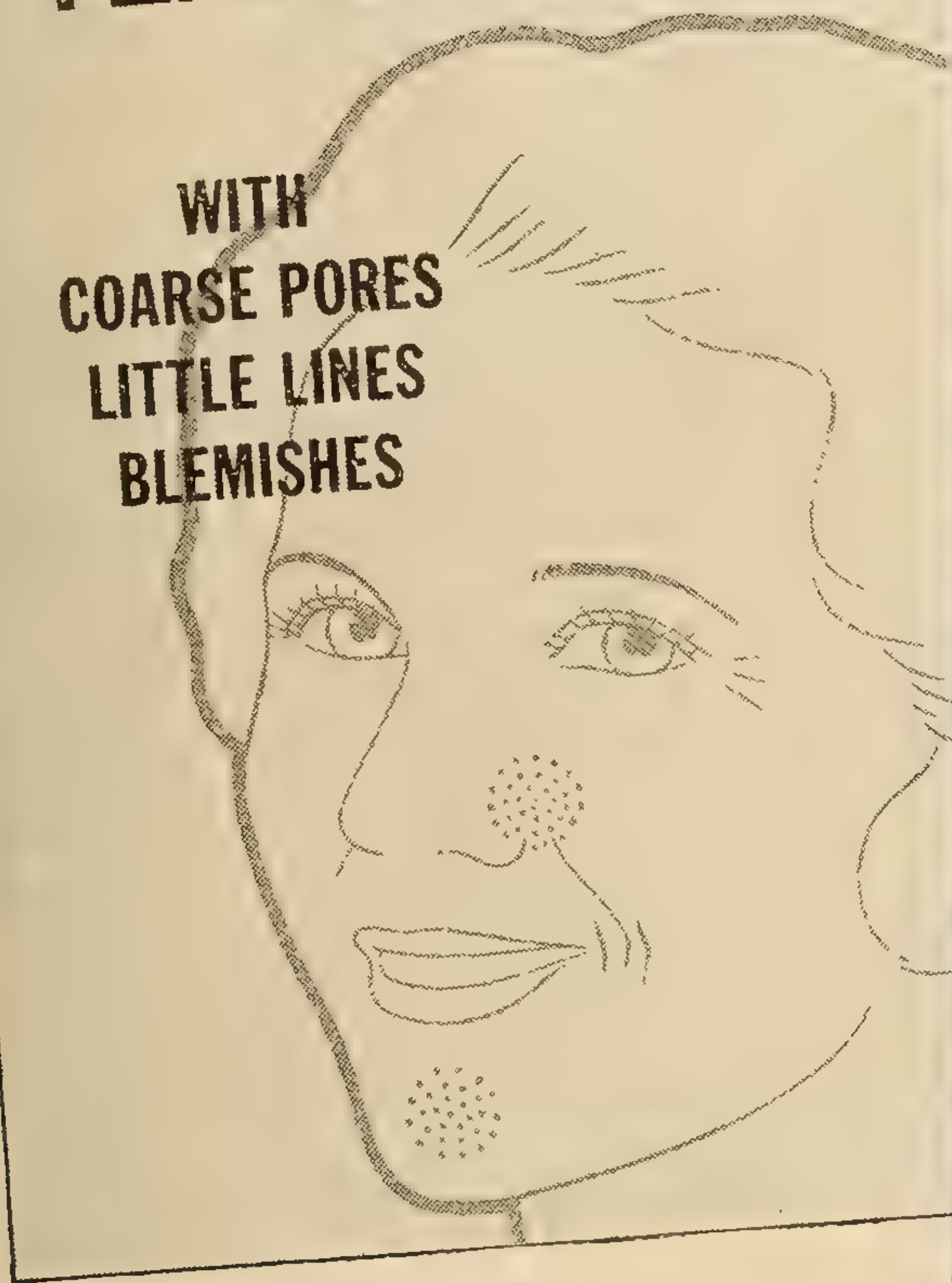
It was such an agreeable experience that I was tempted to prolong it. But as he searched his mind for another tack to go off on, a girl appeared at his elbow, asking for an autograph.

"How do you feel about that kind of thing?" I inquired, when she'd gone away happy.

He eyed me as if he suspected a [Continued on page 60]

YOUR FACE IS
"YEARS OLDER"

WITH
COARSE PORES
LITTLE LINES
BLEMISHES



Mrs. Adam K. Luke, Jr. says: "Pond's Cold Cream certainly keeps my pores fine."

Faults that start in your UNDER SKIN

A SINGLE blemish can dim the freshness of your skin . . . make you look *older* than you are.

A few coarse pores say, "She's getting on in years"—just as loudly as lines and wrinkles say it. Stubborn things—that keep on getting worse till you learn their real cause and the real way to treat them.

Deep-skin rousing needed

The truth is, almost all skin faults get their start, not on the surface,

but in your underskin.

In your *underskin* are little hidden glands and cells and blood vessels. These are the foundation of your *outer* skin's health. The minute they function poorly, pores begin to clog. And then blemishes come. Even lines are really nothing but creasings in your outer skin, caused by failing tissues underneath.

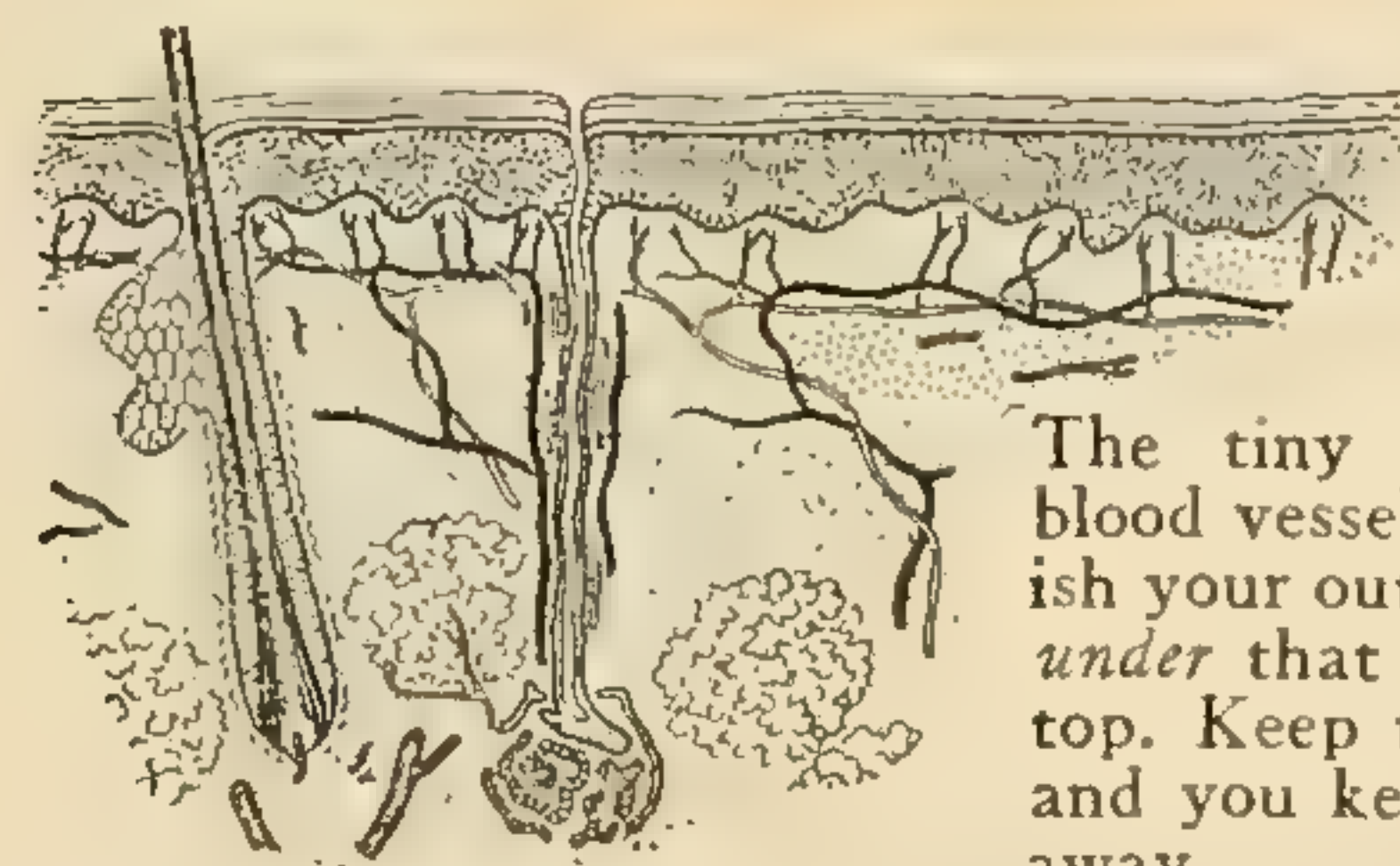
But—you can rouse that underskin to healthy vigor—by the regular use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Twice daily—for a fault-free skin

Pond's Cold Cream goes deep into the pores. Its specially processed oils loosen every particle of dirt. Easy to wipe it all off.

Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream

briskly patted in. How wonderful it feels. Blood tingling. Skin glowing . . . and so much softer! You are waking up that underskin.



Aging faults start here

The tiny glands, cells, blood vessels which nourish your outer skin are all *under* that dark layer on top. Keep them active—and you keep skin faults away.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your *underskin*, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults *can't* age your skin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—looks younger. And it's all smooth for your powder.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. L144, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



Miss Jane Mellon
"Pond's Cold Cream
keeps my skin soft
and clear—smoothes
out little lines."

Loretta Young Answers

[Continued from page 16]

Q. Do you have something you wear on or about your person in every picture—for good luck?

A. No.

Q. Did your contact with the beloved Lon Chaney in *Laugh Clown Laugh* have any influence on your life or career?

A. Yes, for I admired Lon Chaney profoundly and anyone knowing the story of his courageous struggle for success was bound to be inspired.

Q. Would you prefer to choose your leading men or have the studio select them for you?

A. Naturally I would prefer to choose my leading men.

Q. Does the part you are taking have any effect on your every day life or change your opinion of living at the time you are working on the story?

A. No. I have never believed in acting when not in front of the camera.

Q. If you had your life to live over, would you want it the same?

A. Every minute of it!

Q. When you see your pictures, are you interested in the story or are you only aware of the mechanics that went to make up the production?

A. That is an interesting question and

one that has never happened to occur to me before. I suppose that I am aware of the mechanics of production and especially of the mechanics of acting rather than of the story. By the time a picture reaches the screen its principal actors have been toiling with the story until it has lost meaning, as a story.

Q. If it were necessary for you to make a decision as to playing in either costume or modern films for the remainder of your career—which would you choose, and why?

A. From the standpoint of the actor, it makes no difference whether a rôle calls for modern dress or period costume. The story is all important and the excellence of the plot does not depend upon its period or locale.

Q. What is your opinion of the future for color films? Would you like to appear in one?

A. I have just finished working in *Ramona*, an all color picture. I believe that unquestionably color will soon be in universal use.

Q. Why do stars change their names and how are they chosen?

A. Stars change their names for many reasons. Usually because their own names are difficult to pronounce, too long to be suitable for "lights" or lacking in euphony.

Sometimes they choose their own screen names, sometimes the names are chosen for them by the studio.

Q. Being an actress evidently is like living in a glass house—how do you feel when you hear strangers discussing your every action and thought?

A. Just as you would feel if you were living in that same glass house. It is sometimes flattering and even satisfying to know that people think enough of one to be interested but my reaction to the unfounded gossip which circulates so frequently about screen stars, is the same reaction that every woman has to that kind of gossip.

Q. Do you find that the majority of actors and actresses have as much personality and are as attractive in person as they are on the screen?

A. Usually I find them just as charming off screen as on—sometimes I find them more so.

Q. Have you ever written a fan letter?

A. Many of them. Marguerite Clark and Gloria Swanson were great favorites of mine before I went into pictures.

Q. What part of the film *Private Number* did you find the most interesting?

A. One part is just as interesting as another. An actor, you see, approaches a plot as a whole, for the character to be played



is reflected in not one but in every story sequence.

Q. Do you like or dislike autograph hunters?

A. Usually I like them. Sometimes, however, when I am tired and nervous I am slightly annoyed by the insistence of the crowd at previews who persist in forcing autograph books into my hands—but to be honest about it, I would be a great deal more annoyed if they overlooked me.

Q. What is the name of your stand-in?

A. Dorothy Tunney.

Q. Did you ever win a contest? If so—what kind?

A. No, never. I don't think I ever won anything in my life.

Q. When you were a child did you ever dream of being a movie star?

A. Constantly. It was my one ambition.

Q. Would you like to play opposite Bob Taylor again?

A. Yes, I would.

Q. I remember that you played a Chinese girl a few years ago, and now you are playing *Ramona*—both definitely brunette characters. How did you happen to be chosen for them?

*A. I balked at first when it was suggested that I play a Chinese girl but after "trying on" the make-up I was delighted with the rôle. I wanted to play *Ramona*—and the color of her hair made no difference to me. I think that my own insistent arguments that I should play the part were responsible for my being given the rôle. Producers of*

course realize what magic can be accomplished by make-up and do not, therefore, bar a blond from playing brunette rôles until they see how her appearance can be changed by the studio make-up artists.

Q. What, in your mind, are the requisites one must possess to be a success on the stage or screen?

A. Ability, poise, personal attractiveness, emotional understanding—and, most important of all, emotional responsiveness or the ability to take direction.

Q. Do you prefer Hollywood to New York.

A. Of course I do, for I have lived in Hollywood since I was a little girl.

Q. Would you like to appear in a Shakespearian drama on the N.Y. stage?

A. No. I have never wanted to play Shakespeare.

Q. Would you forego your career for marriage?

A. I don't know. I'd like to be able to.

Q. Have you a brother named Jack who is taking law?

A. Yes. My brother Jack has just finished four years of study at Loyola University.

Q. Do you wear false eyelashes while appearing on the screen?

A. I do—but I won't admit it.

Q. Have you ever assisted anyone to get into the movies?

A. No.

Q. Are movie fans justified in being envious of the screen stars?

A. Yes, I suppose they are.

Q. What is your definition of a real "fan" and how do such "fans" help you to succeed?

A. A real fan to my way of thinking, is a person who is not only interested but intelligently interested in motion pictures. Such fans are entirely responsible for the success of every screen player.

Q. How many takes have you had on one scene?

A. I believe my record is about seventeen.

Q. Are you planning on attending the Texas Centennial?

A. No. Unfortunately I will not be able to do so.

Q. If you had one wish granted you, for something money could not buy, what would that wish be?

A. That is a question that demands real thought. I believe that if I could be granted one request I would wish to be happily married, for a happy marriage implies so much. It would mean children. It would mean permanent happiness. Isn't a happy marriage the goal of every woman?

Q. If and when you marry would you feel that being a famous actress would hinder you from being happily married to a person who is not prominent?

A. Yes, I think it would. It would make no difference in my love and respect for my

[Continued on page 54]

CAN'T I LAND A JOB LIKE THIS!

HELLO-ADA? THIS IS GRACE. HAVE YOU FOUND A JOB YET — BECAUSE THERE'S ONE DOWN HERE I'M SURE YOU COULD FILL — I SPOKE TO MISS MARTIN AND SHE SAID TO COME IN AND TALK TO HER TOMORROW —

OH — GRACE — THAT WOULD BE GRAND — THANKS AWFULLY FOR THINKING OF ME



THE NEXT DAY

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY YOU DIDN'T GET IT, ADA — DID MISS MARTIN SAY WHY SHE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D DO?

NO — I JUST FELT I MADE A BAD IMPRESSION — GRACE, I WONDER — DO YOU THINK THESE PIMPLES COULD BE THE REASON?



TWO WEEKS LATER

YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS MADE A REAL HIT WITH MR BARNES — HE ASKED ME YESTERDAY IF SHE COULDN'T DO ALL HIS WORK —

I KNEW ADA WOULD MAKE GOOD, MISS MARTIN — AND ISN'T SHE PRETTY NOW THAT HER SKIN IS CLEAR?



DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOU OUT OF A JOB

PIMPLES can easily spoil that good impression you hoped to make. Yet—they often occur after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or longer. At this time, important glands devel-

op and final growth takes place. The whole body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes a day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears. Start today!

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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What Do People Say About Your Eyes?

Loretta Young Answers

[Continued from page 53]

husband, perhaps, but it would probably make him dissatisfied and self-conscious, and his unhappiness would doom such a marriage.

Q. What do you do for relaxation after working hours in the studio?

A. I go to bed.

Q. Are you happy in your screen success, or is there something other than your screen career that would make you happier?

A. I think I have already answered that.

Q. Did you enjoy working in *Caravan* with Charles Boyer?

A. I enjoyed working with Mr. Boyer but I did not enjoy the picture.

Q. Do you ever expect to play opposite Nelson Eddy?

A. No.

Q. Which do you prefer for a leading man—an American or foreign actor?

A. An American, for being American, I understand American men better than I do Europeans.

Q. During your career, what has been your most thrilling experience? What, your most amusing experience?

A. The privilege of playing Ramona is my most thrilling experience. My most amusing experience is Patsy Kelly's comedy during the production of *Private Number*.

Q. On what date will your latest picture be released?

A. I am not positive, but I think *Ladies in Love* will be released about the first of October.

Q. What characteristics do you admire most in a man?

A. Honesty, moral courage, understanding, kindness and a sense of humor.

Q. Have you ever made a personal appearance on the stage?

A. Yes. I made a personal appearance tour lasting for three weeks and appeared in Washington, D.C., Philadelphia and St. Louis.

Q. Is your hair naturally wavy, or do you have a permanent wave?

A. It is naturally wavy.

Q. What is your average count on fan mail for a week?

A. Between fifteen and eighteen hundred letters.

Q. What, in your opinion, is the cause of so many Hollywood marriages failing?

A. Now there is a good question and one that occurs very frequently to the actors and actresses of Hollywood. I think most Hollywood marriages fail for one, or all, of three reasons. First—Most actors and actresses are too emotional. Second—Most Hollywood wives have enough money that they do not fear the financial hazards of divorce, and—Third—Too few Hollywood couples have children.

Q. What do you consider your biggest "break" in pictures?

A. My biggest "break" in pictures was, of course, my first part in the picture, *Laugh Clown Laugh*.

DRAB—Pale, colorless lashes without benefit of eye make-up. Definitely uninteresting.

DREADFUL—Crude, stiff lashes, lumpy, stuck together as with ordinary mascara. Inexcusably artificial.

DELIGHTFUL—The NATURAL appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes—soft and silky—with Maybelline. Truly, eye make-up in good taste.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara—darkens, beautifies, and tends to curl lashes. Applies smoothly and easily without water. Black, Brown, or Blue. Complete with brush in dainty zipper bag.

So Important—that First Impression

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless—bald and unattractive. Many women deplore this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard "made-up" look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the *natural* appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes—instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smarting and tear-proof.

You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows—it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects—a touch gently blended on the eyelids

intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women the world over. Either form is only 75c at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!



Solid Form Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue.



Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown or Blue.



Eye Shadow—Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Q. What group of stars do you associate with most?

A. I am not a member of any one of the social cliques of Hollywood. Perhaps my best friends in the profession are Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow—Bing and Dixie Crosby, Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall.

Q. Would you rather play in historical pictures or modern dramas?

A. Again—"The play's the thing."

Q. What characteristic do you observe first when meeting a person?

A. Although I am not particularly conscious of observing any one characteristic, I suppose that I notice the eyes first.

Q. Do you feel that you have accomplished more and have had a happier life than if you had never seen Hollywood?

A. Yes I do. Certainly I have accomplished much more than I could have in any other business.

Q. Do either of your parents possess the talent displayed by yourself and your sisters?

A. Neither of my parents have ever been connected with the theatre.

Q. Did you dye your hair for the part you played in *Ramona*?

A. No. I wore a wig.

Q. From a star's point of view—what do you consider an interesting fan letter?

A. From the star's point of view, the most interesting fan letter is one which offers constructive criticism.

Q. Do you play the piano or the organ?

A. Neither one, I am sorry to say.

Q. Were you deprived of a college education by becoming an actress at such an early age?

A. Yes. I suppose I would have attended college had it not been for my work in the studio.

Q. If, for some reason, you could be entirely free from pictures for one year—how would you choose to spend that year?

A. Traveling in Europe.

Q. Why did you choose the name "Loretta Young" for your screen title?

A. I didn't choose it—the studio chose it for me.

Q. Do you get many letters from children?

A. Yes. A surprising percentage of my fan mail is from children.

Q. Do you prefer to play the part of a very young girl, or that of an older woman?

A. I prefer to play the part of a young girl because I am a young girl and, furthermore, I don't believe the romantic affairs of older people are as interesting as the romances of younger people.

Q. Have you ever had a favorite fan—one to whom you have written personally for a continued period of time?

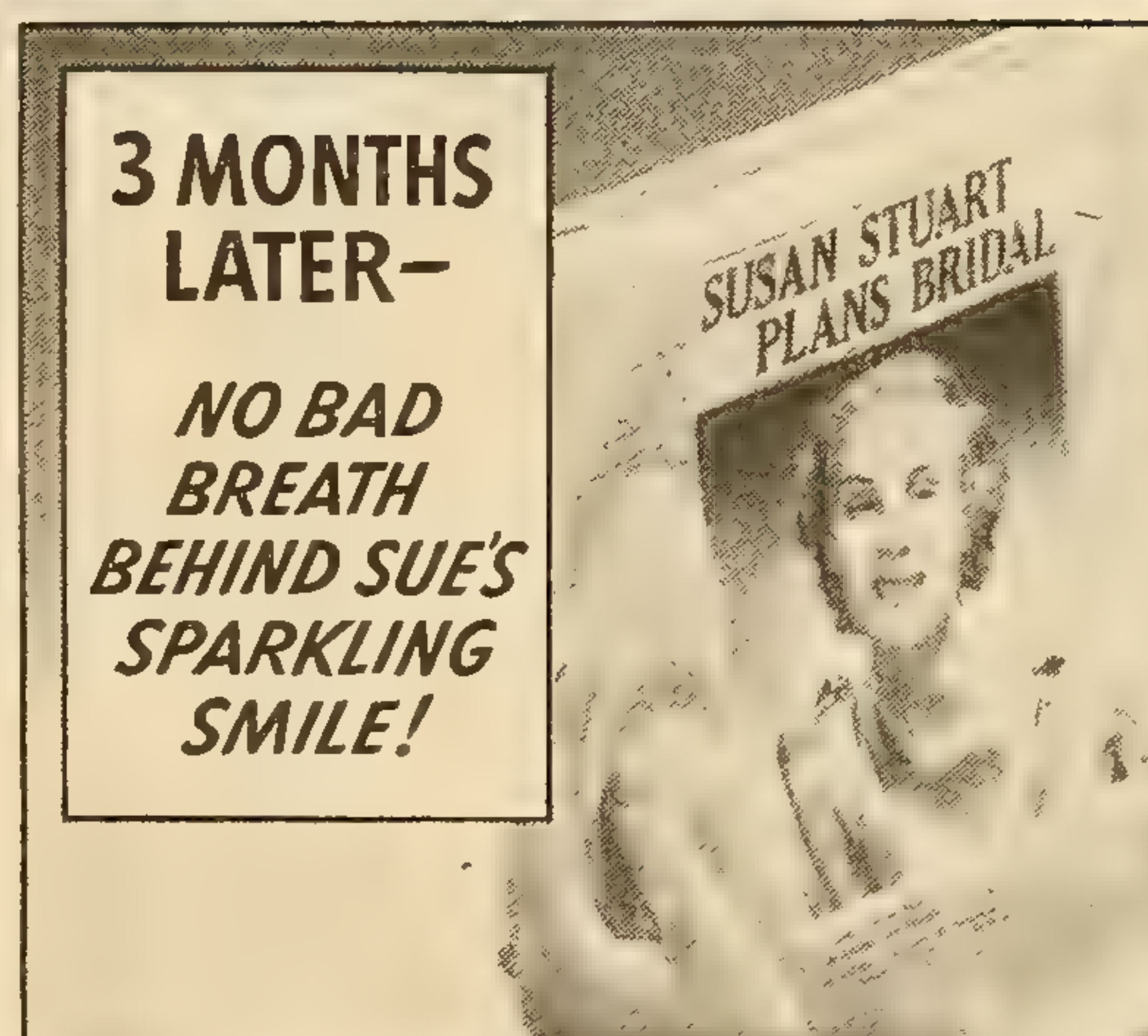
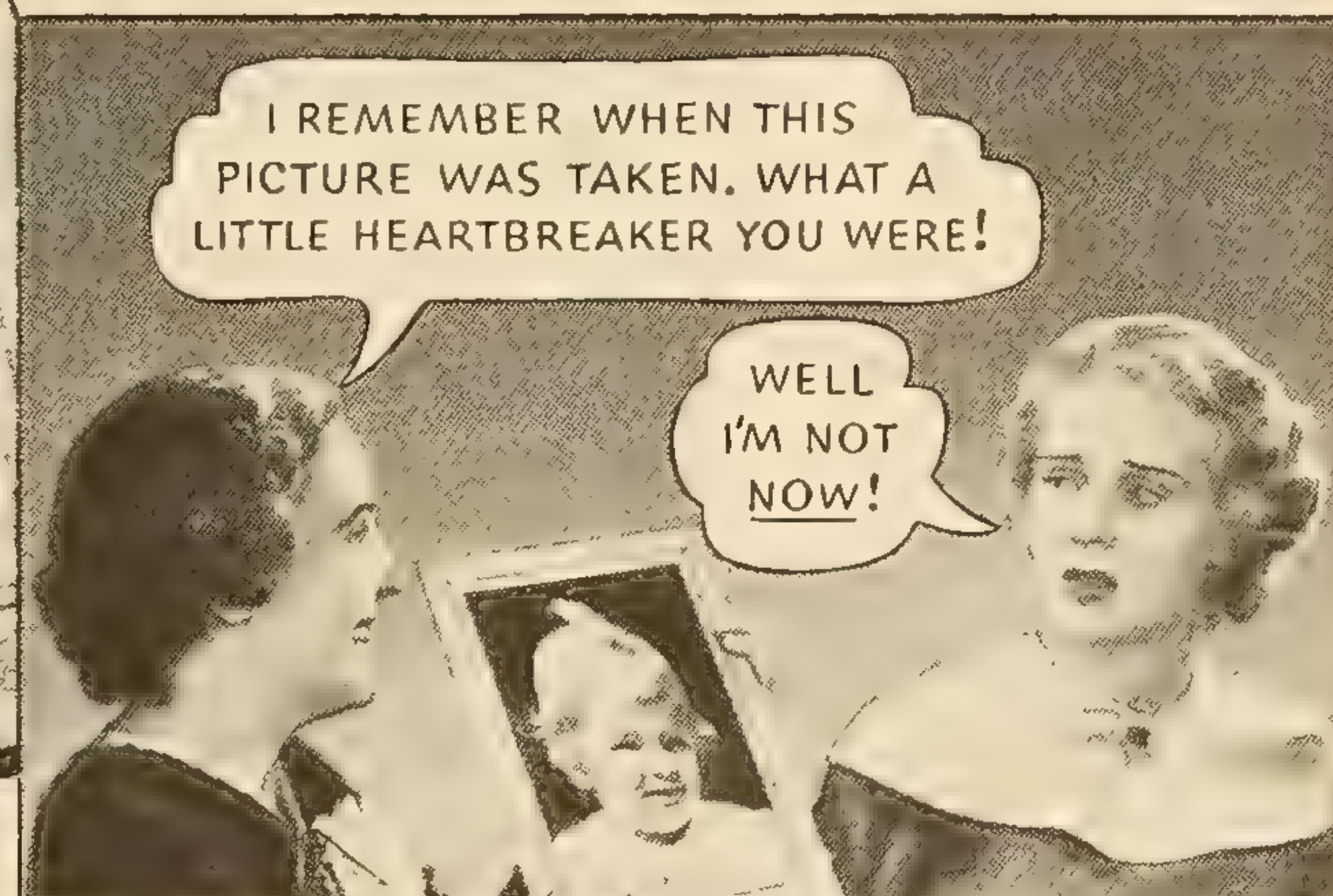
A. No.

Q. Would you like to appear on the stage?

[Continued on page 72]

BORN TO BE A

Belle, BUT-



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special

penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!





in a new *Beauty Cream*
that **CLEANSES, SOFTENS,
SMOOTHS, CLEARS and
NOURISHES**

DRY SKIN turns soft and smooth before your eyes . . . clogged stretched pores reduce . . . the youthful radiance of a clear, velvety skin soon returns . . . all because science has at last discovered how to make a real all-purpose creme from fresh, wholesome dairy milk. Milk contains certain glandular oils whose wonderful effect on the skin has never been duplicated by any man made product. The moment Creme of Milk touches your skin you will know it is different . . . you can fairly feel your skin drinking in the fine delicate milk-oils, yet such a little goes so far. Already more than 100,000 women are saying, "Here at last is the *one* creme we have always searched for." Creme of Milk brings results that you can actually see and feel in less than three days time.

**Try the Amazing new
CREME OF MILK
FOR ONLY 10c**



**AT ALL COSMETIC
COUNTERS AND
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20c 50c \$1 & \$2 SIZES**

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Enclosed find 10 cents—please mail at once my trial jar of your new Creme of Milk.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

20 Years A



Jack Holt and his son, Charles John Holt, Jr., who at fifteen is already a champion swimmer and an expert polo player

TWENTY years ago the best investment anyone could have made in Hollywood is still a lucrative investment. The name of the stock is JACK HOLT.

Twenty-one years Jack Holt has been a star. He has returned hundreds of thousands of dollars in profit to his investors, the motion picture companies. Ten years with Paramount, nine years with Columbia, one with Universal, and now he has an independent starring contract with Columbia.

Occasionally other leading companies buy into the same stock, the profit being as sure as government bonds. For example: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer invested in Jack Holt to be featured with Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald and Spencer Tracy in *San Francisco*.

Again intrigued by the continuous Holt box-office lure, Columbia persuaded the star to return to the fold. His first under the new deal is *Man Without Fear*, a gripping drama of the Spanish-American War.

Only one other star stock in Hollywood has survived all the crashes and depres-

sions during the past twenty years, and remained a sound investment, i.e. Wallace Beery. Like Tennyson's immortal brook, Jack and Wally go on forever.

I am writing this story because some nitwit recently complained that Jack Holt was a colorless fellow.

The disgruntled interviewer meant that Jack is colorless because he firmly refuses to talk about himself. That anyone might be interested in his life, past and present, his career and private affairs, would never occur to him. Jack is that *rara avis*, any actor who confines his acting to where it belongs.

In twenty years of interviewing celebrities, I have known some to dwell happily on their favorite subject, ME, by the hour. To properly describe the effect on the defenseless party of the second part, one must begin with the monotonous drone of a

by

Allan Carson

Star

Other screen personalities come and go, but Jack Holt, one of the most colorful of them all, keeps a firm grip on stardom

bumblebee and end with the roar of an airplane motor.

As a matter of fact, Jack Holt is one of the most colorful men in pictures.

For example: he probably has the finest family tree ever planted in Hollywood.

He was on the stage once, but he was driving it.

He was an engineer in the New York tubes, and with an exploration company in Alaska; he was a gold miner, hunter, trapper and guide.

He was a cowpuncher in Oregon and went "busted" as a cattle rancher. He tried his hand at apple orcharding in the same state, and contributed a "discovery" to horticulture.

He made his debut in the movies twenty-three years ago as a double for a hero, making a thirty-foot dive into a river on horseback.

He is one of the finest athletes in pictures, chiefly noted as a polo player and an all around horseman.

He is one of the few stars of the old silent movies who has made an even greater success as a talking picture star.

IN real life he is very much the character he is in his more heroic rôles, a sun-bronzed, stalwart athlete; plain-spoken, independent and straightforward. He has no illusions about his "art". If you mentioned it, he would think you were kidding. He is in pictures because he is highly paid, because his weekly remuneration is in four figures, but he gives his best to every rôle he plays. He is grateful and loyal to the industry and to the public that pay their money to see him "be himself." Maybe this is why Jack Holt has survived all sorts of "trends" which tended to minimize the importance of stars to producers. After twenty years, he is still pegging along—as he puts it—and he is in greater demand than ever.

Picture stars who last long in the affection of the theater-going public must possess either distinctive or lovable characteristics. Jack Holt has the commanding presence and bearing of a leader of men, yet he is always natural and unaffected. To those who know him best, he has most of the faults of the average man, along with a few virtues.

When the talkies came along, Jack was one of the very few silent stars who didn't go hurrying and scurrying to vocal and dramatic teachers, frightened to death that the end was near at hand. Such a contingency never occurred to him. When a certain feminine critic was interviewing him on the possibility of his approaching artistic demise, Jack was genuinely astonished. What would he do now that the talkies were coming into favor, and him with no stage experience? The Holt retort was typical of the man.

"Talk, my dear Lady—I've been talking all my life!" [Continued on page 94]

You can share the Screen Stars' secret of Beautiful Hair



★ MERLE OBERON *Star in Samuel Goldwyn's LOVE UNDER FIRE*

EVERYONE knows that screen stars have their hair permanent waved just like other women. Yet their waves always look so natural . . . and add such a lovely touch of glamour to their personalities. *Your hair* can actually look every bit as charming and attractive. It is all a matter of the kind of permanent wave you choose. On such questions, Hollywood's stars are advised by the world's highest paid beauty experts, The Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild. They have tested every known waving method and Duart is the one and only permanent wave they have endorsed and recommended. And so nearly ALL of the beautifully waved heads you see on the screen have been waved by the Duart method. This same Duart Wave is available in a nearby beauty salon wherever you live, so why take a chance on unknown or unproven methods. Duart Waves cost no more. Remember to ask the hairdresser to explain how the Duart machine assures you of perfectly uniform waves because of the exclusive thermostat control that measures the exact amount of safe, gentle, electric heat for each individual curl.

Demand This *Sealed* Package
For a Genuine Duart Wave



COPY A SCREEN-TESTED HAIRSTYLE

A 24 page book of stars' hairstyles that have been screen tested for beauty, style and popularity will be sent to you FREE with one 10-cent package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse. It's not a dye nor a bleach—it cleanses and adds an alluring glint of sunlight. Two rinses in each package—choose your shade in coupon below.

DUART PERMANENT WAVES

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffures."

Name.....

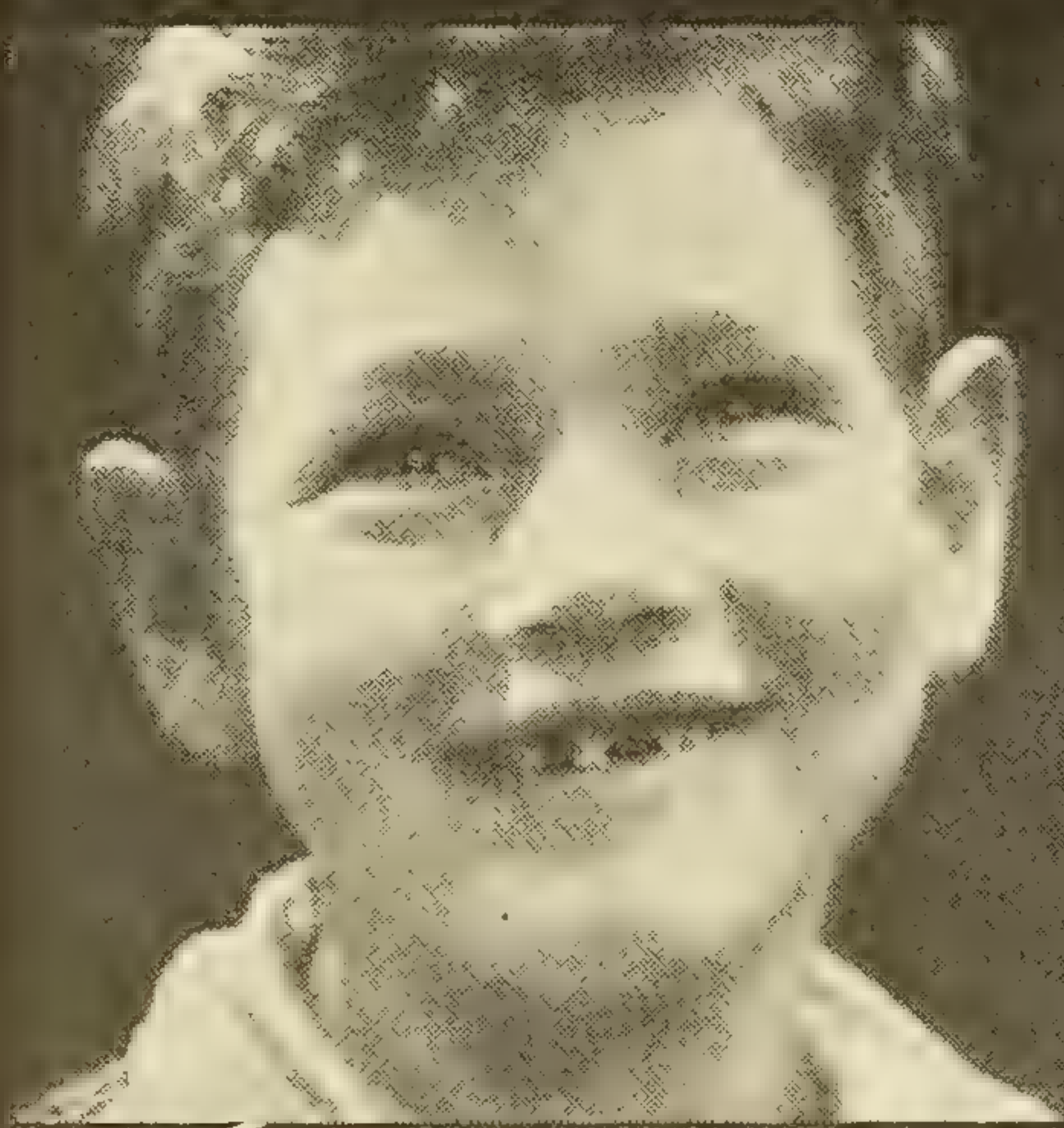
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THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dark Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Black | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Henna | <input type="checkbox"/> White or Gray (Platinum) | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde |

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TRAGEDY LATER**



CLEANS TEETH

Half-way care of the teeth is no joke. Clean your teeth regularly but don't neglect your gums. Neglected gums invite serious trouble, dentists will tell you. Why take that chance? Forhan's gives double protection. *Cleans* and *whitens* teeth, and at the same time *safeguards* gums.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from other tooth pastes. It was created by an eminent dental surgeon to *do both jobs*. With it you clean and brighten teeth; and at the same time you massage gums, just as so many dentists advise. Get Forhan's, today. It costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes—yet ends ordinary half-way care. *Also in Canada.*

DOES BOTH JOBS

Forhan's

*The ORIGINAL
TOOTH PASTE
for the GUMS
and TEETH
by
R.J. Forhan
D.D.S.*

BAD NAILS

"STENO" NAIL Protection Cream absolutely ends brittle, peeling, splitting, breaking nails, as nothing else can. Avoids hard ragged cuticle. Ends hang nails. Used in 25,000 Beauty Shops. **ENDORSED BY WELL-KNOWN HOLLYWOOD MAKEUP ARTISTS** and leading beauty experts. Used by Physicians, Surgeons, Nurses. Try "STENO"—have strong, smart, healthy nails. **FREE! TRIAL PACKAGE** and Advice on Beautifying the Nails by leading beauty experts. Send 10c for packing and mailing. **IMPERIAL BRANDS, 504 S. Dearborn St., Chicago**



Easy to **Lift Out
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Portrait of A Charming Lady



Bette Davis, winner of the 1936 Academy Award, and Lenore Gardner, noted portrait painter, at work on the painting which will hang in Bette's Hollywood home

THERE is an old saying that no one else knows a person so well as his portrait artist, and I've found it to be true. When painting Bette Davis, I was with her over an hour every day for a month, so I saw her in all sorts of moods. We discussed every topic under the sun, and I learned things about her amazingly complex personality which I had never read nor suspected!

I believe I was commissioned to paint Bette because she wanted her portrait done by someone who understood her background and who had really lived and studied in New England. To her, that was more important, perhaps, than the fact that I had been the protégée and friend of John Singer Sargent, beloved as he is by everyone in her own dear Boston.

As for me, I wanted to paint Bette because I've admired her for years. I became interested in her 'way back when she played Colleen Moore's daughter in *So Big*. She is the typical American girl—wholesome withal but facing life with an amazing freedom.

When, along with the rest of the world, I saw her portrayal of the trollop in *Human Bondage*—a character as startlingly different from her earlier rôles as black is from white—I realized that now she is both a full-flowered personality and an actress with a gift that borders on genius.

I felt there was something in Bette Davis the camera had never caught—some-

thing that I'd try to transcribe in oils. Painters often feel that way! Believe it or not, I'd sought for a similar hidden quality in the Mexican General Mendez, whom I painted during a revolution—crossing a courtyard littered with dead soldiers to keep my first appointment with him!

In Bette's case, the something I sought was an old-fashioned and yet pleasingly modern quality. I felt that she was brave, self-reliant, forthright. It may seem strange that I chose the vibrant Bette Davis, recently identified on the screen with brittle, conscienceless rôles, as the "Typical American Woman." But think of Bette—with her New England background, her scorn of pretense, and her belief that what she thinks right is worth fighting for—the Bette with fire and spirit in her eyes!

This is the Bette whom I saw before me, seated on the lovely Colonial sofa I had found after searching all available antique shops. I felt a definite satisfaction as I lifted my brush for the initial stroke.

During the preliminary arrangements, which had not gone too smoothly, I had experienced some of what Hollywood wrongly calls Bette's "wilfulness."

I had asked her to shop for a new frock. I always request this to avoid painting dresses that may have been photographed. Bette seemed to think that a bit unreasonable!

Next, it was her turn to startle me with

*A noted portrait painter
gives her impressions of
one of her most famous
subjects, Bette Davis*

by
Lenore Gardner

a request. She informed me that she would sit only in the company of "Tibbie," her pet Scotty. It was my turn to hesitate—I've never been known as a painter of animals!

But, one bright morning, with that charm and impulsiveness of which only Bette Davis is capable, she walked into my studio with a brand-new dress that was just what I would have chosen and said—"I'm ready."

The gown was chic and sophisticated—white, ribbed in a blue so pale as to be visible only in certain lights, and tied with a powder-blue belt. It was an ageless thing, yet it could have been worn by the ladies who had used that couch one hundred and fifty years ago.

Only "Tibbie" accompanied Bette. The little Scotty's mistress changed from tan culottes with a bright bandana top to the frock—*my* gown, I call it. Just as she sat down to pose, "Tibbie" came over and was immediately grabbed up into her mistress' arms. And, very softly, Bette said—"Now, you see, 'Tibbie,' I'll have you with me always."

From then on there was no question about "Tibbie's" being in the portrait!

"WHAT kind of makeup shall I wear?" Bette asked. I told her not to wear any. I wanted to catch the gentleness and the exquisite natural coloring of her face—its healthy out-of-doors quality. I didn't want any of that hidden.

In all the hours that Bette sat there, she never complained of being tired and never lost her poise or expression. A Hollywood star has few leisure moments but, provided she could possibly do so, Bette never refused to sit overtime when I requested it. In fact, she did everything she could to be of assistance.

If Bette is intrigued by a subject she never seems to tire. She always finds some new phase to attract her. She was more than interested in the mechanics of painting. Her questions were constant. And it would be next to impossible for anyone to be bored in Bette's company, for her comments and her witticisms keep one on the alert.

During the long sittings, "Tibbie," to whom I had become very attached, would grow a wee bit nervous. Bette would talk to her as if she were human. One day when "Tibbie" was a little more "jittery" than usual, Bette told her—

"Now 'Tibbie,' be still and look beautiful, so that I can point you out and say to your grandchildren and to my grandchildren—'See Tibbie. Isn't she lovely?'"

But about her own beauty, Bette was more modest. "I have a bad nose," she said one day. I could not convince her to the contrary! Bette is conscious of what she calls "defects" in herself.

"I am just working on your nose now," I told her. She had not asked to see the canvas, even though I knew that she wanted to. I seldom let a subject see her portrait until it is finished.

"Might I see it?" she asked a little hesitantly. I broke all rules and consented. At

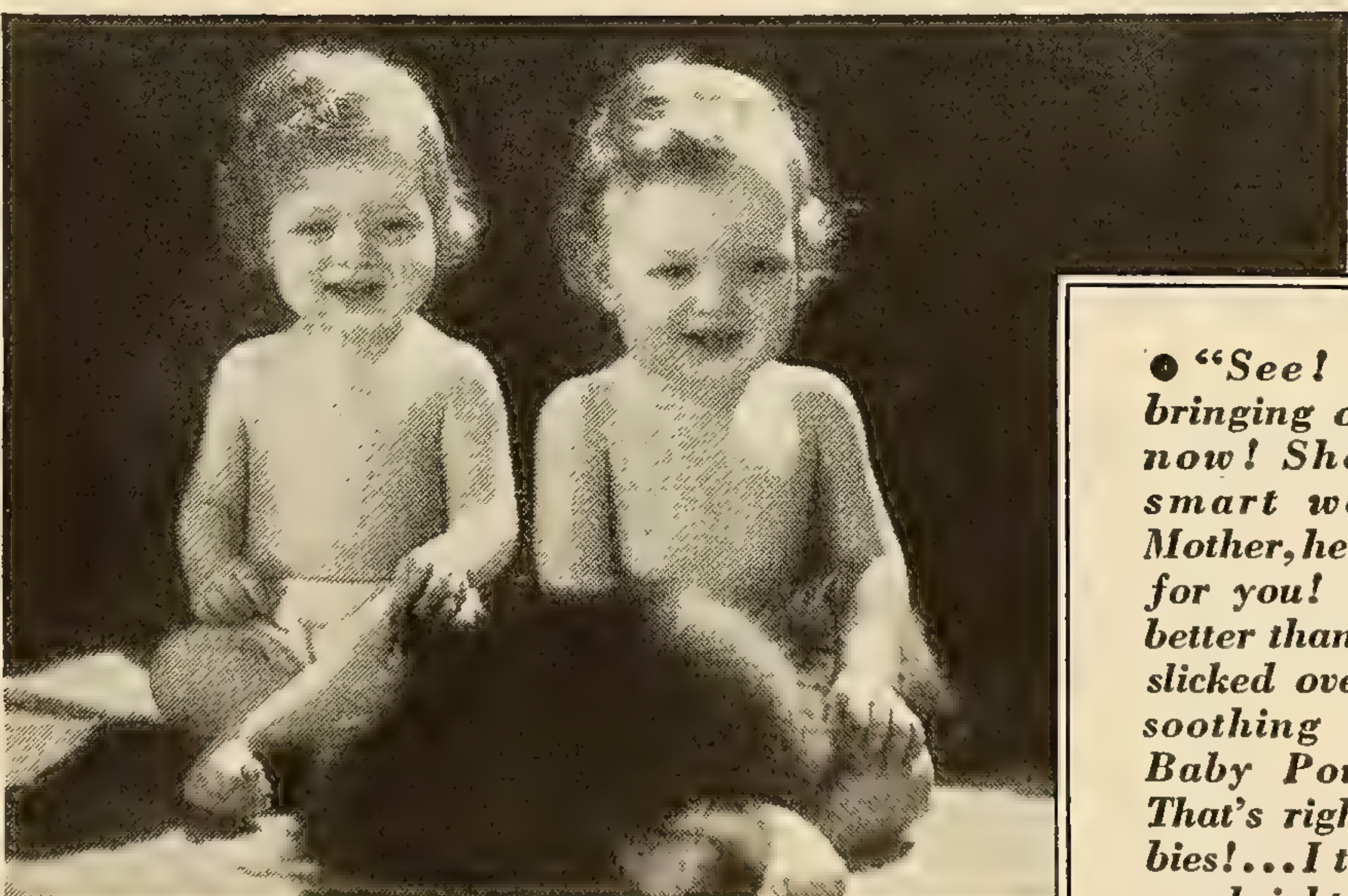
[Continued on page 79]



● "Looka here — this animal isn't so fierce. Hasn't got a tooth in his head—heck, we've each got six!... Maybe he isn't looking fierce at all — only cross. I know why—he's hot. No wonder—all that hair. Phooey! . . . he makes me hot, too!"



● "Now stop and think — what was it we decided was the best thing for that hot, sticky feeling?... Drink of water? No, that wasn't it. Bath? Now you're on the right track... I've got it—a nice downy sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder!"



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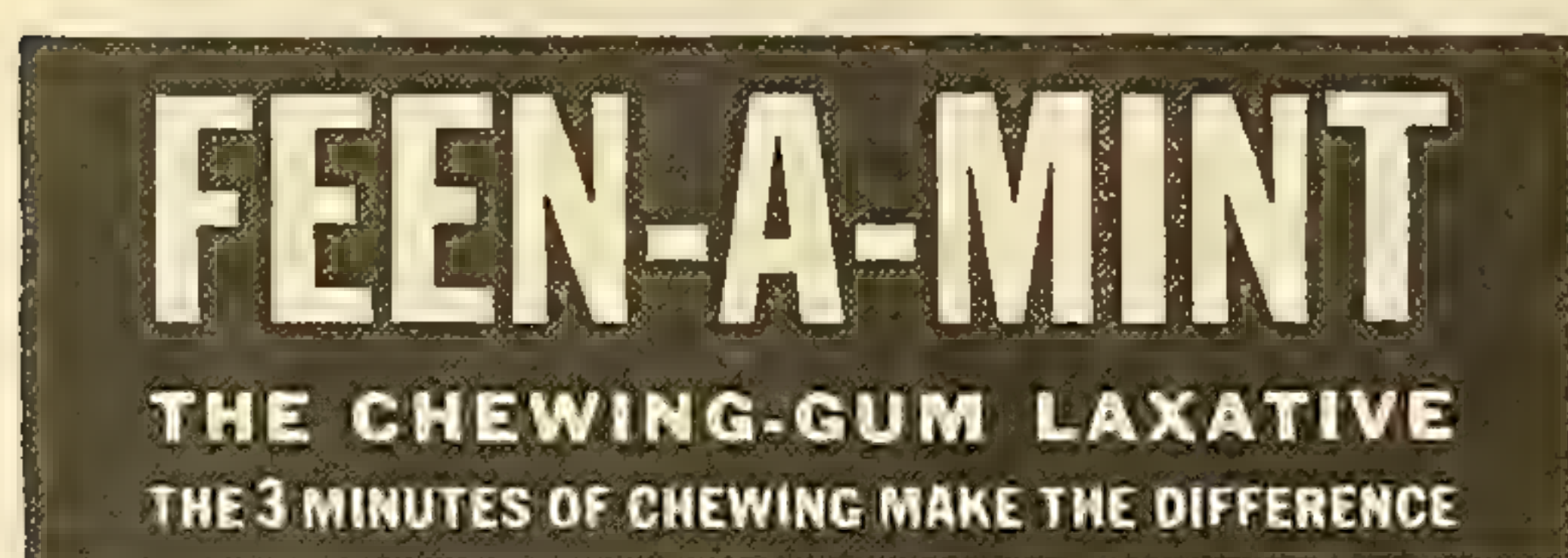


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Melancholy James

[Continued from page 50]

catch. But he answered straight. "I can't figure out what good it does them, but I get an awful wallop out of their wanting it."

I'd never talked to Jimmie Stewart before. But I'd seen him often, wandering about the Metro lot, always a little lost-looking, so that you wanted to pat his arm and tell him there wasn't any bogeyman. He is not, however, as helpless as he looks. Beneath his diffidence lies a fund of common sense. His voice may drawl, but his words are to the point. And with a perfectly dead pan he will come out with some grave absurdity, which makes you realize what a fool you were to waste any sympathy on him—that, when he looks his most troubled, he's probably having the time of his life communing with a clown named Jimmie Stewart.

As when he gave me the lowdown on ophoscopholis.

"I never intended to be an actor," he said. "Nobody ever asked me, but if they had, I'd have said actors were sissies. I remember taking a course in psychology at Princeton—I forget the name of it—sounded like double talk—metabolism or ophoscopholis or something—all about how to raise children. They said, if a child shows a tendency to make mudpies, you shouldn't discourage him but get down in the mud yourself and help him to make 'em bigger and dirtier. Because that's the ophoscopholis coming out in him, and he's going to be an engineer when he grows up.

"I tried to figure out whether I had any ophoscopholis in me when I was a kid, but I didn't get very far. We put on shows in the cellar, but all kids do that. I was the boss, but that was because my dad was in France, and he'd send me gas masks and guns and helmets, so I had it all over the other fellows, and there wasn't any argument. Anyway, it was my cellar.

"MY only other connection with the theatre was the first job I had—helped run a projection machine in a movie house. I was nuts about the Houdini serials they showed every Tuesday—you know, where Houdini'd be tangled up in a rope at the end and hanging over a barrel of acid, just about to be dunked—then they'd say: come back next week. The family wouldn't let me go at night, so I'd race home from school, and they must have got used to me gawping around, because one day they asked me if I wanted a job. But I wasn't stage-struck, any more than the kids who gawp at Tarzan today. So copholis didn't work for me. Maybe it's heredity. My father started to be a chemist, and ended up as a hardware merchant."

I asked him what he'd started to be. His brow furrowed, and that plaintive look entered his eye, which I had begun to recognize as the prelude to fun. "We-ell," he said, "I started to be a civil engineer and a diplomat and an architect. You see, I was never very bright. Well, of course I'm sure—" his tone was aggrieved. "If you get good marks, you're bright. If you don't, you're not. I didn't. I think I took ten years of Latin and got as far as Cicero. That bird almost had me kicked out of prep school.

"Anyway, I sort of wanted to be a civil engineer. It had a nice sound. And my freshman year at college, I did that. Then I suddenly found I wasn't very good at math. A civil engineer has to know how to add and subtract. So I figured I'd better step quietly out myself, before they booted me

out of college. My dad was a Princeton graduate and I didn't want to bring the blush of shame to his cheek.

"The second year I studied political science. That was terrible. It meant a lot of reading. Well, I like to read, but I read slowly. I was always fifteen books behind everyone else, and I almost flunked out of college on that. But I'd passed one course called descriptive geometry that made me eligible for architecture—a screwy thing where you put blocks of wood together, and then you had a bridge. It made me feel pretty good to pass anything as goofy as that, so I went in for architecture—like Eliza hopping from one cake of ice to the next till she struck one that didn't sink right out from under."

THE boy who was "never very bright" won a scholarship for graduate work in architecture. Meantime, through his participation in the Princeton Triangle shows, he had fallen in with a bunch of kindred spirits—Josh Logan, John Swope, Myron McCormick—all out to make the theatre their profession. They'd organized a stock company at Falmouth and invited Stewart up for the summer. "We need somebody," they told him, "to fool around. If you make good at that, we might let you play the accordion in the tea-room."

He thought that was a wonderful idea. He met some more kindred spirits—Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan among them. He fooled around so well that they let him play the accordion. He played the accordion so well that they gave him a small part in *Goodbye, Again*, which they were trying out for a New York producer. He was flabbergasted when the producer came to him, James Stewart, architect, with an offer to play the same part on Broadway.

What to do? It was exciting, this show business, but hardly the thing for a man to make his life's work. Actors were sissies. Well, he knew better than that now. Still, it was just a game. You couldn't be really serious about acting. So he tried to persuade himself, while his heart yearned for the gayety and good fellowship of the world he had just discovered.

He went down to see his people in Indiana, Pennsylvania.

"There really is such a town. I'd prove it to you by the map, if I had a map. When I told them I was thinking of giving up architecture for some crazy play, they sort of grabbed for chairs and sank into them. After the first shock, they said if I wanted to try it, go ahead. Princeton would always be there."

The show ran for a year. Stewart made just enough to get by on. At the end of the year he was flat broke. But somehow the lure of architecture had faded.

"I kept feeling, here I am. I'd never been anywhere, never been out on my own before, and I loved it. The same crowd was living together. We were all making about five cents, but Fonda was a wonderful cook—little specialized, maybe—milk toast for breakfast and meat balls for dinner. Then, other days when he wanted to give us a treat, we'd have meat balls for breakfast and milk toast for dinner."

HE paused, and regarded me with what seemed to be anxiety. "Yes," he admitted, "I'm waiting for you to ask me what I owe my success to."

"What do you owe your success to?" "Accents," he replied with satisfaction.

He wandered into an agent's office one morning. "Anything doing today?" he inquired.

The agent glanced up. "Say that again. We're looking for a Southern accent."

"Anythin' doin' today, suh?" repeated the shameless Jimmie. "Ah suhtinly hope so. becose Ah'm tahd of hangin' around here, waitin' fo' these No'thenuhs to recognahze mah talents."

That kept him going for half a year in *All Good Americans*. Then Guthrie McClintic wanted an Irish accent for a play of Sidney Howard's called *Yellow Jack*. With a brogue so thick that you couldn't tell one word from another, Stewart read the part for Howard and McClintic.

When he was through, they looked at each other. "Sounds to me," said Howard, "like a cross between mental collapse and American Choctaw."

"Afraid you won't do," said McClintic.

On his way out he passed a man at the switchboard. "Faith," he was saying in a rich, authentic brogue, "an' I've come to see Mr. McClintic about the part."

"Well—" said Jimmie, and went home.

Still—perhaps because he wanted the part so badly—he refused to give up hope. He pestered every Irishman he knew to help him with his accent. He recalled an elevator boy in an office building, whose lilt he'd admired, and rode up and down with him for hours, coaching frantically when the car was empty, relapsing into moody silence when a passenger appeared. His hopes came true. "Faith, an' I've come to see Mr. McClintic" didn't work out. They sent for Jimmie again, they tried him out, they gave him the part. One up for the elevator boy—or rather, one up for Jimmie Stewart's determination. Beneath his bantering air, you cannot help but sense the spirit of stick-to-it-iveness that his whole story of success reveals. He, like all of these other youngsters from the stage, scorns the self-praise which the old-timers made traditional, but they have won their way in the face of even greater obstacles.

A TALENT scout, impressed with his performance in *Yellow Jack*, accent included, had him make a screen test. Nothing happened. He was looking forward to a lean summer, bare even of milk toast and meat balls, since Fonda the cook had been summoned to Hollywood in his capacity as an actor. Just as he was wondering what he was going to eat on, came the glad news. Metro wanted him.

They put him to work in *Murder Man* the day after his arrival. He recalls that day with pain. "All I had to do was walk down a street, step into a restaurant, go up to the counter, and say a line to the counter-man. What really got me were all those extras walking along, driving cars, sitting in the restaurant. I kept thinking: 'Suppose I trip and fall on my face. They'll all have to do the whole thing over again.' Well, I didn't fall on my face, but the responsibility weighed on me so that by the time I got to the counter, I'd forgotten my one line. That's when I started thinking: 'This is going to be Cicero all over again.'"

It turned out not to be Cicero. It turned out to be a rapid, easy progression from bits to character leads. It turned out to be a broad smile round the lot, as the pleasant tidings began coming through: "Metro's got another big bet in Jimmie Stewart."

"If I look mournful," he explained, "it's because I happened to be born with a long jaw. Actually I'm happy, though bewildered." He drained his glass of milk, and prepared to escape. "The best thing about it," he threw back as a parting shot, "is that I didn't go into one of these sissy professions. I'm doing a man's work!"

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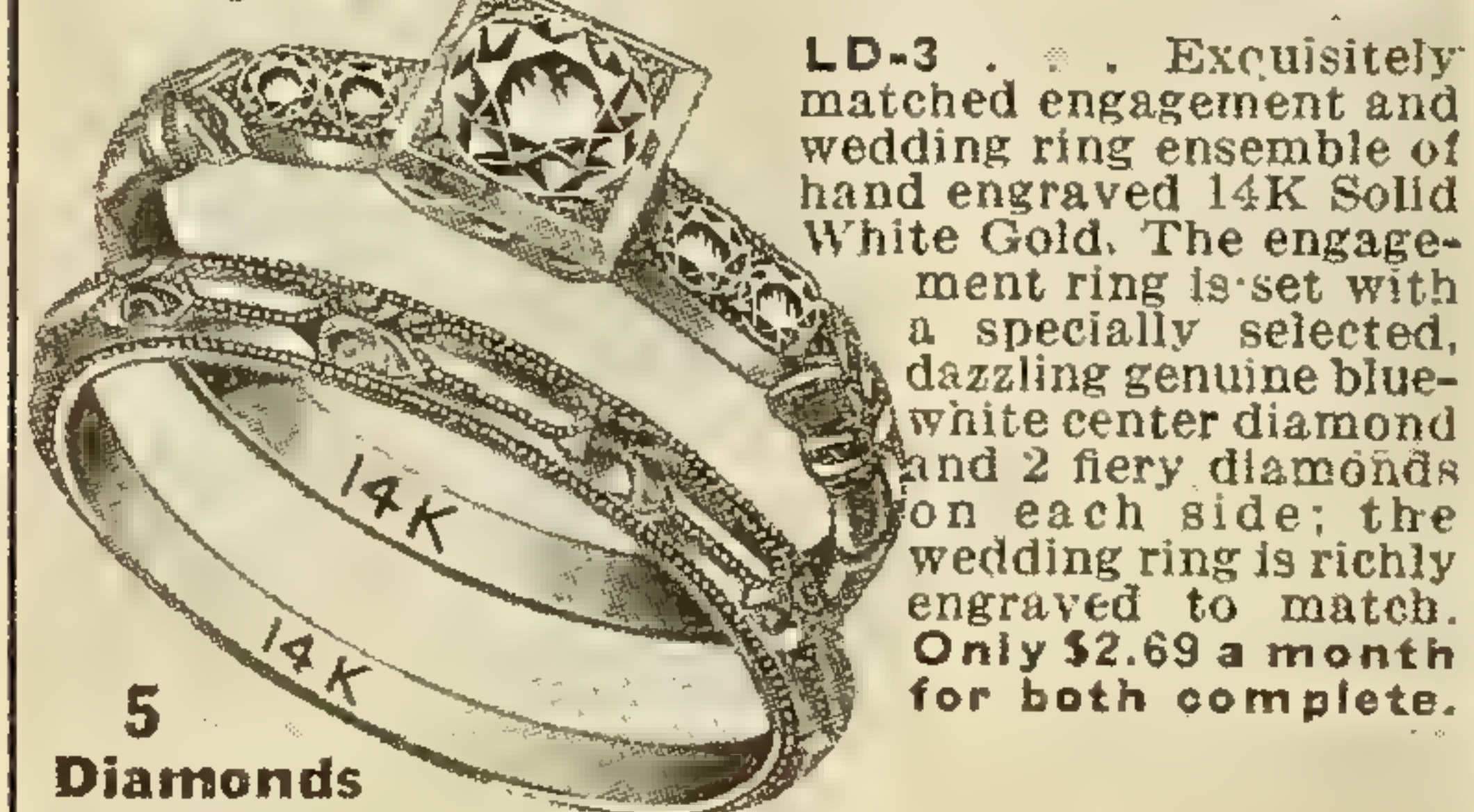
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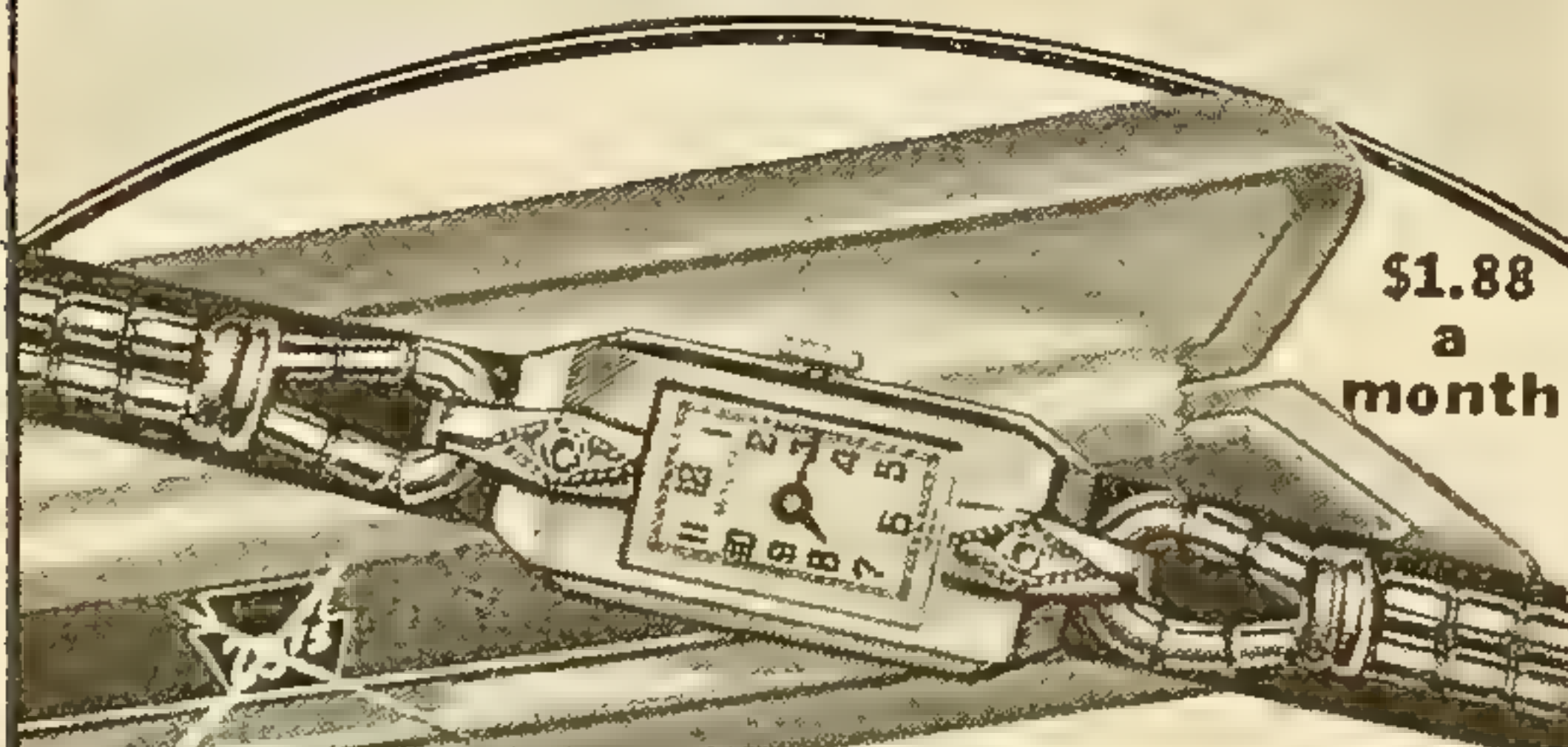
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Watch Fred Astaire

[Continued from page 35]

He makes you wonder about that old, half-forgotten sixth sense of yours—that sense of rhythm. Isn't it in working order?

It's not so ailing, you decide. In fact, it's pretty healthy. And you're going to prove it.

You're going to dance. And you're going to have fun doing it. Particularly if the orchestra helps you by playing something swingy.

Three years ago, you weren't so excited about dancing. Three years ago, you weren't demanding music with a swing.

Because, three years ago, you had not yet seen Fred Astaire on the screen.

WHEN you did see him, one thing, above everything, stood out in his dancing—rhythm. Step by step, he became the Rajah of Rhythm. No matter how fast he moved, or how slowly, his feet tapped out a pulsating tempo. A seductive, spine-tingling tempo. Tempo with a swing.

The more you heard it, the more of it you wanted to hear. Demand begot supply. A vogue started, and grew, until now the whole world is swing-conscious. So swing-conscious that a picture named *Swing Time* has world-wide appeal, particularly with Fred Astaire as one of its stars. For Fred has become the King of Swing.

The rise of Astaire and the rise of swing music weren't just coincidental. One was cause, and the other was effect.

Maybe you hadn't thought about that before, or realized it. Fred certainly hasn't called attention to it. But, then, Fred wouldn't.

He would rather give his attention to new dances. He does four in *Swing Time*—all of his own creation and all unusual. All of them have "swing," which reaches a grand climax in the waltz. A dance that you will want to do.

He wishes he could tell you, step by step, how he "swings" through a dance. It would help him to answer those thousands upon thousands of letters.

"But I couldn't do it. I never put a dance down on paper, never make notes about steps. I remember as much as I can, and tell Hermes Pan, my assistant, to keep running through it. He'll remember what I don't."

They usually start work on their dances a month or six weeks before the start of a picture. Fred works with Hermes until about two weeks before the first shooting. A pianist supplies the music. Hermes does every step in reverse of Fred's, formulating Miss Rogers' routine. Then Miss Rogers comes in and works with them. They rehearse, and rehearse, and lose pounds in the process. All three of them, Hermes included. Then, if people don't like the number, they contemplate shooting themselves.

Since he cannot tell others, in mere words, how to do a dance, they learn—like Ginger Rogers—by watching him. He receives countless letters from amateur dancers, telling him that they can do one of his dances after seeing him twenty-five or thirty times.

"I hope they'll be able to do the 'Waltz in *Swing Time*' after about twenty times," he says, with a smile. "It's a little complicated, but it has possibilities for a good adaptation, certainly."

MOST of the ideas for his dances are plucked out of the bright blue California sky. He just starts "hoofing" across

a practice floor experimentally—as he would run his fingers along a piano keyboard, searching out a new melody. His feet find a rhythmic new combination of steps, suggested by the music. He repeats the combination until he has it firmly in mind, like the first few chords of a new song composition. He goes on from there, getting inspiration from the music, the scene that is to precede the dance and the scene that is to follow it. (If you'll notice, every Astaire dance fits into the screen story naturally, amplifying a mood.)

"I never can do anything in a day. Or a week, for that matter. And I mulled over the swing-waltz idea for years. I put in and take out enough things, in the preparation of one number, to do another complete show. I like a dance, then I don't like it. It's an awful ordeal, especially when I don't like a thing—which usually happens. For then I have to start all over again before I'll like it. When we get pretty well satisfied, I usually show it to somebody—like Producer Pandro Berman or Director George Stevens. If they think it has what we're trying to express, we don't touch it again until two or three days before we're going to shoot it. Then we rehearse all over again."

One short comedy scene may be broken up into small segments in the filming, for different angle-shots. But once Fred starts a dance scene, he goes through it to the end before stopping. That is necessary to insure continuous rhythm, to swing into and keep the desired mood. Each dance is photographed several times, from a variety of angles. And Fred is given absolute "say" about which dancing shots will appear in the finished picture. Which is only fair.

"However, I don't see rushes of any of my other scenes. No actor likes to see himself constantly. At least, I happen to be one who doesn't like to look at himself at all. It makes me jittery, self-conscious."

But—about waltzing.

"It isn't something new for me. I did a little waltz in my first starring picture, *The Gay Divorcee*. That was more tricky than this 'Waltz in *Swing Time*'; it was spectacular in the stage version, when Claire Luce and I, dancing over divans and tables, had to show flawless footwork at every performance of a long run. Also, my sister, Adele, and I used to dance waltzes a bit on the stage."

FRED and Adele Astaire! For years that combination of names on a theatre marquee spelled success for any attraction inside. On two continents, they were stage sensations. And now there are constant rumors that they both will be screen sensations—that Lady Cavendish is listening to film offers—that she and Fred may dance together again, this time before cameras.

"Adele lives in Ireland—has a beautiful place there. I don't know whether she can be tempted to leave it or not. When she was here recently, visiting me, she made a screen test for David O. Selznick, and she had offers. But she went away without taking any. I read in the paper the other day that she had signed to do three pictures, one a year. But she hasn't said anything about it in her letters to me, so I guess it isn't true."

"Adele has great personality, sparkling vitality. She ought to be very good in films. On the stage, she was almost incomparable in her artistry...her individuality...her

naturalness as a comedienne... little things that she did. But she says she won't dance if she does come to Hollywood."

And how about Fred himself? Would he like to make a picture without dancing?

"Yes, I would like to sandwich one in—between dancing pictures. But I think people would object strongly, right now. They expect me, want me, to dance." He pauses, thinking over the idea. "You know, making a picture like that would seem like nothing at all—without all this terrific preparation. I started preparing for *Swing Time* eight weeks ahead. And the actual shooting is taking three months."

What does he do for relaxation, if any?

"Play a little tennis, a little golf. Follow racing. Do a little shooting, a little hunting—with a rifle. But songwriting, I guess, is my favorite hobby." (Even when he relaxes, he likes rhythm!) "I've been doing it for years. I never had a real hit until 'Building Up to an Awful Letdown.' But the other night I heard 'Just One More Dance, Madame,' which I wrote with Davy Dryer. It will come out in the Fall. And I'm hopeful, hearing them play it this early. Now I have another one, called 'I'll Never Let You Go.' Yes—swing music."

He has just built a new home in Beverly Hills. "That ends all retirement rumors—I hope—for at least a few years."

THOSE retirement rumors annoy him. They insinuate that he is tired of dancing. He expects never to tire of dancing... And those rumors that he and Ginger Rogers "don't get along any too well" baffle him, make him speechless. He can't understand where and how they start. The mere fact that this is their fifth picture together should make any such rumors look counterfeit. Anyone visiting their sets can see them constantly kidding. Their comedy dances on the screen are direct outgrowths of clowning behind the scenes. For example: "I Won't Dance" in *Roberta*, "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket" in *Follow the Fleet*, and "Pick Yourself Up" in *Swing Time*.

They will continue to make pictures together. But they will intersperse them with pictures made separately—to avoid any danger of running their present team popularity into the ground by being together too often. They aren't being temperamental; just sane.

But whether he appears with Ginger, or stars alone, the King of Swing will still be giving the world dancing ideas. For as Hermes Pan, RKO dance director and Fred's closest co-worker, says: "There are certain standard steps that all dancers do—all dancers that is, except Fred Astaire. He avoids them. Constantly, he creates new ones of his own. And that's one of the greatest secrets of his supremacy. There are other dancers with poise, personality, fine technique, a willingness to work hard. But Fred Astaire also has uncanny rhythm and—imagination. 'Waltz in Swing Time' is just one example. It is a masterpiece of rhythm—and originality. Something that no one did before him."

But something that you will want to do after him, when you see him dancing with Ginger "at a four-four beat to music in three-four time..."

DID YOU KNOW THAT: Paul Muni, after completing his current rôle in *The Good Earth*, is scheduled to star in a super-production based on the life of Dr. William Crawford Gorgas, the famous yellow fever expert whose daring research into the cause of that dread tropic disease made possible the construction of the Panama Canal?

Pretty young student... Wins JUNE "Search for Talent"

... winsome Betty Middleton of Brooklyn, N. Y. will have an opportunity to appear in a Walter Wanger Production.



You, Too, Are Invited to Enter Hold-Bob's "Search for Talent"

Winners selected every month given **FREE** screen tests and \$50.00 in cash. At least one lucky girl will actually appear in a Walter Wanger Production at the United Artists Studios in Hollywood. Don't delay enter at once!



FRANCES NALLE, Search for Talent winner, chats with ROBERT TAYLOR in Hollywood

Betty Middleton . . . pretty, young and vivacious . . . read about the "Search for Talent," sponsored by HOLD-BOB Bob Pins, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines. She did more than just think about the opportunity it offered. She entered and she was the winner of the June competition.

The "Search for Talent" may be your opportunity to fulfill your ambition for a screen career. Here's all you need do to enter. Fill out the entry blank printed on the back of the HOLD-BOB Bob Pin card (or make a facsimile), attach your photograph and mail to "Search for Talent" Headquarters.



HENRY FONDA and MARY BRIAN as they appear in "Spendthrift," the current Walter Wanger hit production

HOLD-BOB Bob Pins are sold everywhere . . . and your HOLD-BOB dealer has complete details. You may enter as many times as you like . . . winners will be selected every month until the contest closes on December 31st, 1936.

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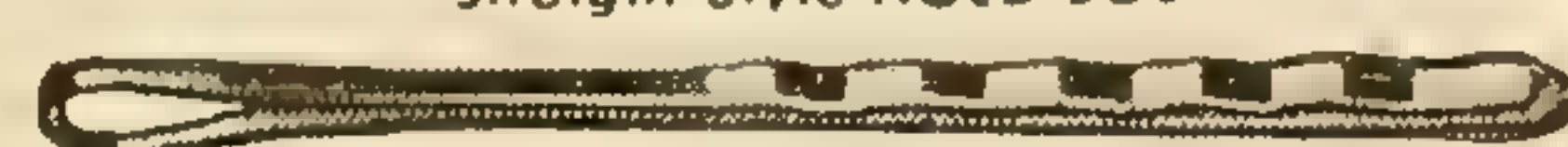
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Brings back the expression necessarily taken out in the studio in transmitting the program.

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Cincinnati, Ohio Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.



My Face Leads a Double Life

[Continued from page 20]

scented soap for her bath.

"If I am staying in," she continued, "I then apply a rich nourishing oil to my face and throat, patting it smartly into my skin. To allow the complete absorption of the oil, a little lipstick is my only make-up for an evening at home.

"Occasionally, too, I apply oil to my whole body to keep my skin soft and smooth. The arms and elbows, particularly, need special care. For my hands, I use a reliable lotion after each washing."

Appearing refreshed and lovely for an important social function is no problem to Gloria even after a day at the studio, if she has fifteen minutes in which to relax. "My chaise lounge can be adjusted so that my feet are higher than my head and, lying flat on my back, I rest in this position for about ten minutes," she said. "Then for five minutes I take a knee-on-chest position recommended by my doctor, which really does wonders in relieving back strain and relaxing taut muscles.

"To make up for the evening I apply a foundation cream, powder, then dry rouge and lipstick, and mascara for my lashes. On formal occasions I also use an eyeshadow. If my gown is vivid in color, I take care that it doesn't put my face in the background. The face should never be overshadowed by one's gown. Rich tones, such as red, blue or gold, require warm coloring in the cheeks. White and black require more coloring in the lips, less on the cheeks. Choosing the proper shade of rouge and lipstick to harmonize with one's gown is of course important."

The use of brushes in applying cosmetics is one of Hollywood's open secrets. The stars become adept in wielding make-up brushes at the studios and apply this knowledge to their personal use. Gloria uses a soft-haired brush for powder, another for rouge, and a pointed Chinese brush for lipstick.

On festive occasions the dimple in her chin comes in for its share of important attention with a faint shadow to accentuate the cleft. "Brown eye shadow does nicely for this," Gloria said, "if applied very lightly."

The finish of a picture means a brief respite from work and special treatments for her skin and hair. After each picture, averaging every six weeks, she has professional facial and scalp treatments. To aid in the reconditioning of her skin, she also uses an occasional mild facial mask that does not irritate her delicate skin.

"I do all sorts of things to my hair," she offered with an amused smile. "Besides brushing it every day, the night before a shampoo I put a preparation on my scalp to combat oiliness at the roots, another preparation on the ends, which are dry. Over this I apply a pomade and brush it thoroughly. My hair is washed every four days while I am working, once a week otherwise."

If you are the thin-skinned type who feels an inner shrinking when the glories and benefits of the sun's rays are being lauded, be consoled, because Gloria Stuart also belongs to the order of Anti-Sun Sisters.

"The sun gives me a headache, and besides I don't think tan is becoming to me," she said frankly, "so I just don't sun bathe."

"You don't have to bother about a diet..." I ventured.

Gloria smiled ruefully. "This goes on day after day," she said indicating her bowl of vegetable salad.

"A salad, milk and a cookie for lunch, fruit and coffee for breakfast, lean meat and two vegetables for dinner. But I don't mind, a simple diet keeps me feeling fit and is good for my complexion."

Displaying a thorough knowledge and vivacious interest in the newest products of cosmetic manufacturers and perfumers, Gloria Stuart sets a good example for girls who are inclined to travel in a rut in the matter of beauty routine. However, beauty should always be approached as an individual problem. If your skin is of the oily type, then her routine is not for you. Instead, write me a letter in care of this magazine telling me your own problems and I shall be glad to outline special treatments for your needs.

Now that the new fall clothes are proving so dramatic and luxurious, you are no doubt feeling an admirable urge to do something special in the way of a beauty treatment just to keep your face from being embarrassed in such smart company. As a starter, I recommend giving your skin a real pick-up with a facial pack or beauty mask. It will stimulate circulation and do much toward refining the pores.

The makers of Elmo cosmetics offer beauty masks for either the dry or oily type skin. Their *Margo Masque*, priced at one dollar, comes in two types—"Dark" for oily skin and "Light" for dry or normal. Both masks are beneficial in discouraging blackheads, blemishes and coarse pores which often afflict any type of skin. They should be used about twice a week for their refining and stimulating effect.

For anyone who prefers simple fare in the matter of a face cream, something that can be depended upon to do triple duty as a cleanser, night cream and powder base, I have found *Junis*, put out by the Pepsodent Company, a friend in need. Light in texture, it is a penetrating cleanser, and because of special softening and lubricating ingredients it proves an effective night cream. Fifty cents and one dollar.

Of prime importance in the daily care of every type skin is a non-irritating, thorough cleansing soap. The creamy white lather and delicate, clean fragrance of *Camay* have long kept it high on my list of preferred beauty aids. Economical for the bath, too, which just might be one of the many reasons why I like *Camay*.

The Maybelline Company is justly proud of its *Maybelline Cream Mascara*, a recent addition to its family of eye beautifiers. This cream mascara is easily applied without water and gives that coveted silky appearance to the lashes. A generous tube of



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GEPPERT STUDIOS

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the mascara, housed with its brush in a zipper purse case, is priced at seventy-five cents. The long-tipped tube applicator makes application from tube to brush even and thorough. The ingredients are the same as in *Maybelline Cake Mascara*—you'll be glad to know—safe and reliable.

There's something about a new lipstick! And if it's a new stick with a familiar name, then plaudits are in order. Not content with the popularity of *Tattoo*, the manufacturers of this famous lipstick have continued their quest for the perfect combination of smoothness, rich color and permanency. In their *New Tattoo* they are offering an entirely new formula which captures warm transparency and lasting color in the lips. Drug and department stores display a *Tattoo Color Selector* from which you can choose the most becoming of five enticing shades. The price remains one dollar.

A Beauty Expert for You

Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC'S beauty editor, is offering a special service to readers of this department. She will help you in solving your problems of make-up, by answering any perplexing questions you wish to ask, on the care of hair and skin. Write Miss Alden in care of MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. You can rely thoroughly on the advice given by Miss Alden, as her recommendations are based on years of experience as a beautician, during which time she has been called upon to meet many varied problems. Your letters to her will be treated with the strictest confidence and each reply will be personally mailed to you.



Trouble ahead?

TROUBLE AHEAD for these bright young eyes? If parents only realized how poor lighting causes eyestrain, wasted nervous energy, and other physical disturbances, they would always give their children plenty of good light for seeing tasks.

One school child in five already has defective vision. Is it worth while to take chances with inferior lamps that get dimmer and dimmer as days go

by? Why not keep your home well lighted with Edison MAZDA lamps... the lamps that *Stay Brighter Longer* ...and use electricity so much more economically than inferior lamps.

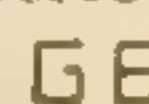
Always keep spares on hand...especially the sight-saving sizes...75 and 100 watts... that are so necessary in helping busy young eyes develop normally. Ask for Edison MAZDA lamps by name!

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G-E DIME LAMPS... The first real value in a ten cent lamp bulb. Manufactured by General Electric, these Dime lamps are made in 60, 30, 15, and 7½ watt sizes and are marked like this 

NEW CREAM MASCARA

Ends the artificial look of old-fashioned mascara!



**Waterproof . . .
far easier to use!**

True charm now replaces the bold, theatrical look that has discouraged so many women from using old-fashioned forms of mascara.

The effect you have always wished to achieve with mascara is now actually possible! Your lashes seeming to sweep your cheeks with their length . . . their luxuriance rich with the enticing charm of *naturalness*!

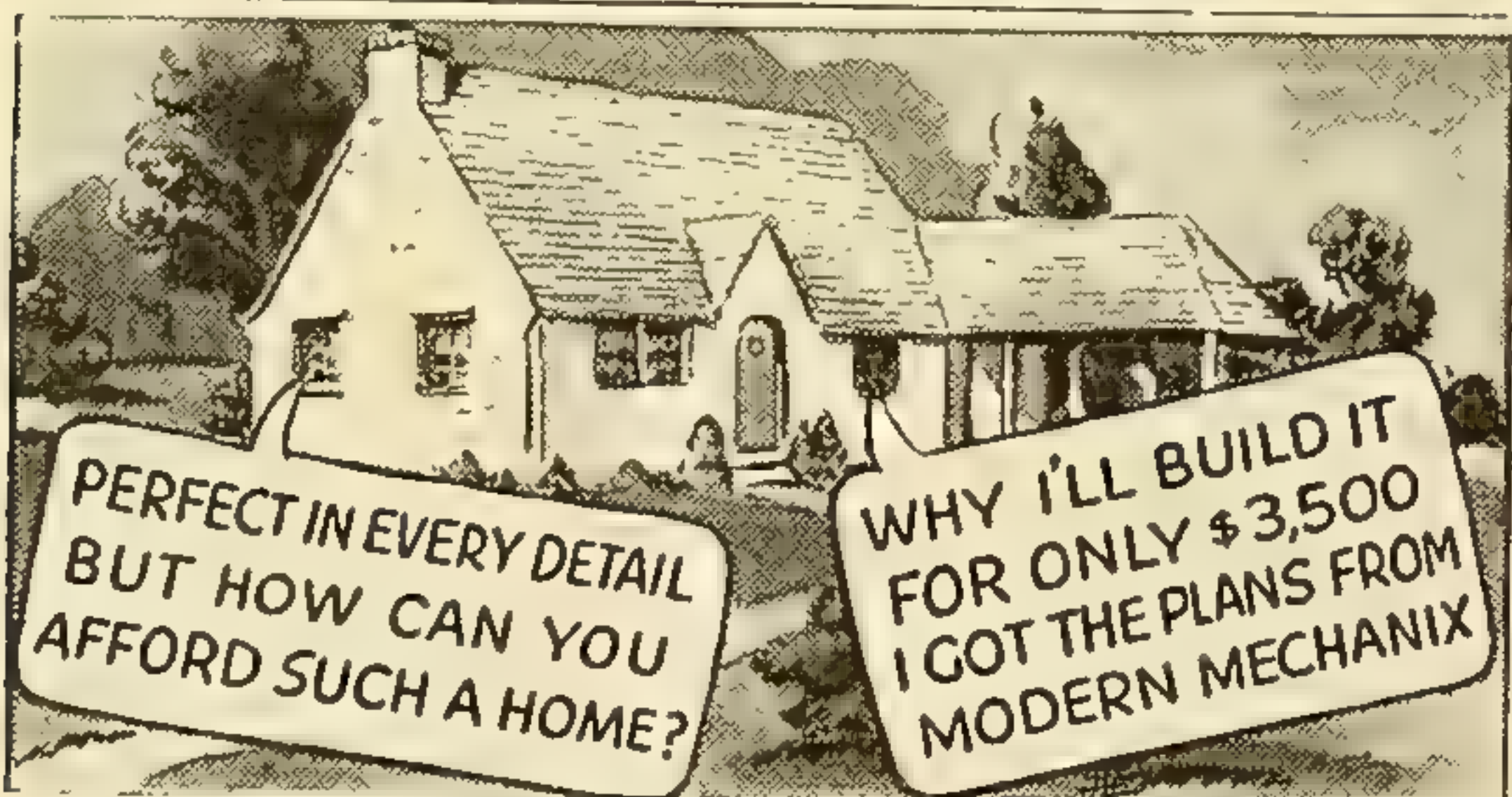
Quite obviously, such exciting loveliness requires an entirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes without shouting "mascara"; one that does not brand its user as artificial, "theatrical" or "bold."

TATTOO Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a plunge betray the secret . . . for THIS mascara, *not being mixed with water when applied*, is really waterproof! Much easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly harmless. Can't smart.

Complete with brush in smart rubber-lined satin vanity . . . Black . . . Brown . . . Blue . . . 50c at the better stores. TATTOO your eyelashes!

TATTOO

Cream MASCARA



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NOW ON SALE **MODERN MECHANIX** ONLY 15¢
HOBBIES AND INVENTIONS

The Show Window

[Continued from page 23]

tone, scores a triumph with two solos. Marion Talley seems destined for as great a success on the screen as she once enjoyed on the operatic stage. *Republic*.

DRAEGERMAN COURAGE—Originally intended as a "Class B" production, this ultra-dramatic fictionization of the famous Nova Scotia mine disaster which claimed so many headlines a year ago emerges as one of the real dramatic highlights of the current month. Credit the superlative direction of Louis King with a surprising triumph. Wisely choosing to use a semi-newsreel treatment, King has given the picture an emotional realism that is breathtaking. Barton MacLane, Jean Muir, Helen MacKellar and Henry O'Neill are excellent in leading rôles. *Warner Brothers*.

GOOD

WALKING ON AIR—Gene Raymond and Ann Sothorn are co-starred in this hilarious, though unpretentious, comedy romance, which by virtue of clever performances, deft direction and uproarious dialogue gains a preferred rating on this month's film menu. The story hinges on a desperate father's ruse to cure his love-sick daughter of an insane infatuation for an alimony-ridden scapegrace. Pa hires a phony count to divert daughter's attention. Enter Gene Raymond—giving the best performance of his career—and the fun is launched. Don't miss it if you enjoy a good laugh. *RKO-Radio*.

TUNDRA—Filmed entirely in the Arctic, this unusual picture carries a satisfactory thread of human drama but depends for most of its striking entertainment value on its scenes of wild life. Its cast features all of the animals, large and small, of the Far North and the patience and skill of its producers can be credited for an amazing, thrilling and consistently entertaining nature study. Del Cambre, playing the leading human rôle, is excellent, but the real laurels must be awarded to Director Norman Dawn and cameramen Jacob and Edward Kull. *Burroughs-Tarzan*.

BACK TO NATURE—Once more the amusing and down-to-earth adventures of the Jones Family come to the screen—and this is by all odds the best picture of the series. In it, the Joneses travel to a convention via auto trailer and their path is beset by a multitude of hilarious mishaps. Jed Prouty, Spring Byington, George Ernest, Shirley Deane and Kenneth Howell have the most important rôles. *20th Century-Fox*.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER—Young David Holt, Paramount's answer to the current hue and cry for child stars, proves his mettle in this appealing and dramatic tale of a lad who becomes involved with a gang of murderous thugs, and outwits them in a game that threatens his father's life. His scenes run a wide range of emotion and he handles them all with understanding and ability. Ralph Bellamy and Katherine Locke are excellent in leading rôles, and Andy Clyde has an outstanding bit as the boy's grandfather. *Paramount*.

STAGE STRUCK—A refreshing little back-stage musical comedy which should be a welcome change of fare for the army of fans who are a bit wearied by lavish ensembles, ten-acre sets and geometric dance



Walking on Air, co-starring Gene Raymond and Ann Sothorn, rates as one of the month's sprightliest comedies



Randolph Scott and Binnie Barnes in *Last of the Mohicans*, an exciting drama of Indian fighting in pre-Revolutionary days



Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans have leading rôles in *Picadilly Jim*, an uproarious comedy success



Mary Carlisle, Lew Ayres and Benny Baker highlight the cast of *Lady Be Careful*, which is guaranteed laugh-fare

routines filmed from the studio's rafters. Played for comedy rather than for spectacle, it boasts a logical plot and some very hilarious situations.

Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are co-starred and do excellent work. The Yacht Club Boys and Frank McHugh furnish some grand laughs and Jeanne Madden, a newcomer, establishes herself as a screen bet.

Far from being as million-dollarish as most of Warner Brothers filmusicals, this is, nevertheless, one of the most entertaining of the lot. Put it well up on your "must see" list. *Warner Brothers.*

DON'T TURN 'EM LOOSE—A vigorous, punchy drama assailing the current practice of paroling dangerous criminals. The story, playing upon a father's blind love for a homicidal son, rings true and has been so well handled by director and cast that its preachment is always secondary to its dramatic entertainment values. Lewis Stone, Bruce Cabot, James Gleason and Betty Grable do remarkably fine work in exacting roles. *RKO-Radio.*

FAIR

THE GENTLEMAN FROM LOUISIANA—A fast-moving drama of the race tracks of a generation ago. The story, remotely based upon the real-life career of Tod Sloan, the most famous of American jockeys, holds interest from start to finish and offers many genuine thrills. Eddie Quillan, Chic Sale, Marjorie Gateson, Charlotte Henry and John Miljan head the cast. Particularly interesting to any racing addict are the unusually well-staged shots of the English Derby. *Republic.*

SHAKEDOWN—Lew Ayres and Joan Perry in a rather flimsy true-to-formula "whodunit" which involves a mysterious murder, an attempted kidnapping and the inevitable amateur sleuth. *Columbia.*

THE UNKNOWN RANGER—If you are a western fan, don't miss this one for it is one of the most entertaining "horse-operas" of the season, and it offers, in the person of Robert Allan, a new cowboy star who seems destined to be a favorite. The plot is true to type, with a villainous cattle rustler, a handsome cow-waddie and a vivacious rancher's daughter, but it also offers several novel twists and a number of unusual scenes—for instance, a particularly interesting sequence in which Allan breaks an outlaw horse. Harry Woods and Martha Tibbetts have leading rôles. *Columbia.*

CAIN AND MABEL—It seems a shame to waste the ability and personality of Clark Gable on such a flimsy bit of film fare as this ill-advised extravaganza, in which he is co-starred with Marion Davies. Lavish settings and gargantuan dance ensembles of the type which have become traditional with Warner Brothers filmusicals fail completely to surmount the picture's glaring faults. The dialogue is strained, the story is illogical and entirely too much footage is devoted to the glorification of Marion Davies. The film can be recommended only for the consumption of dyed-in-the-wool filmusical fans. *Warner Brothers.*

IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED—A rather novel, but somewhat ineffectual, "whodunit" featuring Reginald Denny, Inez Courtney and Evelyn Brent. The story deals with a theatrical troupe, a double murder, and the solution of the crime by an enterprising mystery-drama writer. It's passable fare. *Invincible.*

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The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.



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What

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—when you pick up a glass or cup? . . . You know from watching others that charm and poise can be destroyed instantly by the misuse of hands. And by the same token, the correct use of your hands can become a tremendous social and business asset. Great actresses accomplish much of their poise by proper hand action.

The makers of Frostilla—the famous skin lotion that keeps face, face and body smooth and lovely—asked Margery Wilson, the international authority on charm and poise, to tell

- how to hold a cigarette
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Margery Wilson gives the authoritative answers to these and other questions in an illustrated booklet on How to Use Your Hands Correctly. Although this booklet is priced at 50c, we have arranged to present it without charge to Frostilla users in the United States and Canada until May 30th, 1937.

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FREE TEST—We send complete test package Free. Snip off a lock of hair . . . Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.



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Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Color of your hair?.....

Can You Pass Joan Crawford's Love Test?

[Continued from page 31]

I've heard girls say, 'I'm just cuh-razy about So-and-So—because he looks and talks exactly like Nelson Eddy or Lindbergh or Mussolini'—or someone. That isn't love. That's substitution. Love is a setting apart of the Beloved. When you really love you don't want the man you love to be like anyone else. You want him to be always himself. If you are trying to imagine that the man you 'love' is a Nelson Eddy, you are deceiving yourself into believing that you love someone you really don't love at all. You're simply using him as a sacrifice to your imagination. You are infatuated with the image of Nelson Eddy and you are trying to make believe that the man is Nelson Eddy. There is no such pretense in real love.

"Nor do I think," said Joan thoughtfully, "that it is apt to be love when a girl—or a boy—steps too far out of his or her own class. It's much more apt to be infatuation. Seldom indeed do the tabloid paper 'Millionairess-Marries-Chauffeur' stories result in anything but speedy and spectacular divorces.

"NOT," said Joan firmly, "that I don't believe in divorce. I do. When divorce is honestly necessary it is honest. If, as I am told, statistics show that the divorce rate is increasing it only indicates to me that people are becoming more honest, less neurotic, less addicted to the old 'martyr complex'. There is nothing healthy about the martyr complex. Martyrs are not lovers. For I repeat—*real love is healthy*. If a girl is unhappy in love, mistrustful, nervous, melancholy, she can be pretty sure that something is badly wrong—with her, not with love. Love is not a malady nor is it a madness and it shouldn't be considered as such.

"Which is another positive test for you to apply to your own hearts: *If you are unhappy in your love—look out!*

"I don't believe in the love which is sacrifice. If a woman sacrifices herself, her interests, her identity to a man, it doesn't follow that she is more capable than others of great love. It's more apt to be that she has no imagination. The woman who spends her life going without the necessities, the comforts, and the considerations of life is without courage, without stamina. It doesn't take courage to be a pallid martyr, to suffer and be uncomplaining. It does take courage to right wrongs, to strike off chains, to *get out of suffering*. One is a passive state of being. The other is an active state. And *love is never passive*. It is active. It is living. It demands and is fed on exhilaration and happiness.

"So, if you step out of your class, believing that you are in love with someone who doesn't speak your language, is alien to your customs and manners and mode of living—*take time to analyze your emotions*. There's a very fair chance that you are being prompted by infatuation brought on by the very drama of the situation.

"Nor do I believe that any of us has to fall in love when we know that we shouldn't. *You can keep from falling in love with someone you have no right to fall in love with.*

"There again it's a matter of using the imagination. There is the reason why you shouldn't have fallen in love in the first place. Dwell on that reason. Build it up in your mind. Go out with other men. You'll be told that doesn't work. It does.

Build up the tabu to such proportions that the tabu overshadows the temptation. If we can't resist temptation," said Joan, "if we must fold our hands and sigh weakly, 'I can help it,' we are admitting to a protoplasmic state once more. We are admitting that we have not evolved into the state of Free Will.

"AND there is another test which is quite infallible—most of us have said, at one time or another, that we can't bear a man who does this or that—can't bear a man who talks politics or doesn't—can't bear a man who whistles when he drives—can't bear a man who smokes cigars—any one of a number of small things. If you have had any such small pet 'hates' and then if you fall in love with a man and don't even know that he does the very things you detest—*well*—" laughed Joan.

"There is also the test of going with a boy who can't take you places other girls in your crowd go—a boy who can't send you corsages, pay you the small, expensive attentions other boys pay other girls. *How do you feel about that?* Resentful? Martyred? Noble? Or just so glad to be with him that it doesn't matter how or where? You should be very sure of yourself. For while such deprivations may work and even seem roseate and rather beautiful during the 'courting' period, those same deprivations, seldom work out successfully after marriage. You should try to be very sure of yourself, sure of what your real demands are, sure that the 'real' values of your marriage will compensate you sufficiently for not being able to do what your friends do and have what your friends have.

"Then there is the acid test of—Do I like this man as well as love him? I mean, if no emotional content entered into the relationship at all, if 'kisses in the moonlight' had no part in it at all—would you still like him, be interested in talking with him, want to be with him?

"So often we do not like those we love. We are deluded by emotion into thinking that we like them. And if the emotion were to be removed we would find ourselves face to face with a totally uncongenial stranger.

"I think it was Jeremy Taylor who wrote, 'True Love is friendship set on fire.' It is. If a man and a girl are friends first, with a mutual basis of books and friends and interests which could exist independently of love and if, then, emotion enters into that friendship, colors it, sets it all afire—that is love.

"So, ask yourself, do be sure to ask yourself: *Do I like him as well as love him?*

(And I thought how truly, perhaps unconsciously, perhaps not, Joan was describing to us her love for Franchot and his for her, I thought of the long months, even years during which they worked in the same studio, in the same profession. I thought of the books they read and discuss together, the friends they share together, the music they both love and are developing. Their mutual plans for going on the stage, their present plan for going East and summering in a stock company in New England, the concerts they attend, the long good talks they have, their quiet home evenings, each reading a respective book, happy—yes, with Joan and Franchot, I could swear, it is "Friendship set on fire.")

A CALL came from the set. Joan was to be ready in half an hour. She was making some last retakes for *The Gorgeous Hussy* in which she is, as it were, surrounded by Franchot, Robert Taylor, James Stewart and Melvyn Douglas. She was wearing the full billowing skirts of blue velvet, the full sleeves, the plumed and picture hat of the period. She said, "I'll slap on a little make-up; we can keep on talking—" and over the sun-bronzed skin, the golden spangles of freckles Joan began "slapping a little make-up . . ."

She said, "One of the pitfalls of falling in love is that the signs and portents of love are so dreadfully similar to the signs and portents of infatuation. It is almost impossible to make the differentiation, I know . . . I know . . ."

"Love, real love, seldom comes until after all of the infatuations. *I would mistrust first love.* I'd give it a great deal of time. You have no standard of comparison, you see, the first time. It's usually terribly sweet, first love, but seldom stable.

"TIME, of course, is the one sure test. For with the passing of time, *enough time*, infatuation passes, too. It is a rootless thing, infatuation. And with the passing of a few suns and moons it wilts and dies. Love is not so short-lived.

"And so, never hurry into anything permanent until you have applied the test of time.

"And then, if you think you are falling in love, *ask yourself questions.* Be your own cross-examiner. Play Truth with yourself. Ask yourself:

1. What have we in common? What do we like to do together?

2. Ask yourself what happens when one feels like talking and the other doesn't. Irritation? Boredom? If so, watch out . . .

3. Check with yourself on what happens when you make a date to go out and your young man has some difficulty at the office or at home and can't go. Are you annoyed with him? Do you feel that he could have helped it if he had wanted to? Or do you feel regret for him, understanding of his problem and confidence that he would have kept the date if he could have? Do you feel how relatively unimportant one little date is in the whole scheme of things—or do you fret and pout over one lost good time? The way you answer these questions should help you to determine how great or how little your love is, if at all.

4. Can you have good times by yourselves? Or do you have to be with a crowd? Can you sit quietly together in your respective corners, respective books in your hands—and love it? Because if you cannot, if you must be going places and doing things, you may be sure that there is not sufficiency between you. You have not got enough within yourselves to make a life together.

"I think," said Joan, "That if girls will ask themselves these questions, apply these tests to their own hearts they will come—a little closer, at least—to knowing whether they are in love, which is real, or in a state of infatuation, which is unreal.

"I tried them once,"—and her eyes went to the large framed portrait of Franchot—the only portrait in the suite of dressing rooms.

"—and," said Joan, "*they worked.*"

Read—

"Accidentally Funny," the real-life story of Edward Everett Horton

in

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IT STARTED WITH A "COMMON COLD"! (It Usually Does)

The Necessity of Definite Treatment

He wasn't feeling so bad yesterday—just headachy and loggy. Today they telephoned the office that he's pretty bad and they had to have the doctor in.

Everyone is shocked, for it was only a "slight cold" yesterday. Yet, isn't it true that nearly every case of bronchitis and pneumonia you heard of started with "just a common cold"?

If there's anything you want to be concerned about, it's the so-called "common cold."

Federal, state and city health departments are constantly calling attention to the danger of the "common cold." They know the insidious nature of the "common cold." They know, from experience, what it can develop into, almost before you know it!

To Be Safe

What you want to do, if you want to be safe, is to regard a cold—*any* cold—seriously. Keep two things in mind:

(1) *A cold is an internal infection and, as such, calls for internal treatment.*

(2) *A cold calls for a cold treatment and not a "cure-all" or a preparation that is only incidentally good for colds.*

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

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of colds and nothing else. Secondly, it works internally and it does four things of vital importance in the treatment of a cold—as follows:

First, it opens the bowels, an acknowledgedly advisable step in the treatment of a cold.

Second, it checks the infection in the system.

Third, it relieves the headache and fever.

Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against recurrence.

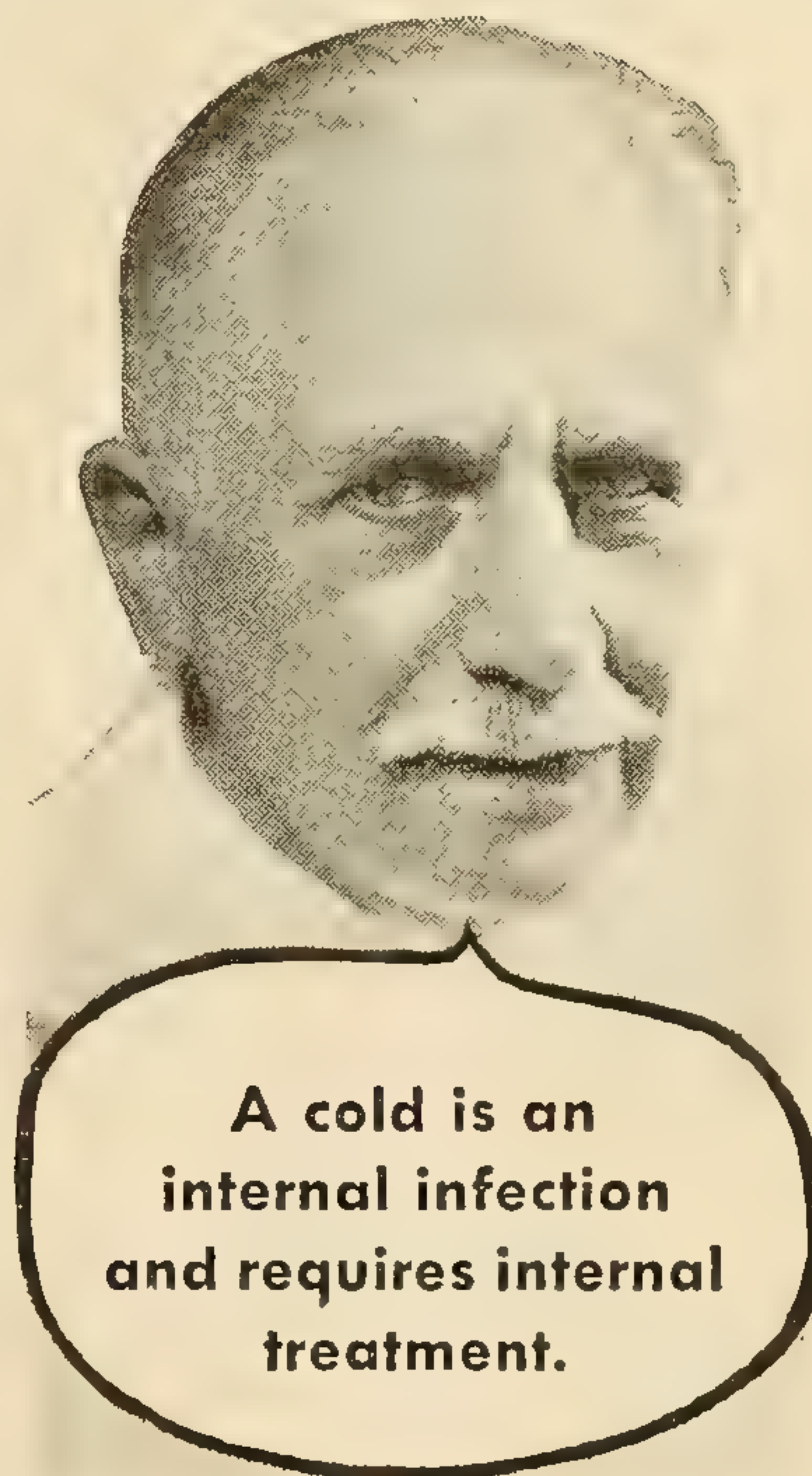
This is the fourfold effect that distinguishes Grove's Bromo Quinine and it is what you want for the prompt treatment of a cold.

Decisive Treatment

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The moment you feel a cold coming on, go get yourself a package of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets. Don't compromise with less efficient methods. Start taking the tablets immediately, two at a time. Taken promptly, Grove's Bromo Quinine will usually stop a cold the first day and that's the speed of action you want.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and no reliable druggist will try to switch you to anything else. Ask firmly for these famous tablets by name. The few pennies' investment may save you a lot of trouble.



A cold is an
internal infection
and requires internal
treatment.

RADIO NOTE: Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.



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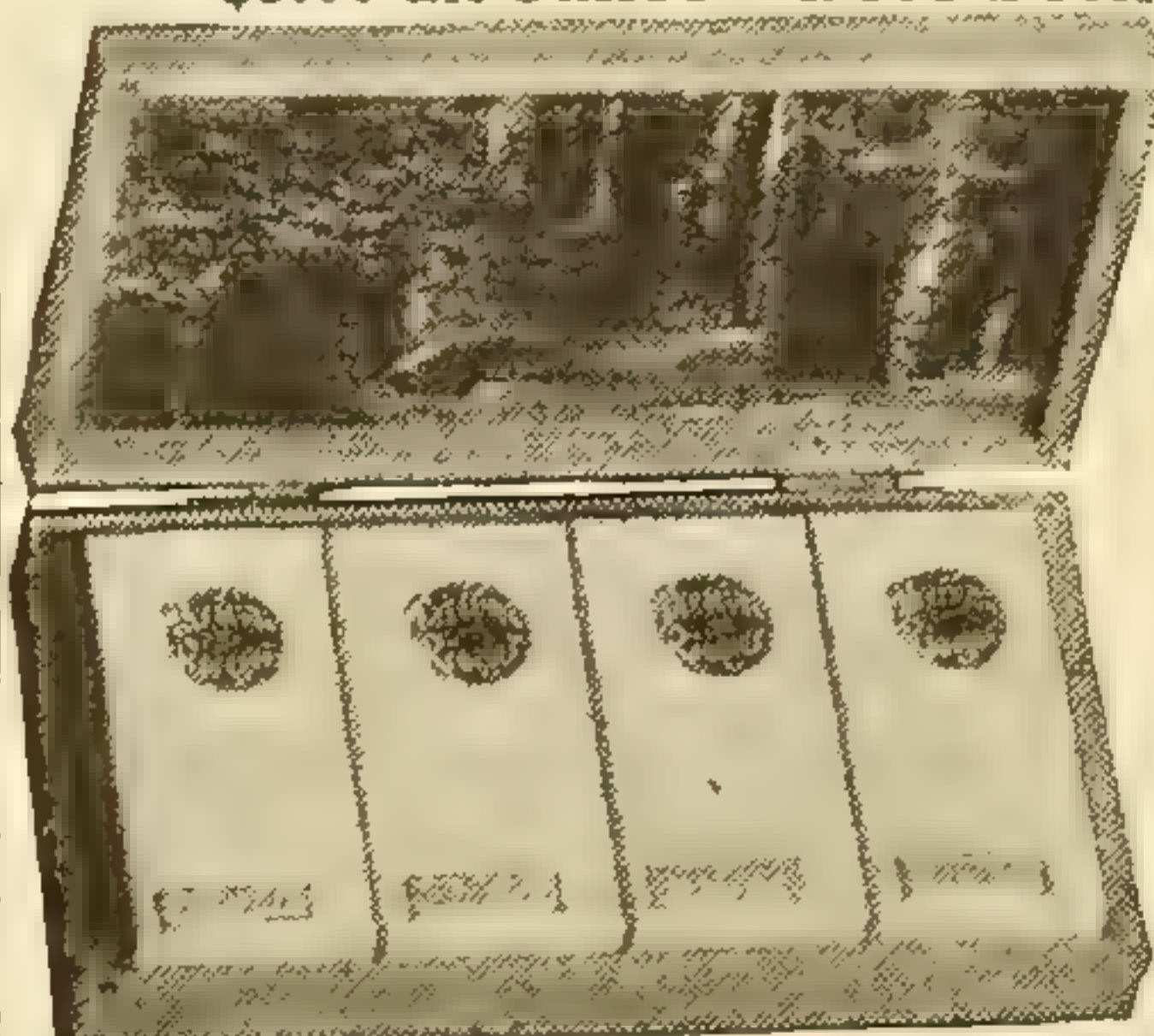
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Hollywood Highlights

[Continued from page 12]

to go about the lot. Said chair was propelled by Oscar Smith, now the colored bootblack on the Paramount lot.

He Joined the Navy

Dick Powell must have had only a leave of absence from the United States Navy.

After appearing in several pictures with a naval background, Dick is going right back in another.

The title is *The Singing Marine*, which gives you an idea.

At Random

The Terrific woes, horrors, dangers, tribulations and general unbearableness of life in Hollywood, as exemplified by recent events:

—Dorothy Lamour, risking all for Art, plunged into the thickest of making Paramount's *Girl of the Jungle*. And what happened? —she got a case of poison ivy in the most embarrassing heres and theres.

—Gary Cooper, demonstrating superb man-on-the-box-ship during *The Plainsman*, courageously grasped the reins and said "cluck, cluck!" to a six-horse team. They took him wrong, circled the whole location set, were adroitly steered by Gary into a fence, whereupon Gary and Passenger Jean Arthur described neat parabolas to cuts and bruises.

—Arline Judge, throwing all fear to the winds, attended a Hollywood party the other night. Before she could work again in *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie*, they had to tape up two broken ribs.

—Reckless of the lesson of the great earthquake in MGM's *San Francisco*, Director Bob Leonard, who weighs 225, essayed to show Madge Evans how to take one of those oddly-named so-and-so-falls on another stage on the very same lot. Result: a localized earthquake, collapse of scenery, blow-out of a light fuse, sudden descent of a heavy prop chandelier, a nick out of Bob Montgomery's ear as it went by, and applications of arnica on Director Bob's anatomy.

—showing the hazards film stars undergo while acting their rôles: So delighted was Producer Emanuel Cohen as he watched Bing Crosby do a splendid sequence that at its conclusion, he leaped up and kissed Bing!!!! Bing threatened to report the matter to Mr. Hays, but didn't.

Watch Your Step

Ah, these dahlink li'l Hollywood kiddies—

—it seems that over at Selznick's, Casting Boss Charlie Richards was interviewing a bunch of five, six and seven-year-old boys, looking for one to play the rôle of *Tom Sawyer*. He came to a typical Hollywood kid actor.

"What," asked Richards, "is your name, sonny?"

The kid fixed Charlie with an eye, and replied:

"The name's A. E. Sweat, mister—an' no cracks, see!!!"

Husband Trouble

Up to Michael Whalen at a recent preview popped an attractive young woman, holding out an autograph book. Mike smiled, took the pencil, prepared to sign his name for her.

"But please, Mr. Whalen, sign Wally Beery's name instead of your own, won't you?"

Amazed, Whalen wanted to know why. "On account my husband's awful jealous—and he'd sock me on the kisser if he read my autograph album and seen I'd been talking to a handsome man like you," she replied!

In the Swim

Neatest house-building trick of the month in Hollywood—

Mona Barrie, motoring in the Hollywood Hills, saw a huge, nearly-completed, but obviously abandoned swimming pool. She investigated, learned it had been built for what was to have been a big private sanitarium project which blew up.

So Mona bought the huge pool and the land. And she'll build a tiny bungalow beside the pool—and do most of her living in the swim.

A Mother's Gratitude

John Boles, receiving his war bonus check, endorsed it over to his mother, sent it to her as a gift.

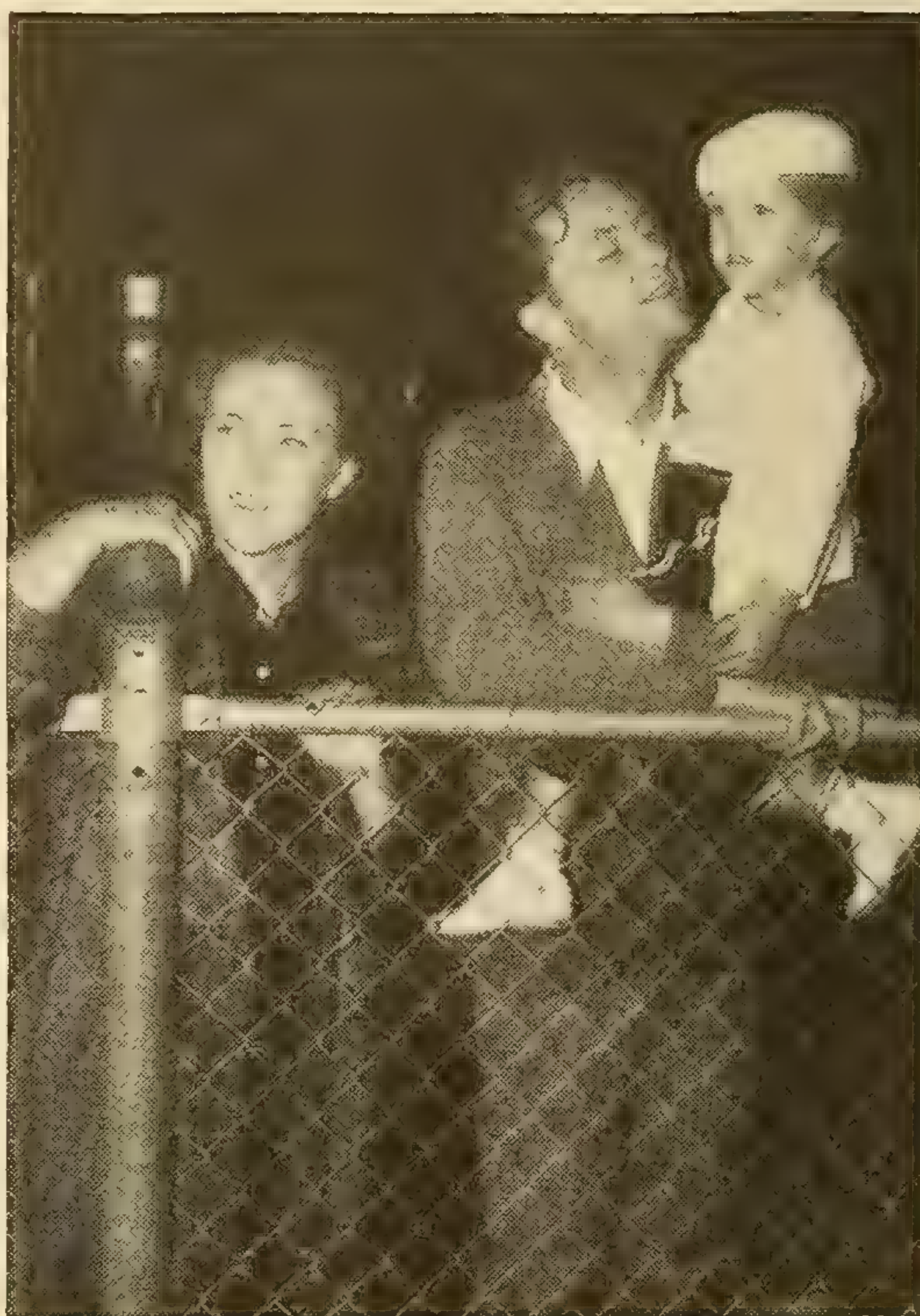
Came back, the other day, his mother's note of thanks for the check. Last line in her letter: "—but I hope that I may never receive another such gift, for I trust it will never be necessary for you to go to war again."

Somehow, John had a wallop big lump in his throat when he'd read that...

What Would You Do?

For nearly seven years, now, Doris Kenyon, widow of the great Milton Sills, has been saving in a storage vault the prints of the two last pictures in which Sills appeared. Her plan: to show them to her son, who was a tiny baby when Milton passed on.

But the other day, Doris disposed of the films.



Mrs. Young, Robert Young and the youngest Young failed to dodge Movie Classic's ever-present candid cameraman when they went to the Grand Central Airport recently to bid a friend good-bye

You see, the son—Kenyon Sills—is old enough now to see the pictures, and to “meet” his father. BUT—Doris has changed her mind. He’ll *never* see the reels . . .

“I’m not sure it would be a good thing for the boy,” she says. Then she adds: “—and I can’t face it myself . . .”

Home, Sweet Home

For *Tarzan Escapes*, they needed a flock of trained pigeons, to do some trick flying. So they went to the pigeonman, rented a cage full of birds, transported them carefully and perilously over mountain roads to the *Tarzan* location, ‘way back in the hills.

Then they were all ready to shoot the scene at last. And with everything set, they let out the birds.

And the darned things, being homing pigeons, made a bee-line back to Hollywood . . . !!!!

Smile If You Say It

Hollywood’s chorus-girls are going Hollywood. They just don’t wanna be called “chorus girls” any more!! They don’t think it’s a nice word . . .

Organized into a group of several hundred, they’ve appointed beautiful Martha Manning their president. Says Martha:

“The designation of a dancer as a ‘chorus girl’ is—ah—both inaccurate and uncomplimentary.”

They haven’t decided, yet, which of three suggested alternative titles they should bear—“dancing actresses,” “tapsters” or “rhythmites.”

Ho, hummmm. . . .

Cupid’s Batting Average

Hits

Astrid Allwyn and Robert Kent. Craig Reynolds and Patricia Ellis. Eleanor Whitney and Henry Willson. Betty Furness (hats included) and Alan Lane. Billy Bakewell and Claire Trevor. Glenda Farrell and Drew Ebersson. Nino Martini and Elissa Landi.

Strikeouts

Elaine Barrie says she’s thru with John Barrymore. It’s frigidaiored between Jack Dunn and Ketti Gallian. Ex-Kid-Star Leon Janney gets divorce from New York showgirl. Hubby sues Virginia Lee Corbin for decree. Judith Allen says good-bye-forever to Jack Doyle. Lona Andre’s sister, Betty Ann Logan, gets divorce. Merna Kennedy sues to divorce Busby Berkeley.

Home Runs

Wedding bells for Gene and Jeanette. Ditto for Randy Scott, who admits he’s been married to one of the DuPont millions daughters for a half year. Jean Chatburn, married Agent Frank Orsatti. Allan Jones and Irene Hervey honeymooning. Maureen O’Sullivan and Johnny Farrow finally make it official.

Triple Plays

Nursery-readying for Polly Ann Young. Ditto the Director Woody Van Dykes and the Director Bill Wellmans.

Second Time at Bat

Sidney Fox and Charlie Beahan trying it again—or on the verge. Margaret Sullavan and ex-hubby Director Willie Wyler still twosoming furiously. Hoot Gibson and June Gale happy again.

Fifth-Inning Tie

Stu Erwin and June Collyer celebrating their fifth anniversary.

Substitution

Ginger Rogers on verge of marrying Jimmy Stewart.

“Me? Afraid of Offending?”
NOT ANY MORE



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Name

Address

Loretta Young Answers

[Continued from page 55]

A. Yes, I would, but I have no plans for a stage appearance, at present.

Q. Do you take any special setting-up exercises to keep in condition?

A. No.

Q. What is your formula for happiness?

A. I think the real key to happiness is to like everyone.

Q. What is the most beautiful word you know?

A. (And Loretta, profoundly intrigued by this question, thought for many minutes before attempting to answer.) What a shrewd question and what a hard one to answer! I believe the most beautiful word I know is the word—happiness.

Q. Do you feel you have reached the highest point in your career?

A. I certainly hope that I haven't reached the highest point in my career as yet.

Q. Do you ever wish you were someone else—if so—who?

A. Of course I do. I'm a day dreamer just like anyone else and my idols change from day to day.

Q. What is your favorite song and radio program?

A. I think my favorite song is Moonlight Madonna. My favorite radio program is March of Time.

Q. Do you keep any of the clothes worn in your pictures, for private use?

A. Yes, some of them.

Q. Have you a private secretary? If so, does she handle all of your fan mail besides your personal correspondence?

A. I employ a fan-mail secretary who answers most of my fan mail.

Q. What is your nickname—or names?

A. The family call me "Duchess."

Q. What picture, outside of those you have appeared in, have you enjoyed most during the past six months?

A. Green Pastures, I believe. I think it's one of the most entertaining pictures I have ever seen.

Q. What type of man do you prefer?

A. The type of man who is generally referred to as the outdoor type.

Q. Are you superstitious—if so—in what way?

A. I don't believe I have a single superstition.

Q. What are the names of your first three, and last three pictures?

A. The first three pictures I appeared in are: Naughty But Nice, Laugh Clown Laugh and The Squall. My last three, including the one I am working in at present, are: Private Number, Ramona and Ladies in Love.

Q. Please give a complete description of yourself.

A. I am five feet three inches in height, weigh 109 lbs. and have light brown hair and blue eyes.

Q. When and where were you born?

A. In Salt Lake City, Utah, on January 6, 1913.

Q. What nationality are you?

A. My family has been in the United States so long that the only nationality that I can claim is American.

Q. What are your favorite sports?

A. Ping Pong and swimming.

Q. Do you like dancing? Do you expect to sing or dance in a forthcoming picture?

A. I like to dance very much. I don't think that I will ever be a second Ginger Rogers on the screen, however.

Q. Do you live with your family in Hollywood?

A. Yes.

Q. How can I obtain an autographed photo of you?

A. By writing to me in care of Fox-20th Century Studio, Westwood Hills, California, and enclosing 25c to cover mailing costs.

Q. What hobby, or hobbies, do you prefer?

A. Collecting antique furniture has become one of my principal avocations.

Q. Have you any outside occupation from which you derive an income?

A. No.

Q. What make car do you drive?

A. I have a Packard.

Q. How old were you when you made your first appearance on the screen?

A. I was thirteen years old when I first appeared in pictures.

Q. Were you ever married—if so, to whom and for how long?

A. I was married to Grant Withers for a year and a half.

Q. Is there any other position in a studio that you would prefer to acting?

A. No.

Q. To whom do you give the most credit for starting you on your movie career?

A. I'm afraid I will have to give the credit to Loretta Young for it was more a case of determination and insistence than of anything else.

Q. Did you ever visit any relatives when a child, on a large ranch near Fosterville, Tennessee?

A. The plantation that you speak of near Fosterville was my mother's early home. I've heard her speak of it many times but I have never been there.

I think you will agree that Loretta Young has given unusually interesting answers to a group of unusually interesting questions and of all the players this Inquiring Reporter has ever placed on the witness stand, she seemed to enjoy the ordeal the most.

Next month, remember, Gene Raymond is our victim.

The Scourge of Spokane

[Continued from page 45]

a girl, was too much for his contemporaries. From behind trees, and from the shadows of doorways, came catcalls of "Sis-sy! Sis-sy!"

That seared his sensitive soul. He burned under his spotless collar (and necktie). But he couldn't do anything about it at the moment.

He did plenty about it later. No one could insinuate that he was a woman's man, and get away with it. Not if he could lay hands on him.

If he had been less of a boy's boy, that wouldn't have happened, either.

AND that's the boy—the Scourge of Spokane—who grew up with a husky voice, only to have women hail it as "the voice with the love-call" . . . to send women into swoons of ecstasy with "b-b-b-boo" . . . while he b-b-b-became, and remained, an object of frenzied feminine adoration, the recipient of more romantic letters from romantic girls than any man since Valentino!

The amazing thing is—he hasn't changed a bit, inside. He's still that fourteen-year-old who didn't have any ambitions to become a woman's man. Still has the same psychology. Still flinches at the suggestion that he may be one. Doesn't thrive on that frenzied adoration. What must men think of a guy who has women that crazy about him? Mentally, he still can hear catcalls from behind hedges of "Sis-sy! Sis-sy!"

On Melrose Boulevard, Hollywood, near the Paramount Studios, there is a small cafe with a lunch counter. Bing occupies a stool there many a noon, when he wants a quick lunch. So does his brother Larry, who is one of the officers in Bing Crosby, Ltd., Inc., along with a third brother. But the boys aren't clannish. They seldom eat together. Bing drops in with a pal of his, and Larry eats with one of his own particular crowd.

The other day, one of the waitresses, carrying a loaded tray, stopped in front of the well-tailored Larry to ask, half-breathlessly, "Are you Bing Crosby's brother?"

Larry answered, "Yes—but why make anything of that? You just waited on Bing, over there."

The girl looked where he indicated—and dropped her tray. Yes, dropped it. She probably will never be the same again. For there, sure enough, was Bing. She hadn't recognized him.

What girl would think of looking for her movie idol on a lunch-counter stool, wearing an old faded sweater and an old checkered cap?

That isn't according to Hollywood Hoyle; that's what it isn't. According to all of the rules, he should be a boyish, but polished Lothario off-screen. And, instead, he's an easygoing hombre in old clothes, just being himself.

Don't call him "Mr. Crosby." Step right up and call him "Bing." He'll be calling you by your first name, after the introduction.

IT isn't a gag. He isn't going out of his way to be democratic. That lunchroom is about the most convenient eating place he could find. Besides, he happens to like counter lunchrooms.

Funny guy, Bing. He can't seem to remember that he ought to be trying everlastingly to impress people. He has the quaint, unorthodox notion that there are

[Continued on page 74]

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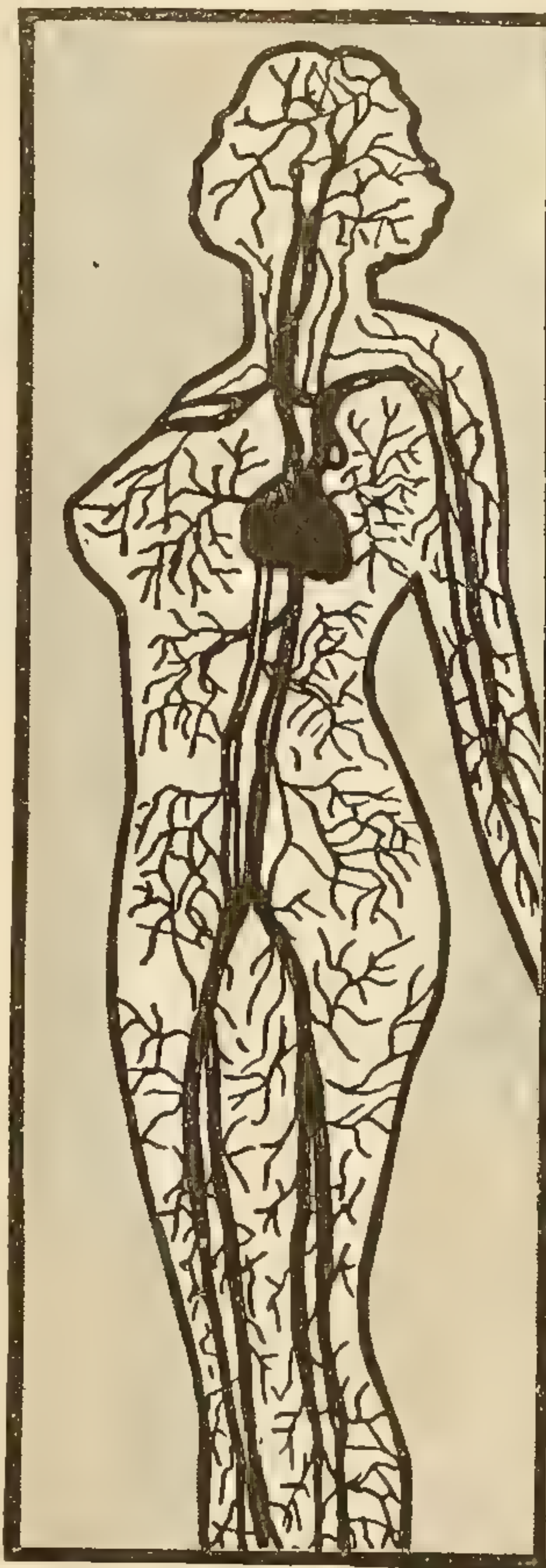
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Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of tired, weak, worn out, haggard-looking women whose energy and strength have been sapped by housework and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half-sick and ailing. Science has at last placed its finger on one of the principal causes of this dangerous rundown condition, and provides the way for building up and renewing a rich supply of red, nourishing, strength-building blood. "In most cases," agree many leading scientists and health authorities, "the cause of weakness, nervousness, skinniness and poor blood may be traced directly and indirectly to MINERAL and IODINE-STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into solid flesh, husky tireless strength, vibrant energy and the red blood supply that keeps you strong and well. The inevitable result is, you stay skinny, rundown, nervous, weak and ailing."

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The Scourge of Spokane

[Continued from page 73]

more important things in life. Relaxation, for instance.

When he recently built a new house, he built it in Toluca Lake—for the simple reason that Toluca Lake is alongside the Lakeside Country Club. That's how crazy he is about golf. And he's no dub at the game; in fact he's club champion shooting to a two handicap. Also, he's the worst-dressed player on the course. He's that fellow in the dirty gray slacks and faded sweater—with a handkerchief, knotted at the four corners, for a headpiece.

A few weeks ago, he was scheduled to play a twosome in a club tournament with Peggy Graham, young and pretty and the best girl golfer west of the Mississippi. Betting at the club was hot and heavy, as to whether or not Bing would dress up this once. He appeared, as usual, in the soiled slacks, old sweater and knotted handkerchief. No one forewarned the girl about the handkerchief headpiece or the likelihood of his calling her "Peggy" at first meeting. She nearly went off her game, the first couple of holes.

AS a youngster, he never did have enough swimming—so his new house has a pool. He never had enough tennis to satisfy him, either—so he has a tennis court, too. Dixie (Mrs. Crosby) plays him and gives him a good game.

Between pictures, Bing and Dixie and the three little Crosbys usually pack up and go down to their ranch near Del Mar—and "rough it." As a youngster, he used to wonder what ranch life was like. Well, he knows now. The place is complete even to an old Spanish hacienda and a coral, which is stocked with brood mares. As a sideline, he's going into the horse-raising business. Not to mention the horse-racing business.

He owns a quarter-interest in the new track being built near Del Mar, to compete with Santa Anita, where he first contracted racing fever a couple of years ago. In his pre-Hollywood days, he never had any interest in horses; this is strictly a new development. And it's a potent one. Before Larry and Everett knew what was happening, brother Bing had a string of sixteen horses, headed by a nag y-clept *Zombie*—which, Larry claims, means "resurrected corpse." In two years, the Crosby colors have won just two races. But is he "selling out"? Not Bing. He gets too much of a bang out of the sport of thundering hoofs.

He also owns a quarter-interest in a promising middleweight fighter—which, offhand, sounds like a strange investment. It all traces back to his days as the Scourge of Spokane. He didn't keep that title without impromptu fist-duels. He knows the thrill of a good scrap.

As a boy, Bing had urges to go to sea. He's getting some of the sea fever out of his system right now with a trip to Hawaii with Dixie. Up to now he has released the fever principally in deep-sea fishing off La Jolla. Standing on the tossing, lurching deck of a small boat in a stiff offshore breeze, having a two-hour battle with a sword fish—now, there's a man's sport! And, what's more, Bing is good at it.

Am I getting across my point? Bing—the boy's boy—has become, and remained, a man's man.

How does he feel when females in a horde swoop down upon him? He side-steps that query. "I've never seen a horde of females in my life. That never hap-

pened to me. A few little kids with autograph books, that's all."

Of course, it's three years since he made a personal-appearance tour—and maybe he has forgotten what happened then, though it does seem impossible that any man could forget being literally mobbed by emotion-maddened swarms of women. There is a reason why it hasn't happened—very much—since. When a crowd collects out in front now, he escapes (if possible) via the back door. Not because he is trying to dodge his Public. But because he is trying to dodge painful embarrassment. He doesn't enjoy being the cynosure of all eyes. A phenomenon, this Bing.

LET fans approach him singly or in small groups, and he never tries to duck. He'll even do the unexpected for them. Like asking a girl what her first name is and then writing in her autograph book, "To ——— from Bing." There isn't another star in Hollywood who puts fan friendships on a first-name basis. His own office (not the studio) handles all of his staggering amount of fan mail, and never asks money for photographs. They're free to all askers, though they cost Bing about fifteen hundred dollars a month.

Four out of ten letters are from men. Just seeing him on the screen, or hearing him on the radio, they feel that here is "a regular fellow"—and they write to tell him so. His mail comes from all over the world. And every letter is answered under the direction of Larry. The difficult ones to answer are the too frequent, poignant letters from girls convinced that they love him, although they admit such love is



Hollywood's youngest bathing beauty—Baby Patsy May of the famous "Our Gang" comedies—and Jamie, her pet Scottie, take a day off to enjoy the pleasures of famous Malibu Beach

hopeless.

An executive of the company that has handled his phonograph recordings since 1931 told me recently, "He is the only singer in the world who is understood universally. He does something that seems to make a common denomination of all races. But there are two Bing Crosbys—one Bing who appeals to the masses, and the other a Crosby who has the right to sing standard songs in his own individual way. He thinks I'm giving him a terrific build-up; I've never yet heard him say that anything he did was good; at the most, he'll say, 'Well, I hope they like it.' But I mean what I say. He should be putting out things of a semi-classical nature. His voice has no right to die."

Bing, apparently, is the one person in the world who has no illusions about his voice. He dodges invitations to sing on the same concert programs with operatic stars; he calls himself "Old Gravel-Throat"; and he has been known to smoke a cigar immediately before a recording without any thought of "saving" his voice. (P. S. And the recording was perfect.)

HE DOESN'T worry about anything. Everything is a game to Bing. Even movie-making. If he "goes up" in his lines, he may say something like "I'll be diddly-dadburned," but there are no symptoms of disgust. Usually, he goes right on talking, ad lib, to the devastation of other members of the cast. As, for instance, during a scene with Madge Evans in the Haunted House Cafe on the set of *Pennies from Heaven*. (Which, by the way, Bing himself is producing, by arrangement with Columbia.) On a mantel stood a spectral-looking bird. Madge was to ask, "What is it?" Bing forgot what he was to answer. But he said something. He said, "That is Harry Cohn—looking for the final print of *Lost Horizon*. Harry Cohn being the president of Columbia, which had just spent \$2,000,000 and five months' time on *Lost Horizon*."

Bing isn't conscious of camera angles, as handsome heroes usually are. Like Fred Stone, he doesn't care which side they photograph, so long as it's the outside. Bing doesn't wear make-up. He is so tanned from golfing that he doesn't need any. (Maybe that handkerchief, instead of a cap, is all right, after all!)

His friends today are mostly the friends-who-knew-him-when.

He makes no secret of the fact that he is married—and happily. He is a one-woman man. He is crazy about youngsters. He has Gary Evan, 3, and the two-year-old twins, Philip and Dennis, brought to the studio on days when he knows he will have free time, so that he can be with them.

The youngsters occupy a wing completely their own in the new house. A white Colonial house, with twenty-two rooms. Proudly, Bing was showing a visitor over the place soon after they moved in, when he came to a closed door. "Here's a neat little number," he said, opening the door. The visitor was greeted with a view of a large "guest" living room—the last word in dignified luxury—and was properly awed. That same evening, after dinner, Bing suggested to Dixie that they go into the "guest" living room to read. They hadn't tried it yet. They sat there about fifteen minutes. Then Bing said, "Let's go back home—we don't belong in here."

And that's Bing Crosby for you.

Perhaps now you can appreciate the pensive remark of thirteen-year-old Edith Fellowes, who plays with Bing in *Pennies from Heaven*: "Isn't Dixie lucky to have a man like Bing? . . . When I grow up, I only hope there'll be a Bing for me!"



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Italian and German
Voice and Speech
Culture
Harmony and
Composition
Drums and Traps
Banjo (Plectrum,
5-String or Tenor)

Enjoy a Hollywood Small Home

[Continued from page 47]

added in soft blue crash. Convenient end tables made of one-inch lumber put together with simple butt joints are placed by these wall seats.

In front of the fireplace, and again in front of a small upright piano finished in white, are "conversation groups" of chairs and low tables. A round, bevelled mirror over the simple tile and brick fireplace lends a Colonial touch. The two arm chairs used with the coffee table in the living room, by the way, serve as end chairs at the dining table when more than the usual number are at dinner.

An interesting treatment was used in remodelling the large arch between the living and dining rooms. This had formerly been of dark wood, with the usual clumsy columns. These were removed and triple-valve screen-like doors were substituted, whose white, slatted surfaces give a unique, Southern feeling. Screens similar to these are easily purchased at the department stores for very much less than the cost of the original columns.

Another clever feature was the hanging of a venetian blind over the large "land-

scape" window in the dining room, which had given an undesirable close-up of the side of the house next door.

The doors were removed from an old-fashioned built-in sideboard, which was then painted white to match the woodwork and furniture. On the table three chromium sailboats merrily glide over a deep blue mirror sea.

PLAYROOM

Beyond the kitchen is a room eight or nine feet wide and about twice as long; also treated in red and white. Here again, the capacious lounge and white end-tables are built to order.

A clever bar was made by simply cutting in half the door to a large closet and covering the lower portion with a shelf. The upper half, swung back, discloses the large closet shelf-lined and equipped with an array of interesting looking bottles.

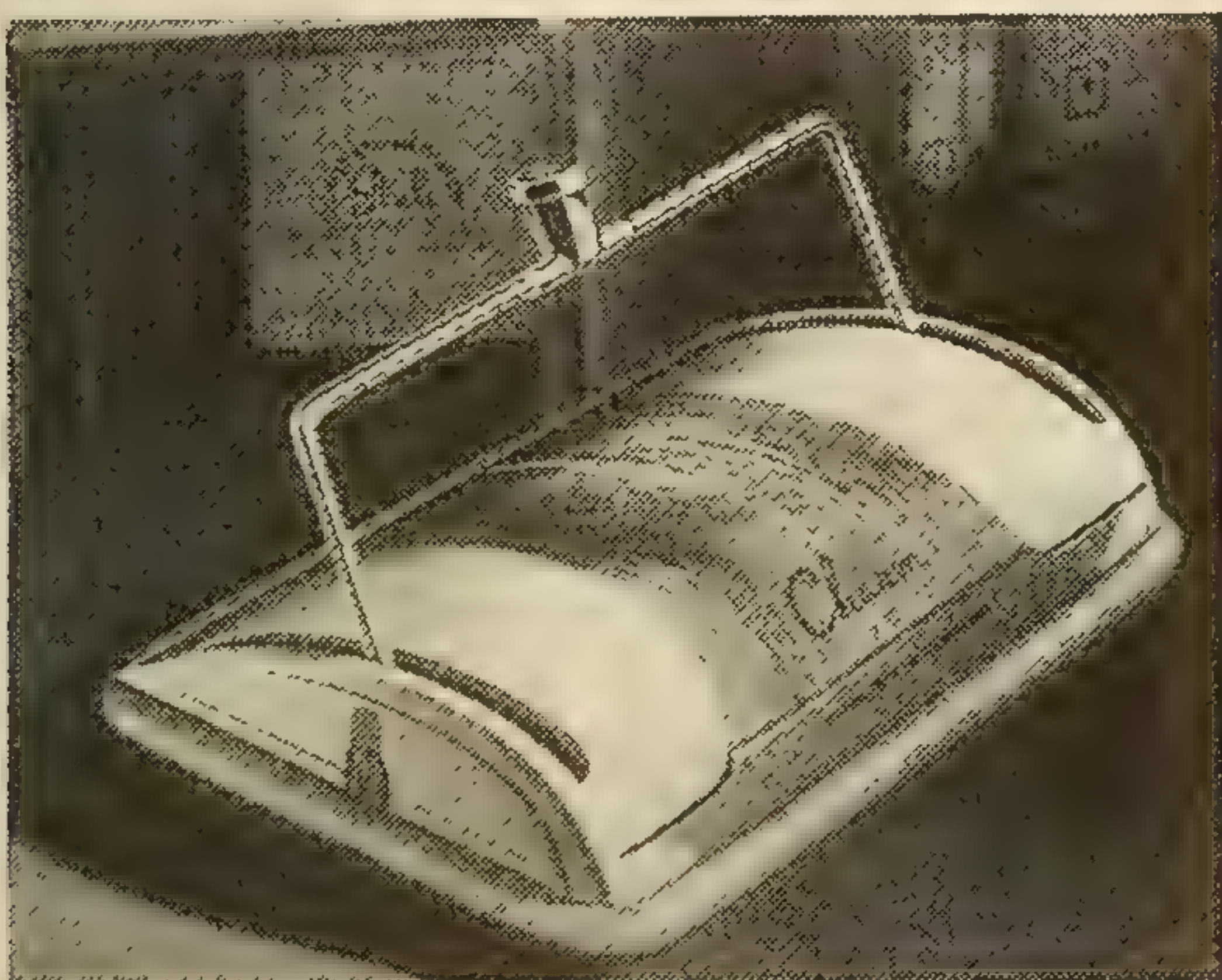
Against the end wall is a modernistic case containing a display of the more unique types of containers. This had been merely an old bookcase which, with a dollar or two and a little artistic judgment,



Nesco Ware, as up-to-date in kitchen service as the China Clipper is in aviation, is a feature in the Cooper home. Reasonable in price, its beauty and servicability recommends it to every home owner



Jackie's room reflects his interest in aviation. He is the organizer of a group of youngsters whose model planes and boats have won many prizes



Bissell Carpet sweepers, selling at traditionally low prices despite their many new improvements, are recommended for use on ultra-fine rugs

had been made into a charming exhibition cabinet.

Another economical but effective stunt was used in the five or six pictures on the wall. These were all standard size colored prints from a well known magazine. When change of subject is desired they are quickly slipped out and new ones substituted.

JACKIE'S QUARTERS

Efficient but inexpensive plywood panelled cabinets line the corridor to Jackie's bedroom, with its adjacent bath in cool green and white. It is a typical boy's room and nautical even to the blue and white color scheme, colors of the white-capped sea.

The bed is a double-decker, a pilot's wheel both fore and aft, perhaps to keep the dream ship on an even keel. The table lamp has a pilot wheel base, and additional illumination is by means of brass binnacle lamps.

A big easy chair, a chest of drawers, a dresser and a desk complete the furnishings. The desk is specially made, of simple lines and painted wood. Framed autographed photographs of famous movie friends line the walls and near the ceiling is a frieze of model airplanes, most of them Jackie's own work. A marine blue rope rug tones in admirably and inexpensively.

MASTER BED ROOM

Here again, good taste and ingenuity are in evidence. The doorway faces a simple
[Continued on page 78]

SKINNY?

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. QUICK WITH NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT

1 Rich red blood, necessary to properly build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by the easily absorbed iron in this new discovery.

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shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Enjoy a Hollywood Small Home

[Continued from page 77]

bric-a-brac cabinet which proves to be a decorative way of finishing the end of the dressing cabinets which occupy most of that wall of the room. This section being an addition to the old house, was planned with large, modern windows open to the sea air. A dresser, chest of drawers, chairs and desk of simple design, constitute the ordinary pieces of bedroom furniture.

The unusual feature is the made-to-order bed. A frame was built to take the usual spring and mattress, and integral with it, are a shelved head board and curve-ended night tables. The headboard, of course, is plain, sufficiently high for pillow backing, but above that is a shelf for favorite books and a small radio. The bedside tables extend about thirty inches from the wall and also contain shelving. The window drapes are of sumptuous appearing white corduroy, which retails slightly under a dollar a yard.

TIPS TO HOME MAKERS

The house that Jackie Cooper built is filled with important lessons for home-builders. This home falls into the five thousand dollar class when built new, figuring California price of \$3 per square foot. On top of that, bear in mind that the furnishings, carpenter-built in many cases, offer not only a tremendous saving but also increased comfort.

The built-in bed, for instance, in the master bedroom, can be constructed of cheap lumber since it is finished in white paint. A Simmons spring and Beautyrest mattress could be purchased and turned over to a carpenter with a sketch or photo, and this bed would be easy to duplicate.

I particularly liked the use of carpeting. A sense of luxury is imparted by covering the floor completely either with broadloom, strip rug, or rugs to fit.

The Olson Rug Company of Chicago, for example, spins, dyes and weaves rugs exactly to measure, and from your own salvaged material.

The clever use of corduroy drapes struck my fancy—doubtless a hunch that was derived from some studio set builder with an eye to the unusual. In future articles I shall discuss other drapery ideas.

The kitchen is an important adjunct never to be minimized—it must be well supplied with modern equipment, be light, and save steps.

More and more, kitchens are becoming colorful. To add to this effect, I suggest the use of the new Nesco ware, made in such a wide variety of colors as to fit most any scheme. Cream and red is one of their combinations in the complete kitchen ensemble and electric Roastmaster. You'll find this beautiful ware in use in the movie sets calling for modernist kitchen equipment. I am told Nesco has the following color schemes for added color harmony in your kitchen: delphinium blue and white, green and cream, red and cream, pure white, plus others, a list of which can be obtained by writing this magazine. The Nesco company extends the use of color to such items as spatulas, sieves, spoons, oven china, oil cloth and so on in their stainless enameled ware and garden girl Japanned ware lines.

Indeed, most forward-looking manufacturers are supplying color in products essential in your home. The new Bissell carpet sweepers, in the Charm and Vanity styles, are novel and smart. Your entire



Olivia de Havilland, who in one brief year has climbed to stardom under the Warner Brothers banner, has become a devotee of the increasingly popular sport of sailing. She will next be seen in *Charge of the Light Brigade*

kitchen, from floor to closet, can be bright and colorful.

Among homes of the stars I have visited I have often noticed clever uses of Armstrong linoleum for kitchen, playroom, nursery or solarium.

In the Cooper house, the playroom can easily become a third bedroom. As a suggestion, use linoleum on your playroom floor. It will be here that drinks are spilled, cigarettes dropped and the wear and tear of living becomes most evident.

Anything easily washable has great advantage in a home. The leatherette covering to several of the furnishings in Jackie Cooper's home is a case in point. The new washable wall papers are gaining great favor with architects. Imperial washable wall papers are now available in such a wide assortment as to meet with all your requirements, and these are highly important in kitchens, playrooms, nurseries and so on. I like them for living rooms also, where radiators or hot air outlets cause stains on the walls, and on hall stairways where baby hands leave a smudgy trail.

OTHER articles on star's homes will appear in future issues of MOVIE CLASSIC. Watch for them, and for the valuable tips to homemakers contained in this new series.

Portrait of a Charming Lady

[Continued from page 59]

Bette's command, "Tibbie" jumped down and followed her mistress across the room. Bette studied the portrait for a moment, then commented—"You have it exactly." After that, I noticed, she was much more at ease.

I believe Bette Davis could not stand being around anyone who didn't know his business. I can imagine that she would be capable of kicking over the easel if she thought that I didn't know how to paint! She, herself, is businesslike in the truly modern manner.

Fairness is one of the strongest of Bette's qualities. She has very decided ideas on right and wrong, and will stand up and fight to the last against anything she believes unfair.

Unless you fully understand that attribute, I can see that she might not be easy to get along with. Of her contract difficulties, she remarked—"I got one of the handsomest 'pushing arounds' Hollywood has ever handed out." Modern lingo, this—aptly suited to filmdom of today. And there was a determination in Bette's voice that convinced me that she wasn't to be "pushed around" any more.

During the weeks that I was painting Bette, her mother was very ill; but although, on this account, Bette had to be excused from several appointments (incidentally, she never broke an engagement for any other reason), she saw to it that my work was delayed as little as humanly

possible. When she was posing, you would never have known that she had a worry in the world. Only during her rest periods could you have told how disturbed she was.

Devotion to her mother and consideration of me proved that Bette possesses to a high degree respect and thoughtfulness for her elders—old-fashioned qualities that, unfortunately, are lacking in so many of the present generation. Stripped of modern veneer, Bette Davis could just have stepped from old New England or the old South.

Bette is a true intellectual. She can talk on 'most any subject—science, art, literature—with an air of authority. Even though she gives her discussions the fire and enthusiasm of the modern, behind her comments I saw a deep and an almost astounding understanding.

On the last day that Bette was to pose, she came in with an airy—"Is it finished?"

I told her that there was still a little "touching up" to be done.

"May I see it now?" she promptly asked.

When I told her "yes," she came over and looked at the portrait for a long while. "You got it: you got it exactly. I knew that if you did *that* you could paint—and there it is!" exclaimed Bette, pointing delightedly to the unusual way her hair grows back just above each ear. "I didn't say a word about it, either!"

I started to pick up my brush for the finishing strokes.

"Don't touch it. Don't do another thing to it!" Bette fairly screamed—"It's perfect as it is."

And there was nothing I could do but leave it alone!

When Harmon Nelson (Bette's husband) came over to see the canvas, Bette watched him like a hawk. If he had not liked the portrait, I'm sure she would have been genuinely disappointed. But "Ham" looked at the work for a long time, then turned to Bette saying—

"Bette, that is you. In years to come, this portrait will still be Bette Davis at the height of her career."

There were a few people in to tea. At Mr. Nelson's remark, a hush—almost as if of reverence—settled on the group. That was one of the best compliments that has ever been paid me.

No one knows how much I value my hours of close association with a truly great American woman; but well do I realize that I have caught only one phase of Bette Davis. It would take many artists, painting many portraits, to record her whole complex personality!

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ALICE WHITE
Film Star

He Wanted to be Athletic

[Continued from page 14]

justice than formality, it is the push-'em-in-the-face menaces rather than the prunes-prisms-and-perfume variety who win the public, the producers and the parts.

"The long, sad story of my life," remarks Mr. Rhodes with a grin, "reads like a testimonial. You know—I was a puny child, but after taking your Super De-Luxe Course in physical culture I won the heavy-weight championship of Podunk County."

"But that is exactly the way my life started out. I was a puny child. Quite logically, the idol of my boyhood was Douglas Fairbanks. He had everything I lacked. He was athletic; he was vital, colorful, alive. All I seemed able to achieve were scholastic honors. In addition," here Mr. Rhodes winced, "I was one of the boy sopranos in the church choir."

"My first Big Opportunity—in tall capitals—arrived with the casting of the senior play," Erik continued reminiscently. "We presented *If I Were King* and I won the leading rôle, that of Francois Villon. Here, at last, I could act athletic. I could swash-buckle. I could be Douglas Fairbanks."

WITH this super-athletic achievement to his credit, young Erik went to college—the University of Oklahoma. Very early in his scholastic career he became a major in modern languages and a Phi Delta Theta. He concluded his career four years later by earning a Phi Beta Kappa key, the university's highest scholastic honor, the Marian Talley music scholarship (up pops that voice again), and—something much more thrilling—his first athletic award. The latter was for horsemanship.

It seems that his physical limitations, though he was outgrowing his childhood handicap, prevented him from earning a college "letter." Football, baseball, track were forbidden—at least in the strenuous doses inter-collegiate competition demands. But he had enrolled in the R.O.T.C., the military training course offered students in state universities.

"And as part of that course I learned to ride—equitation, they called it. Nice word, equitation," he added politely.

Upon graduation, young Mr. Rhodes, armed with the above-mentioned scholarship, went to New York. The award provided musical training for a year; but the ambitious youngster also continued his German and Italian lessons (he'd already thrown French and Spanish for a loss), and for the first time began the formal study in dramatics.

At the end of the year he had beginner's luck. He was cast in *A Most Immoral Lady* starring Alice Brady. At the end of a long run he obtained a part in the successful review, *First Little Show*. But that ended that. The next two years (early depression) were very lean indeed.

"But I was lucky," Erik explained cheerfully. "I could play the piano. I played and sang wherever I could find a job—cheap joints, speakeasies, on boats. It was good training. Either the song was put over or I was put out. I soon learned that singing didn't always mean the rendition of a heavy dramatic number. It could also mean 'talking' the lyrics for comedy and punch."

Then his luck changed. Up on Broadway the feminine half of a world-famed dance team decided to marry and retire. The masculine half (you may have heard of him; the name is Astaire) took the dare

of the theatrical world and arranged to star alone. The production selected was *The Gay Divorcee* and in it was a part for a young man who understood both comedy and Italian.

Erik got the rôle.

Thus Tonetti ("Scusee, please," to you) was born. He lived for almost a year on Broadway and six months in London. Then RKO-Radio brought both Mr. Astaire and *The Gay Divorcee* to Hollywood. And Erik came along to play Tonetti on the screen.

Which was a grand opportunity until Hollywood began to regard Rhodes and the Latin as a form of theatrical Siamese twins. This discouraged the aspiring young actor from Oklahoma but failed to deter him from his chosen career of all-around actor and all-around athlete.

"I hadn't been long in New York when I discovered that athletic ability was an important part of theatrical success," Erik explained. "At the most unexpected moments you're called upon to do a little fencing, box a round or fall down stairs! Further, I found physical training important in the development of the strength needed for one of the most gruelling professions in the world."

"So, through all those lean years I trained. My father had taught me to swim but I learned all over again—from the bottom up," he added grinning. In New York there was little opportunity for outdoor games so I spent long hours in gymnastic routines.

"But it was after I came to California that the real fun began. I knew that I had finally overcome the frailness of my childhood for nothing in the world seemed too big to try."

Just to prove what can be done from a standing start, Erik has in the past two years developed a brilliant tennis game from no game at all. A year ago, just for fun, he swam up the Pacific Coast from Santa Monica to Malibu, a distance of ten miles. Recently he navigated a six-mile jaunt across Boulder Dam Lake.

ORDINARY equitation—there's that word again—has long since given way to polo and steeple-chasing. Early in his career as a polo player a broken cinch almost broke the Rhodes neck but he still plays polo.

The frail boy, the studious youth, has gone incurably athletic. If you don't believe it, listen to his idea of fun. Every morning, rain or shine, working or not, he rises at six, boxes with a trainer and winds up with a nice rousing sprint.

"Wakes you up," he explains succinctly. Spartan treatment, but encouraging for those who, like young Erik, started life "puny."

Perhaps, however, there is another method to his madness. Way down under the Rhodes exterior there is more than a remnant of the boyhood worship of Douglas Fairbanks. And, though he won't say much about it, one may also conclude that he'd like to play the Fairbanks type of rôle.

"Those pictures weren't all have-at-thee-villain dramas," he says a bit wistfully. "They were also grand comedies—gay, devil-may-care stories that never took themselves seriously. This—not just the gymnastic stunts—was the secret of their charm. Perhaps—someday . . ." but he lets it go at that.

Simone Simon Fooled Hollywood

[Continued from page 40]

irrepressible girl. Her sophistication helped carry out the clever deception conceived by her naïve self. And I'm coming to that now.

TWENTIETH Century invited me out to luncheon one day to meet the next big star of the films. When they said that her name was Simone Simon, I found that a hasty research failed to bring any image to mind. So I climbed in the buggy and motored out to Fox Hills for the occasion.

During the twenty minutes drive I built up a mental picture. Simone must be a dark, long-lashed lady of complete austerity. That was mistake number one. They put me down beside a wide-eyed girl, full of pep and personality. I presumed she was a recent high school graduate out to see Hollywood. Mistake number two! For this was Simone, the great French actress.

Our introduction was accomplished over the soup. But it was not until we lingered over the salad that I found myself really facing a problem. By way of conversation I said:

"How do you like America, Miss Simon?"

"Again?" she asked with a smile.

"America," I repeated, suddenly realizing she did not understand English very well. "The United States, I mean. How do you like our country?"

"Oh, *oui*, but eet ees ver'—how you say eet—veree nice!" Her accent was terrific, so pronounced that it is impossible to reproduce in print.

"Was your trip across the ocean pleasant?" I asked.

Simone eyed me demurely. "Eet ees zat I do not un'er-stood you," she pursued.

Christopher! Was this going to be an interview or an ordeal?

"You were on a boat—a ship," I explained patiently. "You crossed the Atlantic. Was it nice?"

"*Parlez-vous Francais, pleeze?*"

I looked around wildly for help as a wave of panic surged over me. No one was paying the slightest attention to us.

"No, I don't, unfortunately," I replied.

Came the lamb chops and ice tea at this moment—praise Allah! We lapsed into silence and ate. And ate. Slowly, too, because this conversation problem was bound to arise again. I began to harangue myself inwardly. Why hadn't I studied French instead of Spanish? No matter, though—I had forgotten my smattering of Spanish long, long ago.

Sadly, painfully I gazed at my last bite of chops and realized it must be English (O sad language!) or silence. I tossed a mental coin and got heads. Tossed again: heads again. We talked.

"America," I said profoundly, "is a grand place."

A gleam of recognition was the answer. And then: "Ah, *oui*. Tell me about thees Hollywood."

I WIPED my brow and started talking. Perhaps by repeating every sentence twice

I could get my meaning across. She was an attentive listener. But I had to say everything three and four times over. Then she would giggle appreciatively and that was something accomplished.

Ten minutes of this and I paused to recapitulate. Umm—I had said what normally would take but a minute. I was perspiring like a baker, breathing like a sprinter, floundering like a Pekinese in water. And still Simone listened. I plunged into talking again, back-tracked every sentence and repeated. Talked until I was hoarse. And finally, from sheer exhaustion, gave up by asking something simple, like this: "How does it feel to be a film star?"

And Simone, off guard for a moment, answered me in precise, excellent English!

"Please do not refer to me as a star. It is a term of standardization. (This from Simone, the Frenchwoman!) I have no desire to be put on a pedestal."

The woman was speaking perfect English—and without the slightest hesitation. Could it be that—?

I gulped.

"What fine English you speak, Miss Simon!" I exclaimed finally. "You learn rapidly."

Simone apparently confused, studied this sally over lengthily before answering. "Some words I speak well," she replied gravely. "And some I do not. I speak better than I understand your language. My accent bothers much, however."

[Continued on page 82]

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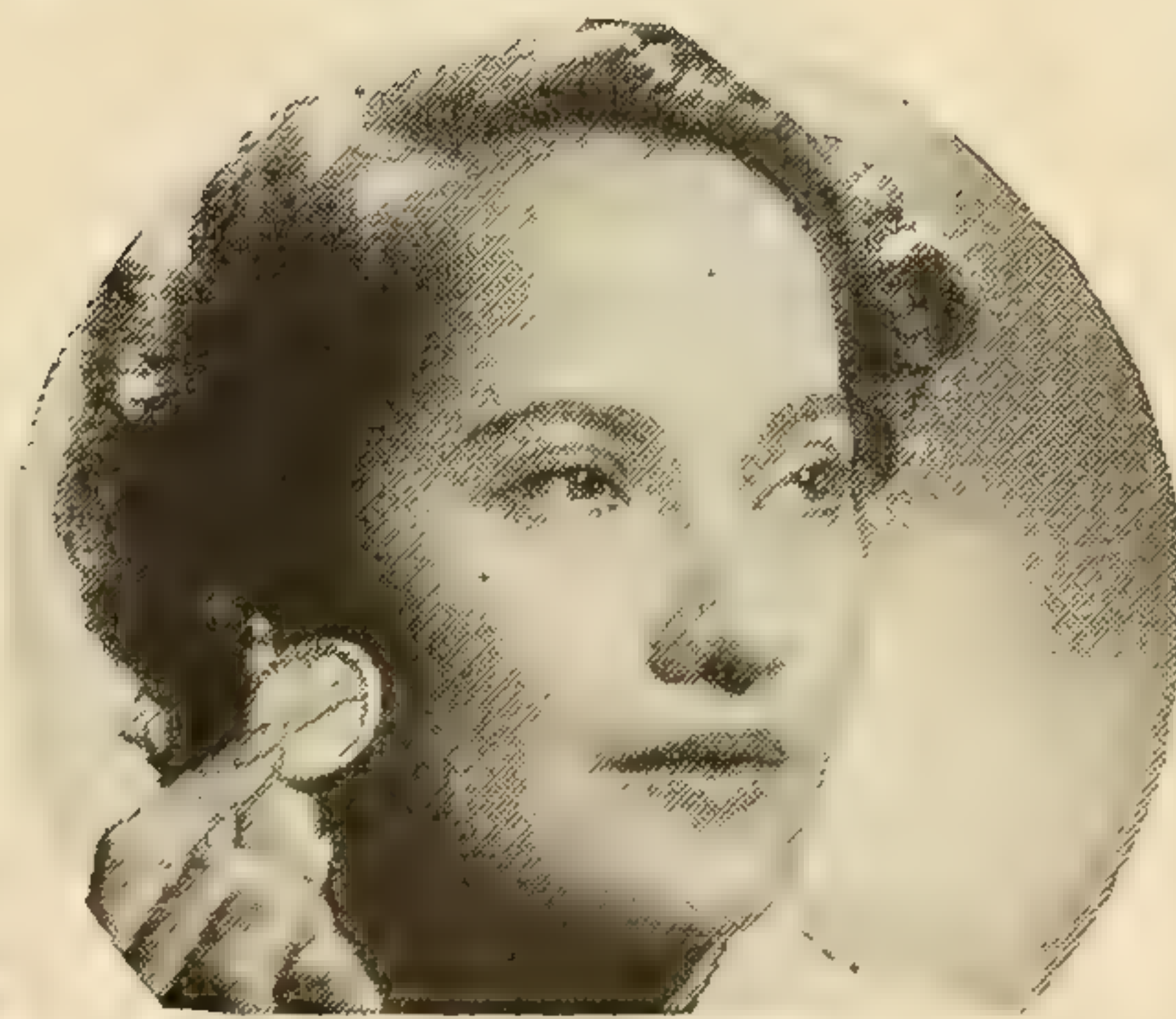
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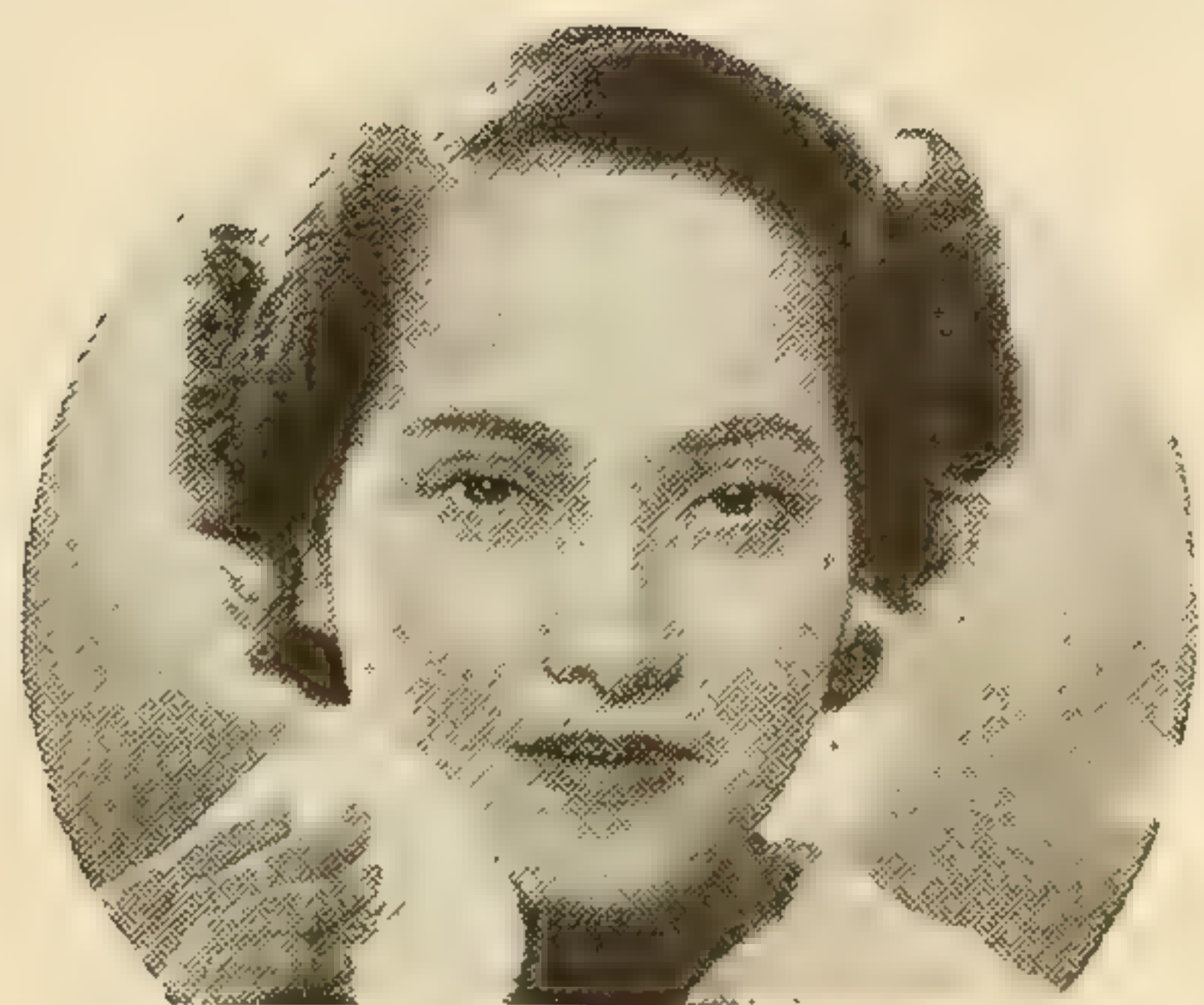
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Simone Simon Fooled Hollywood

[Continued from page 81]



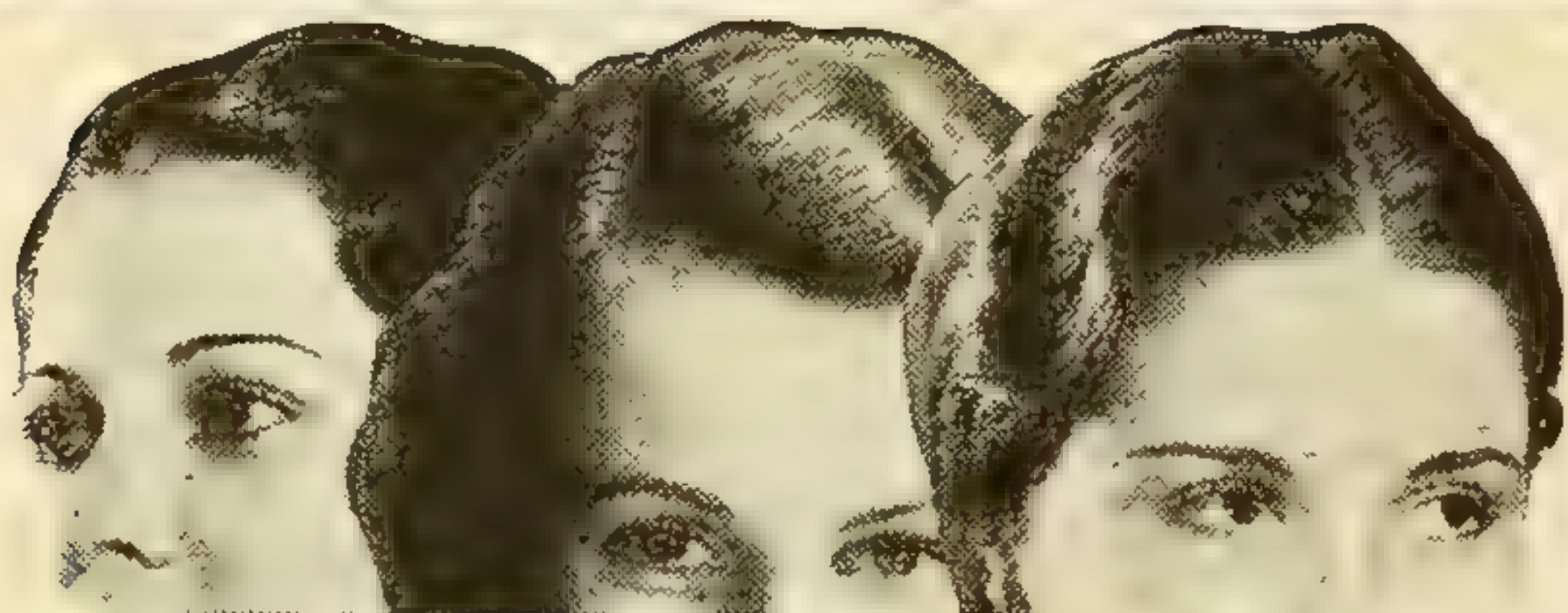
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Out on the lot a few minutes later, finally emancipated from this ordeal, I found plenty of comfort in the wardrobe where she understood nothing, in the director who turned to stuttering for relief, in the producer who threw his hands in the air and shouted.

"I can't understand it," he moaned. "When Mr. Sheehan signed her up, he sent us a note saying, 'Here's one girl who won't have to learn English. She speaks it excellently!'"

Plunk! It was the dawn breaking. Or rather, just a suspicion of a dawn. I washed my hands of the matter, thanking the powers above that Simone as a daily proposition was somebody else's headache. At least 20th Century could afford to buy large doses of aspirin.

I KNOW now that it was many days before someone officially got wise. Finally one of the smarter moguls overheard Simone explode during an unguarded moment—a moment in which her English bloomed like a wild rose. She forgot her caution in her anger—and the only accent she retained was an exclamation mark!

They say an official conference was held with her. At any rate, for all practical purposes Simone's English improved quite suddenly after that.

She is quite understandable in *Girl's Dormitory*. Her accent, rather thick in spots, lends a touch of mystery to her performance. Hollywood now knows that she can speak perfect English, but I personally prefer the accent if it is held to the minimum used in her screen rôle. Off-screen—but I've already mentioned that.

There is no question Simone fooled Hollywood completely. She had everyone half-hysterical. The studio even hired an interpreter to help things out, and an English teacher to work with her.

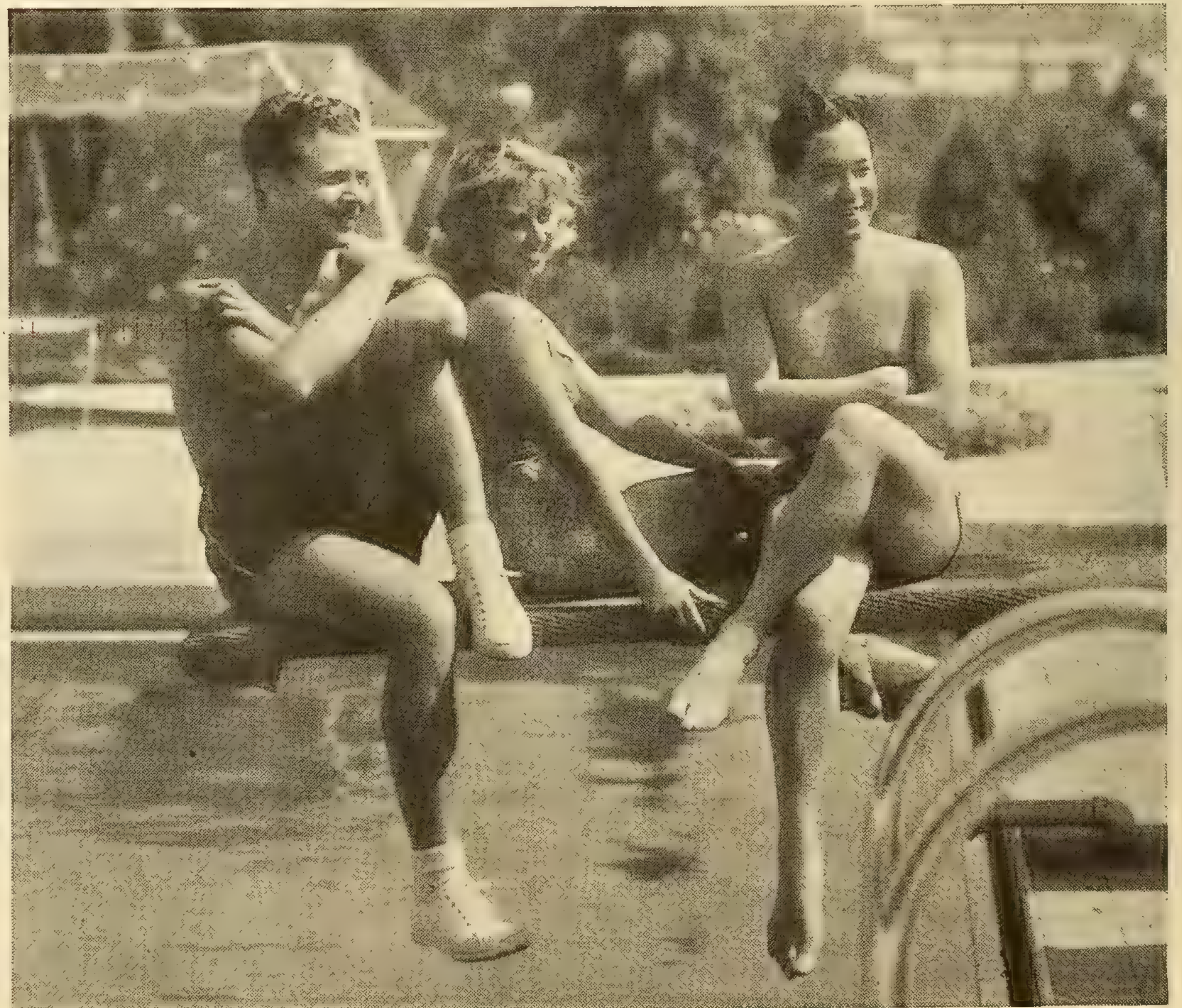
A clever girl, Simone. Her ruse was designed to draw attention and comment. It succeeded perfectly.

One story is that Simone was born in Marseilles and later moved to Madagascar (an English colony.) Another is that she spent the first ten years of her life in London. In any event it is certain that she spent several years among English speaking people. It is equally certain that she speaks far better English than nine out of ten Americans—including the interviewer who labored so to make her understand.

The impish quality in Simone is one of her most valuable attributes. Unquestionably, she is a personality quite different from anything that has been seen before on the screen. Even the most conservative Hollywood critic will tell you Simone Simon has a great American career ahead of her.

A good many people in Hollywood are downright jealous of her. They suspect that here may be an actress as different and compelling as Garbo. They have revealed this fear by playing on her name, calling her "Simple Simon" and "San Simeon." The latter crack has no significance whatever. It happens to be the name of Mr. Hearst's huge ranch, and it happens to sound a bit like her own name.

Incidentally, Simone Simon is her real name, she tells us. Her father's name is Simon; she was named after the French actress Simone.



Three famous screen stars, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell (they do say she'll be Mrs. Powell this fall) and Den Abinata, enjoy an afternoon dip in the Powell swimming pool. Den Abinata is the most famous star of the Japanese screen

They didn't raise her to be an actress. It seemed at first that she would be a sculptress or a painter. Educated in the best school, she continued adding polish and sophistication in her travels, which took her to Berlin, Budapest, Turin.

Finally she settled in Paris to study sculpture under an eminent teacher. He soon saw that her natural talent was toward drawing. She shifted over to charcoal work, and found it to her liking. In the back of her mind was a plan to become a fashion designer.

FATE came along in June, 1931, and changed her mind. She was sipping a cool drink on the terrace of the Cafe de la Paix when her sparkling eyes caught the attention of Tourjansky, one of Europe's leading screen directors.

He stood before Simone, gazing at her through half closed eyes, then dumbfounded her by abruptly pulling up a chair and sitting down beside her.

"Mademoiselle must forgive me," he said. "I am an artist. To me you are beautiful."

"That," said Simone, "is very interesting. Goodbye!" She felt half indignant, half amused by the eccentric display of frank admiration.

"Ah, but you do not understand me. My name is Tourjansky. I am a film director. You are the perfect one for my next film. I have been looking for you."

Soon after Simone found herself cast in *Chanteur Inconnu*. It was followed by many other successes. Then came Mr. Sheehan and the Fox contract.

On her arrival here she bought two things almost immediately. A book of fairy stories and a Packard. Again that strange combination of naïvete and sophistication! It is part and parcel of her personality.

On her voyage from France she was unaccompanied—except by for twenty trunks crammed with clothes. She is a smartly dressed woman. Just now her choice runs to sport clothes—and what clothes they are!

Simone's French tastes are reflected in odd little things. She has a mania for wearing gloves. Everywhere she goes she wears a pair—always costly and attractive.

In Hollywood, she has been slow to make friends. Her few intimates are members of the French colony, most of whom she knew in Paris. Despite her understanding of English, etc., she doesn't understand Americans their psychology yet. So she shies away from them.

She is frank to say that American women, in her opinion are the most beautiful she has ever seen. She is surprised to find American women so friendly to one another. In France competition splits the ranks of the more charming sex.

Simone is unmarried.

To date there have been no rumors of romance—except her high praises for Herbert Marshall, the man she fell in love with, cinematically speaking, in *Girl's Dormitory*. Marshall, she declares, was a wonderful inspiration, she credits his help for her obviously fine performance. Simone's naïve ravings are quite enough to raise Gloria Swanson's eyebrows. Of course it may be the Artist talking, not the Woman.

Follow her home and you will find her spending an evening beneath a reading lamp with Noel Coward's plays, reading them aloud with a friend. Of looking over the latest Literary Guild selection.

It is inevitable that when Simone plays, she seeks the relaxation suitable to one of her age. But during her more serious moments, she displays that curious grown-up side of her personality and the culture she has acquired through study and travel.

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Hollywood is the World's Melting Pot

[Continued from page 29]

fucious and the theory of the Young China movement to a stripling reporter, who is learning more about Confucious and about China in these few moments than he could have learned through years of academic training. The sibilance of many Chinese voices comes from a little way off, where some four hundred Chinese extras are resting between scenes. There is the odor of burning joss sticks in the air, the mournful call of doves, the guttural grunt of Chinese water buffalos (also brought from China). Buddha seems to brood . . . It is all very old and very Oriental and very far away. And--we are ten miles from the main artery of Hollywood Boulevard.

That is precisely what I mean. We are in Hollywood. We are, also, in China. We are surrounded by Chinese people. We are living in Chinese surroundings. The very chairs we sit in, the tools we work with, the clothes I wear were all brought from China. We are melded together, China and Hollywood.

I have learned more about China through working in this picture than I could possibly have learned by living for six months in China itself. On the other hand, the Chinese have learned more about us. Had I gone to China I would have been accorded the courtesy granted a tourist. I would have met, if lucky, some four to six people with whom I might have become friendly. But here--here I work with the Chinese. I live with them, day after day, month after month. I work with them and eat with them and we work out our problems together. We learn to understand one another's mental processes.

I have become friends with General Tu who is here, at the expense of the Chinese Government, to instruct us in the ways of the Chinese. I have become interested enough to take an "extension course" in Chinese history and literature.

WE HAVE collaborated in the making of this picture as we collaborated in the making of *Black Fury* and *A Prisoner From A Chain Gang* and *Pasteur* where, though racially the same, perhaps, men of many callings and widely diverse interests got together. And it is only through collaboration that men and races really melt together and become fused. It is only through working with people, only by sharing mutual experiences with them that one comes to know them.

It is all very fantastic and almost completely incredible. It is more than a melting pot, really. It is rubbing Aladdin's Lamp and summoning the genii of the world and of all the ages to do your bidding. It is rubbing Aladdin's Lamp and bidding the slave to open up for you the stored treasure of the knowledge of the ages. It is rubbing Aladdin's Lamp and by so doing summoning to you the princes and powers and pontiffs of every age, every realm, every field of art and science and experiment and thought.

I should feel at home in this setting, in this atmosphere for it is old and I think I must have been born old. I have never been really young, not in the way modern youth expresses itself, at any rate. I was born shy, too. I do not mix well, at first. It goes against the grain with me to make advances toward my fellow men. Especially if they are men of great erudition. What, I think, can I have to say that

could possibly interest an Einstein, a Milliken? And so, when I have travelled, when I have visited the different cities of the world where I might have contacted and talked to distinguished men in various fields--I have not done so.

And that is why I know, from personal experience, that Hollywood is a melting pot. For there is a different feeling out here. It is easier to meet people, to talk to people, than it is anywhere else on earth. I have said to my wife that here it is always Sunday! One has the feeling that it is always Sunday, the same feeling one has when people just "drop in" to have tea or cocktails, to exchange ideas, to talk. There is an atmosphere of holiday, of relaxation. There is no "dress up" about it. The formalities seem to be non-existent and non-important. There is a great leveling process at work. For here the men of all nations and all callings do just "drop in," so to speak. They are more eager, if possible, to meet us than we are to meet them. And not because we are actors, either, but because we are representatives of the industry they have come to investigate or to contribute to. And by so doing they melt with us in the seething, perpetually steaming pot.

MOTION pictures are, actually the *World University*. They give, in due course of time, every course, every subject. They take us on tours which would put Cooks Tours to shame. They do for us what no localized university could do--for they make it possible, they make it imperative, for us to rub elbows with men of every stamp.

I feel that I, personally, am kin to miners and mining engineers, ex-convicts, gangsters, guards, bacteriologists, surgeons and scientists, all kinds, all conditions of men. And so are you . . . and you . . .



Dolores Del Rio, too long absent from the screen, has signed a long term contract with Columbia and will soon be seen in a picture, as yet untitled. Her pit bull, Michael, is a blue ribbon winner, the veteran of many a Hollywood dog show

and you . . . for when we made *Black Fury*, when you saw the sets where the miners lived, when you entered into the lives of the men who toil underground in the coal country of Pennsylvania, you were absorbed into that life and those conditions. For these pictures are as true, as authenticated as the cross-section of life from which they are drawn. There were miners from the Pennsylvania coal fields in that picture. I came to know them well. I absorbed their methods of working, the conditions under which they work. I became intimate with their problems.

When we made *A Prisoner From A Chain Gang*, ex-convicts worked hand in chain with us. Not Hollywood actors simulating convicts but men who had been chained to gangs themselves. The men who played the parts of some of the guards had been guards in real life. I became a prisoner working, suffering, sweating.

When I played *Scarface* there were gangsters working right along with us. We became a part of the gangster mind, not from second hand information, not from books or highly colored newspaper accounts, but from the men who had come up from the underworld to meet and mingle with the world of Hollywood.

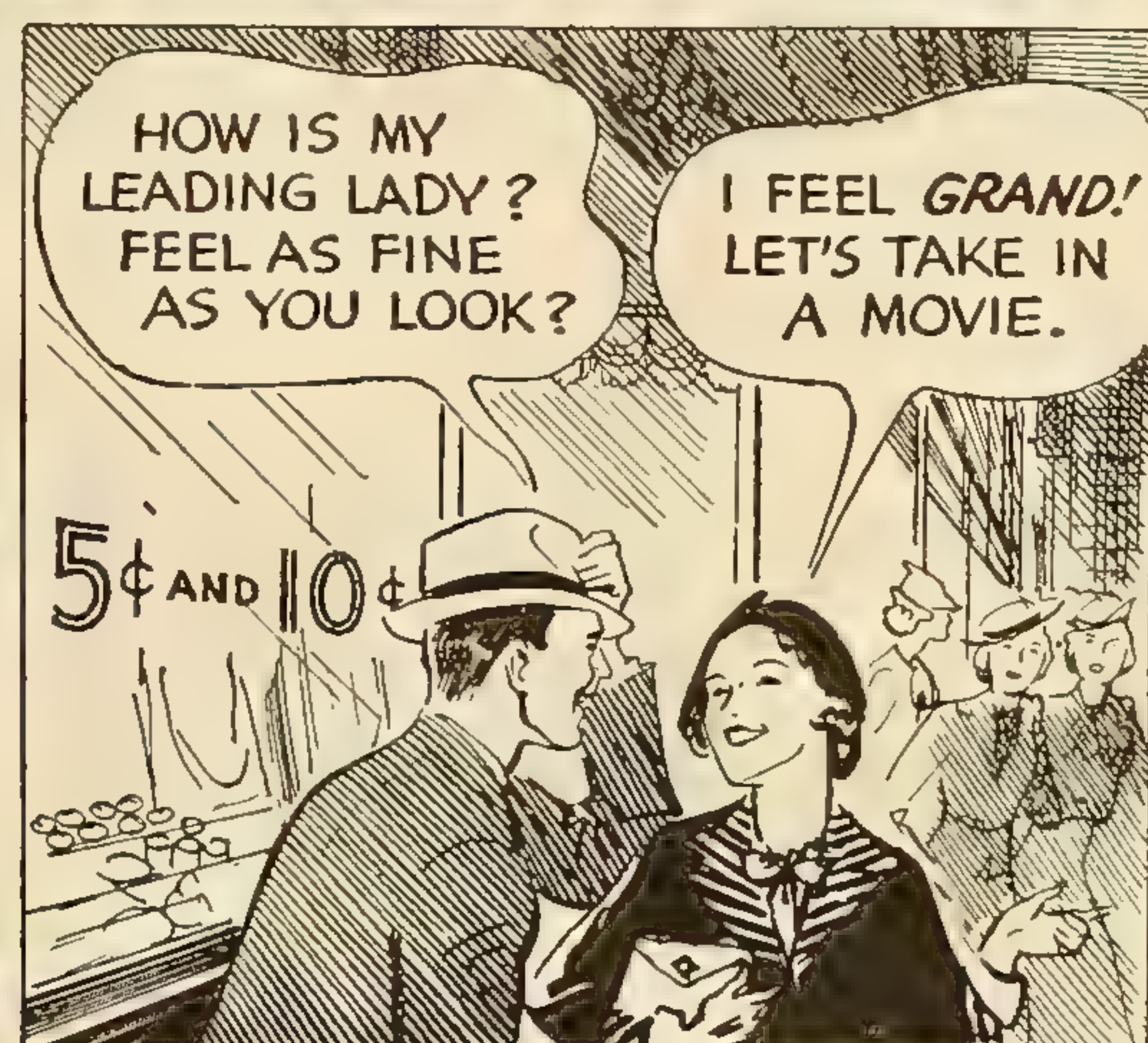
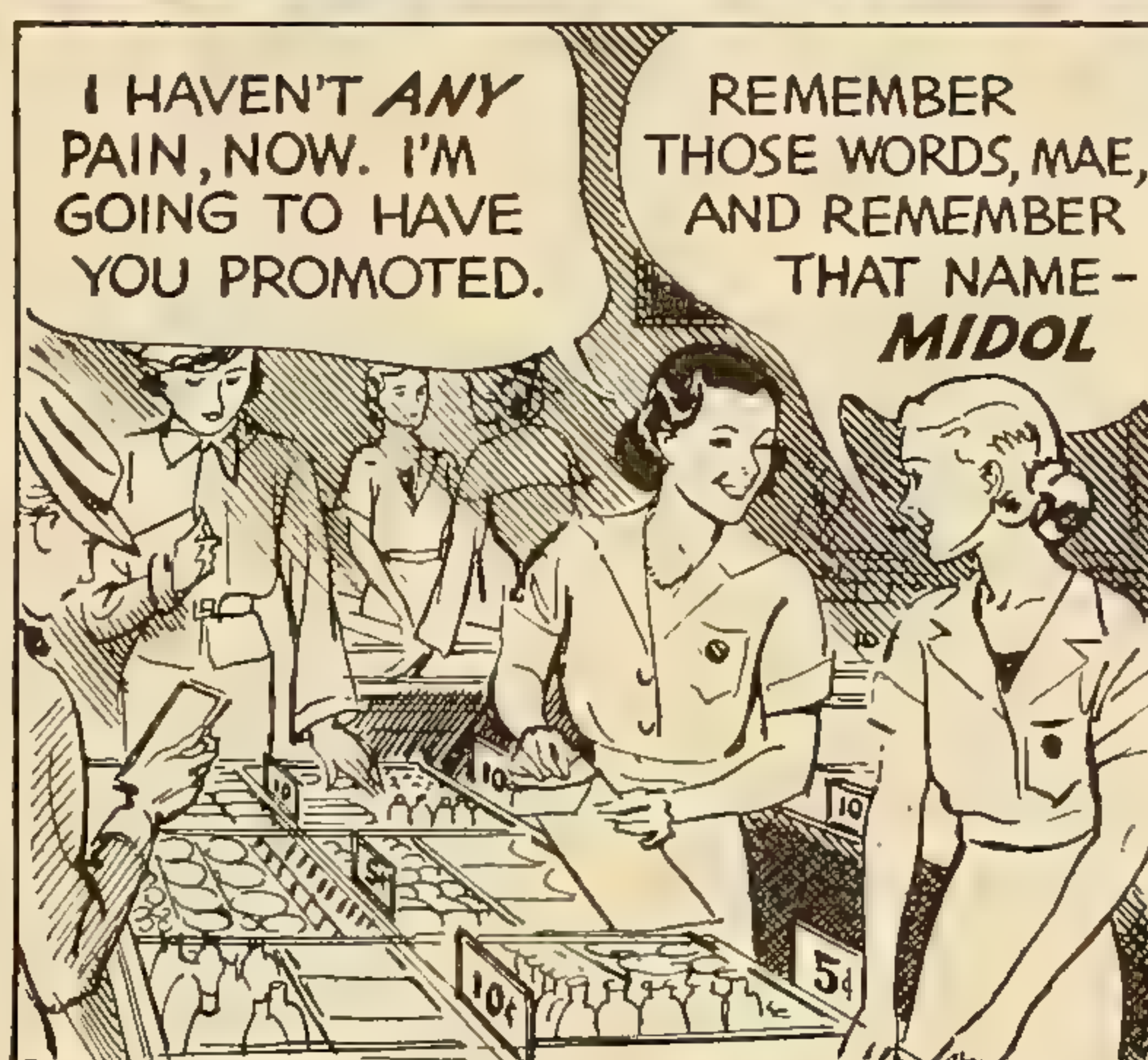
IN *Pasteur* there were bacteriologists from other countries conferring with us, working with us. There were men who were carrying on the work Pasteur had begun. Men who spoke his language, who were familiar with his methods, who worked with his precision, were infused with his passion. I knew these men. I talked with them. I worked with them. I read the books Pasteur had read. I was able to follow, a little way, at least, the road Pasteur had pioneered. I handled the same kind of implements Pasteur had handled. I was enabled, thus, to enter into the body, the life and spirit and hopes and dreams of Pasteur. And I know that more, many more, than I were made kin to the great bacteriologist, too. For among my fan mail after the showing of the picture were letters from young men who told me they were buying microscopes such as Pasteur had used, or the later improvements on them; letters from young men who had been fired to enter the field of bacteriology . . . young men who had been melted into the magnificent mettle that was Pasteur.

We come to know these men when we enter into their characters for the screen. I hope the world comes to know them, through me and through other actors who portray great men of all calibres, of all nations, of all callings.

Think of how Africa came to Hollywood with *Rhodes*—and will come again, in a different vein, with *The Garden Of Allah* . . . think how we have become familiar with the Foreign Legion through such productions as *Under Two Flags* and many others . . . think how close Ireland has come to us, her people and her problems, with *The Informer* . . . Imperial Russia and the doomed White Russians were made part of our lives through *Rasputin* . . . we can be absorbed into Soviet Russia through the films made in the U.S.S.R. . . . those of us who did not know *The Great Ziegfeld* know him now . . . we rub elbows with tuna fishermen in *Hell Ship Morgan* . . . with the traditions and personnel of the English Navy in *Mutiny On The Bounty* . . . we share the skies with the airmen in *Ceiling Zero*.

I could go on indefinitely. I could prove to you, conclusively, that we are no longer cut off from the continents of the earth, dark or otherwise. I could prove that we, in Hollywood, are kin to all men, strangers to none . . . We are the Melting Pot.

"FIVE-AND-TEN"



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Meet Frances Farmer

[Continued from page 36]

throne, but behind him, cameras are silent, and a big stage crew waits minutes and minutes, costing thousands of dollars for idle time. Before Hawks sit three persons—Walter Brennan, veteran of many years on stage and screen, a born actor; Jules Furthman, for seventeen years one of Hollywood's ace film scenarists; and a slip of a girl, barely twenty-one years old.

They're discussing a scene. Furthman wrote it. Hawks is supposed to direct it that way. Brennan is giving it the best he knows from all his experience. But the girl—fresh out of school, and young enough to be the daughter of any of them—is telling them off. . . ! ! !

"That way isn't right," she tells them. "I don't feel it. The line should be changed—it's wrong as it is."

And, instead of telling her to go soak her baby head in a pail of ice-water, the three experts, Hawks, Furthman and Brennan, merely sit there, listen to her, take it—and like it.

And the strangest part of it is that Frances Farmer is right. They do the scene over, changing the mood and the tempo and even Veteran Furthman's dialogue, as she has suggested—and it clicks. Twenty-one-year-old beginner has shown Hollywood veterans how to do their own stuff!

"The girl is amazing," Hawks enthuses, afterward. "She's different—different from other actresses. Why this girl thinks! She thinks all the time. While I'm directing her, I can actually see her think and feel her think. And when she makes a suggestion, usually it's right."

Now, let's see who this baby prodigy is.

Her name, Frances Farmer, is her own name. She was born in Seattle, went to school there. Less than a year ago, she entered a trick newspaper contest in Seattle. She sent three pictures in, as an entrant, in a contest to see who was "the most marriageable girl in the State of Washington." The girl who got the most letters of proposal was to win—and get a free trip to Europe.

A month later, Frances Farmer was on her way to Europe!

THAT'S where she got into pictures. A man who knew some movie people saw her, while abroad, and suggested she take a test. He even fixed it up for her. In New York, after her tour, Paramount scouts, at that man's suggestion, gave her one of Katharine Hepburn's scenes to play. She did play it—and when the test reel was screened, Paramount fell all over itself to sign her up.

So Frances came to Hollywood—and at once became the Press-Agent's Pain-in-the-Neck! They hailed her arrival because, as a contest winner and a newcomer, she ought to go for great publicity gags. But she fooled them. Gags, she let them understand, were O-U-T! About her acting, she was sincere—terrifically, overwhelmingly and colossally sincere. They learned that her one ambition in life is to become the world's greatest stage actress. The screen, Hollywood, and all of movies' hokum, were and are just so much balloon-stuffing to her.

It's all right, and she'll take a certain measure of it, as her stepping-stone to the stage. She admits she can learn a bit



Four stars of the gridiron, featured in RKO's football epic, *The Big Game*, are guided on their first tour of the studio by June Travis, who plays a featured rôle in the film. From left to right the former pigskin greats are: Frank Alustriza, of Stanford; "King Kong" Klein, of New York University; "Bones" Hamilton, of Stanford and Grover Jones, of Ohio State University. Hamilton was voted the most valuable player of 1935

about acting from her picture work. But as to working to make movies her career—bah, and a thousand more bah's!

It's violating no confidence here to report that in the few months she's been on Paramount's contract list, she has garnered the accumulated dislike of that studio's staff of putters-over—that being the press department.

But to Frances' own everlasting credit, I want to say that her attitude is definitely honest, sincere and, from her own point of view, well-founded. She knows what she doesn't want, and she's not going to be bulldozed into it. She's going to be honest and to get by and make the grade honestly, on her own un-hooey merits.

She's getting only \$150 a week, now. She's satisfied. That fact alone definitely stamps her as utterly un-Hollywood.

"It's enough to keep me," she explains. "All I want is that 'enough' to allow me to go on, working toward my goal, without having to call on my family for financial aid."

NOT long ago, she married—suddenly enough. So suddenly that here, the publicists thought, was a chance for great interviews from her on Love and Great Romances and all that.

The man she married is Lief Erickson, another young contractee at Paramount. It was only a few months after she landed in Hollywood. A hopeful press agent asked her:

"Howcum that you married Lief so very suddenly and quickly, despite your career and all that?"

Did she fall in line and give out a torrid interview about Lo-hove? She did NOT! She shrugged a pretty shoulder and remarked:

"I s'pose it was love."

Nothing more. After a while, the press-agent prompted: "But so suddenly—and despite the fact that marriage is so often supposed to interfere with career—"

She cut him short.

"Well, things happen that way, don't they?"

Desperate, the man asked:

"Well, what about—ah—"

"Children?" she asked, brusquely cutting through his diffidence.

"Yeah," he gulped.

"No children—not now, anyway" she said. And that ended Frances Farmer's first and only Love-Interview.

They live in a little house in Laurel Canyon, near the studio, but far from the Hollywood glamor-hangouts. There they have a sort of Little Theatre of their own, up above a garage. In it, Frances Farmer rehearses her rôles, over and over, before she goes to the studio to play before the cameras. Lief helps her. That's why, so often, she can make suggestions about playing and changing certain lines. She has tried them out, and diagnosed their faults, and substituted her own stuff.

As an actress, she's already experienced. In school, she was always in the forefront of dramatic activities. Not merely as a dabbler, either, but as a serious student of the theatre. She has read everything about acting that she can lay hands on. Even now, she is still a student—she spends hours in the cutting room and other studio departments, learning new facts and getting new pointers every day, about acting. It's not a game to her. It's not just a way to make a living. It's her life—her one big interest.

SHE'S one of these actresses who "lives her rôle" offscreen as well as on. Just at present, she is playing a dual rôle in *Come*
[Continued on page 88]

Constipation Relief

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by Elizabeth McKenna

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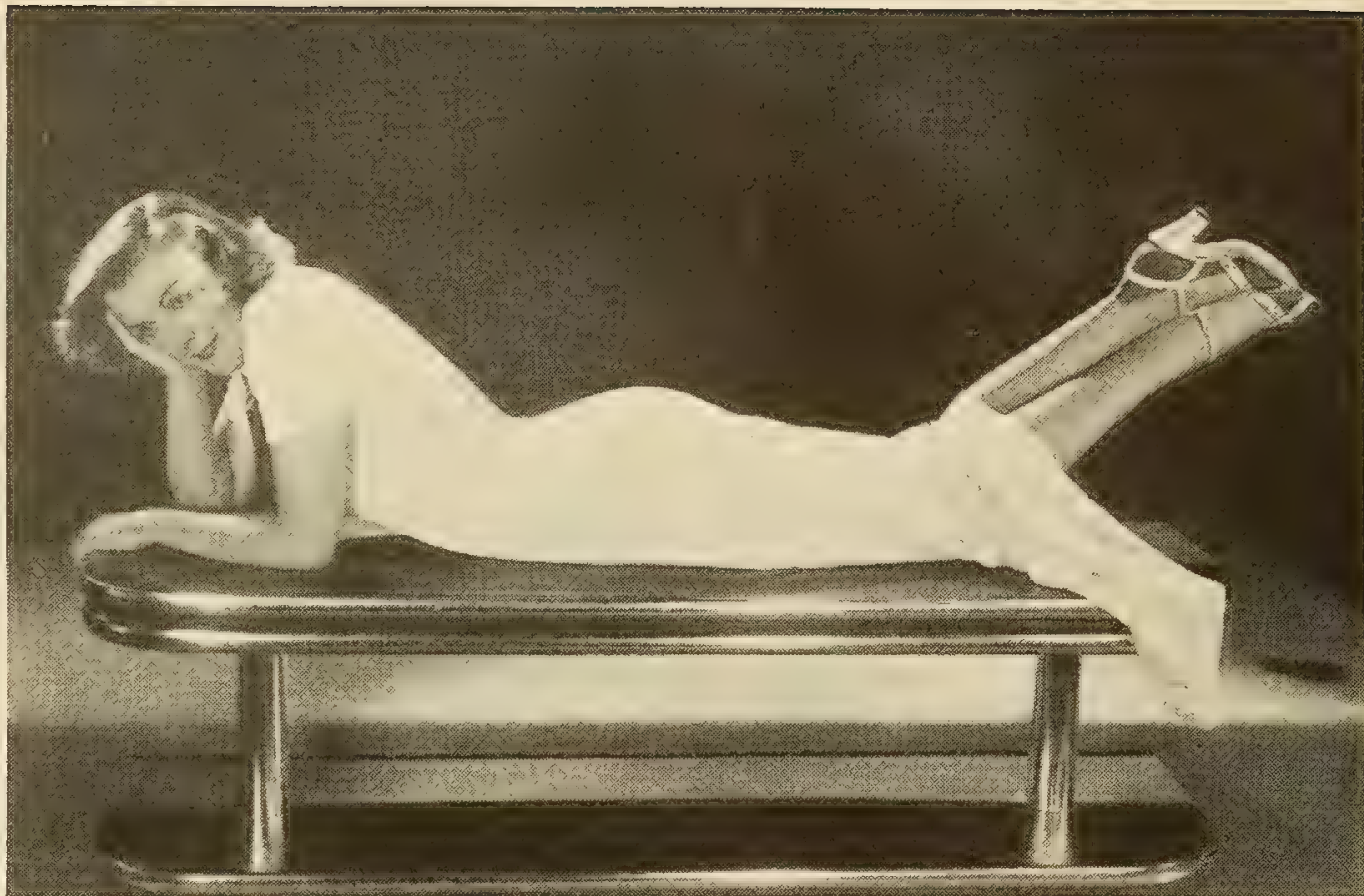
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From the Broadway stage comes beautiful Doris Nolan. After scoring a sensational triumph in the play, *The Night of January Sixteenth*, she was placed under long term starring contract to Universal and will make her screen debut in *Way For a Lady*

Meet Frances Farmer

[Continued from page 87]

and Get it. One rôle requires her to be a sophisticated, very wordy and sort of hard-boiled northwoods dance-hall dame. Later in the picture, she plays that dame's daughter.

To differentiate between the two rôles, it was suggested that she drop her voice for the dance-hall-dame rôle, if she could manage it. She went home that night, still using her own natural clear soprano.

Next day, when she came back, she was speaking in a deep, rich, throaty, sexy voice, two octaves below her normal tone! She's been using that deep voice ever since—and even sings with it, in a torrid dance-hall scene. You see, that night, she'd practiced it hours—and adopted the new voice as her own. She's using it off the stage as well as on. She won't change it until they begin shooting the sequences where she appears as her own daughter. Then she'll go back to her girlish soprano.

Making predictions about a girl like Frances Farmer is one of Hollywood's chief avocations. And one of its most difficult. That's why, about Frances Farmer, there are already stormy opinions.

"She's the most capable and the most intelligent young actress I've ever directed," enthuses Howard Hawks. "If she'd only stay in pictures, she'd become one of the greatest stars the screen has ever known—great as Garbo, or greater."

An assistant director—no use naming him—says, though: "She's getting spoiled already. She knows too much—or thinks she does. Wait until she has to play a soft, feminine role, I'll bet she flops!"

He reflects the attitude of those who see in Frances Farmer only a hard-boiled young dame, motivated solely by an overpowering ambition to succeed. They think it has deprived her, already, of any natural, ethereal femininity.

Photographically and technically, she's almost perfect, however. And her champions, answering the crowd that yell that

she's too hard-boiled, insist that this is merely her acting ability in a hard-boiled rôle, and that when she is called on to be soft and girlish, she'll be as soft and girlish as grandma used to be when it was fashionable to be a clinging vine.

AS FOR Frances Farmer's own ideas—well, I told you, up above, that she feels and believes she's destined to be one of the greatest stage stars of all time. That feeling radiates from her—a supreme self-confidence and self-assurance that can easily be mistaken for a brassy egotism. Personally, I don't believe it's egotism at all—in the unpleasant sense of that word. I believe, on the other hand, that it's an honest confidence in her own ability.

She herself doesn't give much more than a toot and a half as to what *Hollywood* thinks of her. In fact, it usually annoys her to have Hollywood discuss her—or even her work. Like the other day, when a well-meaning acquaintance overheard some movie big-shot discussing her splendid work before the cameras during a difficult sequence.

"Say, Miss Farmer," he told her later, when he found her alone, "I heard So-and-So and What's-His Name discussing your acting the other day. They'd been worried, you know, as to whether or not you, as a newcomer without experience, could play that difficult scene."

"So? What did they have to say about me?" she demanded.

"They thought you did it wonderfully," the fellow smiled. He expected a burst of appreciation and happiness and gratitude from the newcomer. But what he got was a stamp of the foot and this:

"Why, oh why, do they have to watch me and criticize me and discuss me and talk about me?" she demanded. "Why can't they let me do my work without peering at me and staring at me and talking about everything I do . . . ?"

Ameche Makes His Bow

[Continued from page 32]

of the priests took him to call on the Prendergasts, who had a fifteen-year-old daughter named Honore.

"I liked his teeth and his smile," Honore confessed later.

"I liked her yellow braids," grinned Dominic.

"He was my first 'fella,'" Honore smiled back.

"She was my first girl," growled Dominic.

They had fun together for two and a half years. One of their special ways of having it was to drive down Main Street, park where they could, stuff themselves with popcorn from the same bag, and watch the crowd go by, marveling at their expressions, wondering what went on behind their faces.

"That woman's having domestic trouble," Honore would decide.

DON would gravely consider the patient's face. "Yes—she sent her kitten out with a little pocket money to see the world—and he didn't come back all night."

The time came for Don to go away to college. He went to Georgetown University to study law. "No special reason," he says with his lazy smile. "Just picked out Georgetown and picked out the law. All this time the family finances were dwindling—prohibition, you know—and I thought I might get a job. Which I didn't. I didn't even take the semester exams. Because," he explained gently, "I didn't happen to attend enough classes."

He learned that Honore, in her sophomore year at college, was ill with mastoiditis. He wrote and told her he was sorry. She wrote and thanked him. And that, it would seem, finished that.

Meantime he'd gone back to the University of Wisconsin—with every good intention of studying law. But here there cropped up still another good reason *not* to study—college dramatics, in which he shone.

"I didn't feel like studying. I felt like playing, so I played," he says, as if he couldn't quite see what all the fuss was about. Even when he was asked by the manager of a passing stock company to substitute for an incapacitated actor, he didn't get excited over it. "I didn't really give a darn about it. I'd never thought of acting as a job. But this was a temporary way of making money, so I took it. When it was over I tried to get back into school, but they wouldn't let me. I'd missed too many classes," he explained cheerfully.

Fortunately for his peace of mind, his parents sympathized to a certain degree with the theory that boys should have fun. "They were disappointed, because they'd wanted me to go in for the law. But they didn't squawk. I never heard a word of reproach from either of them."

Convinced that his scholastic career was done for, and not much caring, he went to New York with William Troutman, dramatic coach at the university and a firm believer in his acting ability. Four days after his arrival, with the luck that clings to the nonchalant, he met "a fellow on the street" who told him they needed a butler in *Jerry-for-Short*. Ameche got the part. Another bit or two—and he found himself playing the lead in the Chicago company of *Illegal*. "The notices were all right—not raves, but all right. Yes, I guess I was pleased. But I wasn't making enough to

[Continued on page 90]



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A party at the home of Donald Woods wrote finis to the Second Annual MOVIELAND TOUR, conducted by MOVIE CLASSIC and its companion magazines in the Fawcett Screen Group. And here you glimpse the genial host and his pal, Craig Reynolds, being subjected to a barrage of camera lenses by the members of the Tour

Ameche Makes His Bow

[Continued from page 89]

The GIRL Who Said "NO" to CLARK GABLE!

Can you imagine that happening to Clark? Well, it did, and the story of how this happened is in the November issue of



SCREEN PLAY

Magazine of Romance

together with many other fascinating stories of the stars, including Kay Francis, Ginger Rogers, Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald, Gertrude Michael and the Quints!

live on. I'd get money, when I needed it, from home and from my friend Troutman. So in 1930 I decided to give the family a break, and spend the summer with them."

One day the phone rang. "Don? This is Bernardine Flynn. Remember me?" They had played leads together at the university. "They want someone like you for an audition here at the broadcasting station. Come down and show them your stuff."

Two weeks later he was signed to go to Chicago for *The Empire Builders* program. "They seemed to like me," he says with moderation. Actually, he made such an instantaneous hit that, when the program went off the following year, he was promptly snapped up for *The First Nighter*, for *Grand Hotel*, for *Betty and Bob*.

One evening, just before his *First Nighter* program, a friend phoned him. "What are you doing after the broadcast?"

"Nothing."

"Like to go out and dance a little?"

"With whom?"

"Let you know later," said the friend, and rang off.

He didn't care for that much. He'd never been one for grab-bag prizes and blind dates. But he hadn't time to call back, so he went anyway—and was greeted demurely by Honore, now a practising dietitian in Chicago.

Her golden hair—his teeth and smile—renewed their spell. They found they could laugh as easily, have as much fun together as they'd had on Main Street, eating popcorn out of the same bag. And so they were married. And after a while Dominic, Jr., was born.

And the world was theirs.

LAST year Metro sent for him to make a test. Nothing came of it. But since

radio was paying him an admirable living, that didn't bother him much either. It did, however, bother Tom Oakey, a friend of his. "Mind," he asked Don, "if I get an agent friend of mine in Hollywood to take a squint at that test, and tell me what he really thinks?" The agent's squint resulted in a second test for Twentieth Century-Fox. The second test brought Ameche an offer from Zanuck to play in *Sins of Men*. "That was just before Christmas," he said, and added with a touch of diffidence: "On December 30th another Christmas gift came—our second baby."

Man is inconsistent—in proof of which I submit the fact that now at last Ameche did get excited. "It was coming out here alone," he said, "wondering how they were going to take me, seeing the first rushes, thinking I was so terrible that I couldn't muster the nerve to look at another." Mr. Zanuck looked at them all and one morning, before the picture was finished, Ameche's agent phoned with the news that his option had been taken up. Two minutes later he was on the phone, calling Honore, telling her to come right out.

At which point she picks up the tale.

"We were in Dubuque," she chimed in, "staying with my people. I'd just come home from the dentist—had a tooth pulled at 1:15. Then Don phoned, and at two I was on the train to Chicago, to get a final checkup from my doctor. You see, the baby was only a few weeks old. That was Tuesday. He said I was fine, so on Wednesday night I fixed baby's feedings and got his things lined up, and on Thursday morning mother and dad drove the children and luggage in from Dubuque and met me at the station. We left at 11:30. No, I didn't have any trouble with the babies. They're a couple of husky Swedes," she observed

pleasantly, "like me. I don't think they're pretty babies, do you, Don—?"

Don shook his head, bent on preserving a strict impartiality, and serenely unconscious of the lovelight plain in his eyes.

"But they're healthy babies—well built and well behaved. Which," concluded their father, weakening a little, "tends to make them sort of nice."

WHEN *Sins of Men* was previewed, they decided not to sit together. "I was afraid," says Mrs. Ameche, "that Don might turn and ask me something. I didn't want to add to the nervous strain. But neither did I want to tell him it was good if I thought it wasn't. So I sat alone.

The preview over, a gentleman came up to shake hands with and congratulate Don. Don's hand was being shaken right and left, but there was something arresting about this man's face.

"Who's that?" he inquired of his agent, when the man had gone.

"Haven't you met your boss yet?" asked the astonished agent. "That's merely Darryl Zanuck."

Which, in a way, is a measure of Ameche. He's not the kind to assert himself or make demands or feel blown up with his own importance. For what he receives he is duly thankful. But he won't push and jostle for his place in the sun. "If I can stick for a few years and put something by, so we don't have to worry," he says, "that'll be fine. If not, we'll try something else." His eyes smiled across at his wife—hers smiled back. Nuts about each other in a quiet way, as one observer put it.

He has bought a little place in the valley for his parents and sisters. He and his wife plan to build close by.

"We don't care much for Beverly," says Honore.

"The valley's better for kids," explains Dominic.

"Life's been lovely to us," cries Honore, the tranquil, in a little burst of thanksgiving.

"Simply elegant," murmurs Dominic, the imperturbable. But his eyes were shouting hosannas.



Louis Da Pron and Eleanore Whitney, who made a sensational debut as a dancing team in *Three Cheers For Love*, will again be seen as the featured dancers in Paramount's *The Big Broadcast of 1937*



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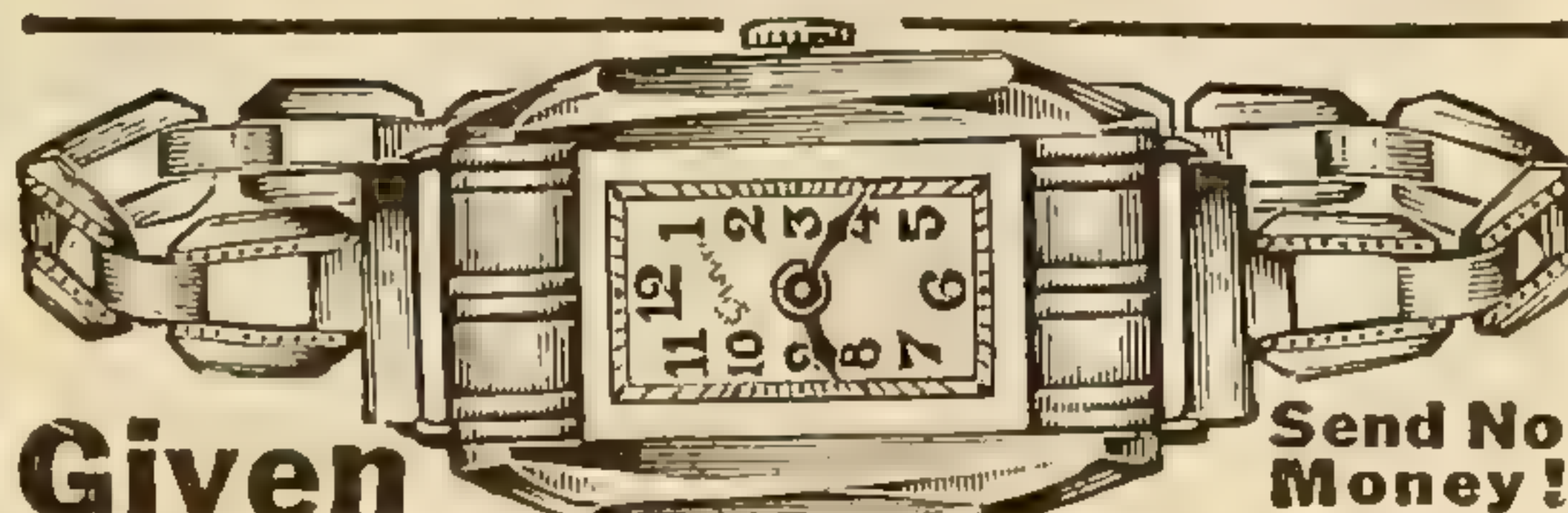
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[Continued from page 6]

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This same offer appears in the November issues of MOVIE CLASSIC's affiliated Fawcett film publications—HOLLYWOOD SCREEN BOOK, SCREEN PLAY, and MOTION PICTURE. Trademark ideas may be submitted to each of these magazines with a \$50 cash prize going to the winner along with a chance for the \$250 Grand Prize.

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Here are the rules:

1. Contest closes December 20, 1936. All entries must be in the mail not later than midnight, December 20, 1936.
2. Any reader is entitled to enter employees and relatives of employees of Fawcett Publications, Inc., Motion Picture Publications, Inc., or Mervyn LeRoy Productions.
3. It is not necessary to submit a drawing of the trademark—you can outline your idea in words.
4. Do not submit fanciful or decorated entries.
5. Judges will be Mervyn LeRoy, S. Charles Einfeld, Director of Advertising and Publicity for Warner Bros., and Edward Selzer, Director of Publicity for Warner Bros.
6. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.
7. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned.
8. Prize winners agree to sign over all right and title to winning designs, and to accept the prize money as full compensation for the same.
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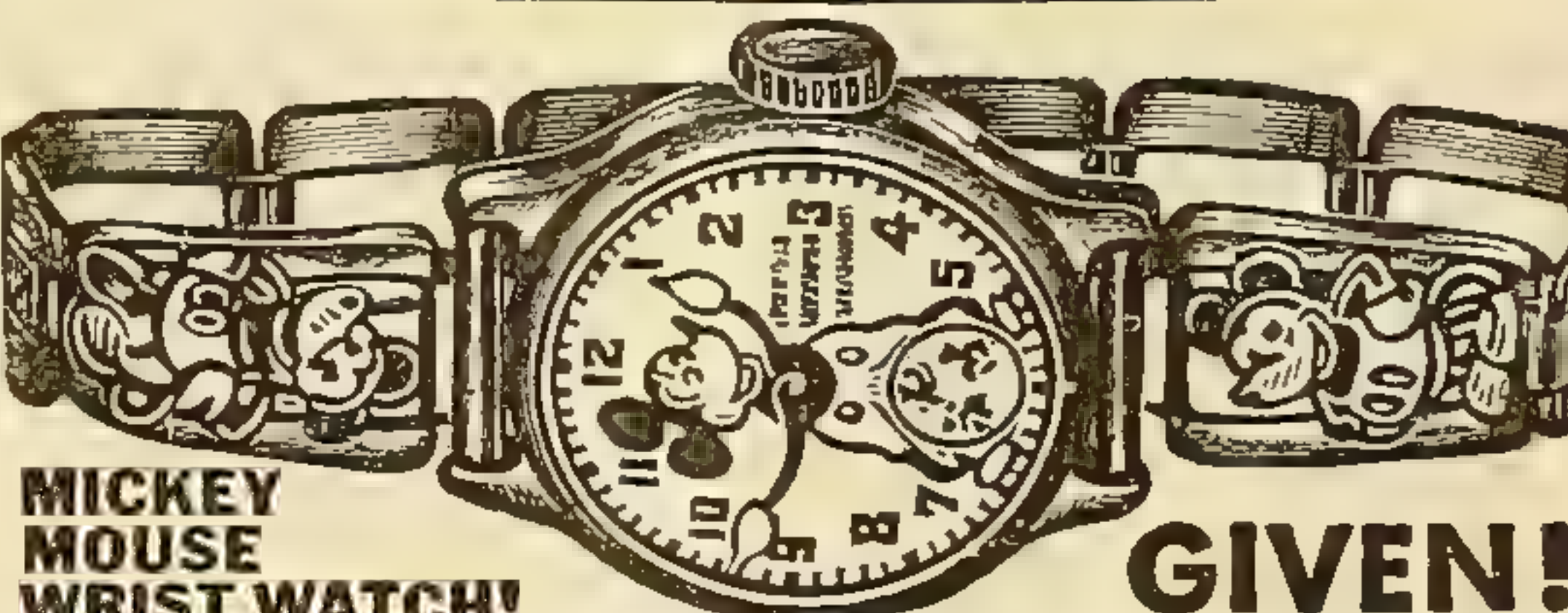


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Twenty Years A Star

[Continued from page 57]

A sense of humor has been one of this dignified actor's finest assets. He takes his work seriously, but not himself.

A brief sketch of Jack Holt's life reveals all sorts of color. He was born in Winchester, Virginia, and he still talks with a slight trace of Southern accent. His father was an Episcopalian minister of note. On his father's side he is a direct descendant of Lord Chief Justice John Holt, who was a distinguished jurist in England early in the eighteenth century. On his mother's side, he is a great-great-grandson of the first chief justice of the United States, John Marshall. This distinguished ancestor was a captain in the Revolutionary war, a close friend of George Washington and the greatest constitutional lawyer in American history. He also wrote the finest of Washington biographies.

JACK was educated, as many good Virginians are, at the Virginia Military Institute, which accounts for his military bearing and his splendid horsemanship. Although he has never been in the army, Jack has scores of close friends, in the service, chiefly due to the many army, navy and aviation pictures he has made.

Educated as an engineer, Jack first tried out his profession in the New York tubes. Next we find him attached to an exploration company in far-off Alaska as a civil engineer and surveyor. Of an adventurous spirit, it was only natural that Jack should take a fling at gold-mining, hunting, trapping and guiding pack trains into the wilds of Alaska. That's where he got his stage experience, driving an old fashioned high-wheeler which served the far-flung mining camps.

Continuing his adventurous career, the young Virginian next tried his hand at cowpunching. He worked as a "waddie" on an Oregon cattle ranch and liked the rough life so well that he raised the money back home to buy himself a ranch and several hundred head of stock. Like most tenderfoot ranchers he speedily went broke. Next he tried his hand at apple orcharding. He introduced the hexagonal method of planting apple trees, in Oregon, thus contributing something worthwhile to horticulture in the Pacific Northwest.

Along about that time, 1913, the movies were very much in their infancy. Jack Holt drifted into San Francisco, flat broke, but on his way to the new Eldorado in a place five hundred miles south, called Hollywood.

Fate decreed that Jack make his motion picture debut in a small town called San Rafael, across the Golden Gate from Frisco. He was hired by a director because of his horsemanship, and his first appearance before the camera was in a thirty-foot dive on horseback into a river. He was "doubling" for the hero. His first rôle in pictures was a "bit" for the same company in *Salomy Jane*, in which Beatrice Michelena was starred.

ENCOURAGED by good pay and easy work outdoors, Jack lost no time in hitting the trail to the big movie town, Hollywood, in the same year. Within two years he was a Famous Players-Lasky star, and one of the most popular figures that ever appeared upon the screen horizon. For ten successive years Jack Holt starred under the Paramount banner in every sort of story ranging from Zane Gray westerns to society dramas. Either rôle fit him like

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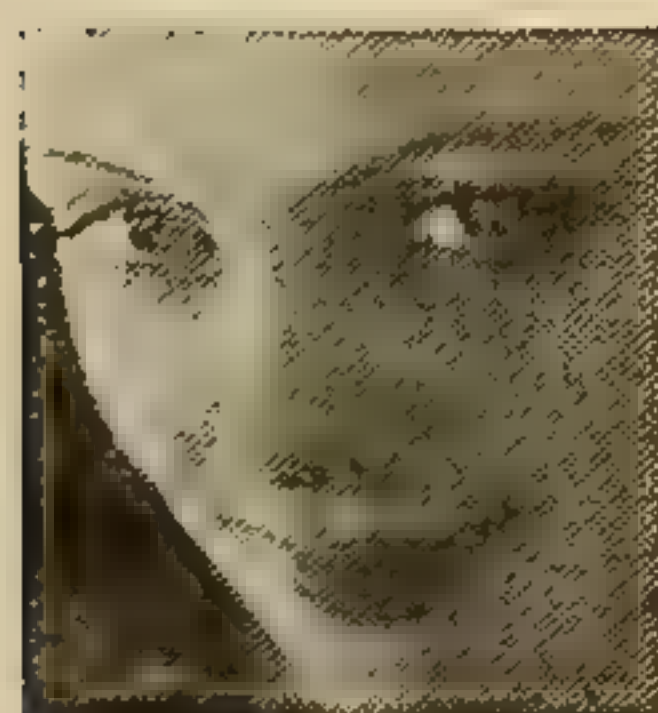
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a glove. Not only was he a military horseman and cowpuncher by experience, but he had been born, reared and educated a gentleman. Of him a picture critic wrote several years ago, "he is the only movie actor I know who wears a tuxedo as if it belonged to him."

Possibly Jack Holt's greatest screen fame was achieved under the direction of Frank Capra in the United States Service epics, *Submarine*, *Flight*, and *Dirigible*.

Today, this man who has been a figure in pictures for twenty years is in greater demand than ever before. Although he is under contract to Universal, he is borrowed by other companies so often that he rarely enjoys a vacation.

Polo, a he-man's game, is Jack's favorite sport. He has been a three-goal handicap player, which is a splendid rating for a man who hasn't much time to play. Jack plays occasionally for fun at the Midwick and the Riviera Clubs, but mostly he referees the big game.

"Polo is an unselfish game," Jack once told this interviewer. "It takes four men to play it. No man can play it for himself."

He intended his remarks to apply only to polo. As a matter of fact, they represent his attitude on everything in life.



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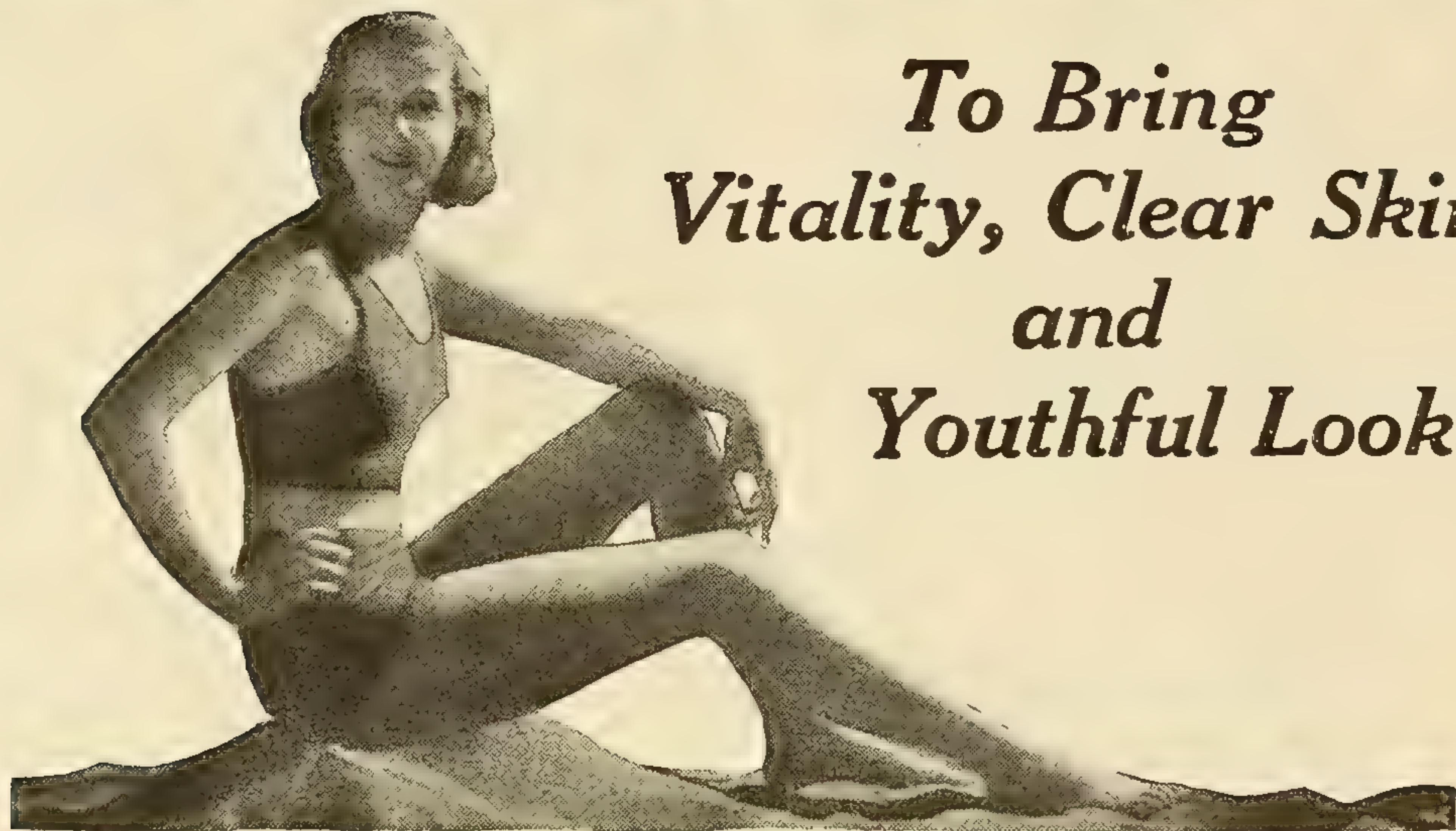
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Can Paulette Goddard Beat Chaplin Jinx?

[Continued from page 33]

Edna lives a quiet life in Hollywood. She is still beautiful and prosperous. She has found happiness in obscurity.

NEXT comes attractive Mildred Harris. Mildred began her screen career as a Mack Sennett bathing girl. Her loveliness caught Chaplin's eye and he used her in several short comedies. Then they were married. They were blessed with a baby boy but, tragically, it was born dead. Marital troubles developed, culminating in a divorce and a handsome financial settlement for Miss Harris. Shortly thereafter she attempted a screen comeback, but no important rôles came her way. Eventually she pocketed her pride and haunted the cheaper independent studios. Now she is out of pictures and appearing with a dance band on tour. The Chaplin jinx again!

Then beautiful Lita Grey Chaplin.

Lita was a Spanish dancer. Chaplin watched her dance at a private party. Her grace and flashing dark eyes captured his artistic heart. At the moment he was preparing the script of *The Gold Rush* and he was seeking a leading lady who could give zest and sparkle to the dance hall sequences. By the time Lita finished her last whirl, Chaplin had decided to offer her the feminine lead in the picture. The fact that Lita had no previous screen experience did not dampen his enthusiasm. She was the type he visualized in the rôle. He would make an actress of her.

Either Chaplin was wrong or the Chaplin jinx was especially severe on Lita. After five and one-half months work Chaplin junked the film. Many months later he made a fresh start on *The Gold Rush* with a new leading lady—Georgia Hale.

Between the period when work on *The Gold Rush* was suspended and resumed Chaplin married Lita Grey. It was undoubtedly a love match and the marriage healed the wound to Lita's pride caused by removing her from the picture. Their brief marriage produced two handsome boys. Then came the sensational divorce and a reputed million dollar settlement as further balm for Lita's ruffled feelings.

Lita made no effort to resume her ill-fated screen career, but she did attempt to launch the two little boys in a picture. Chaplin prevented it. Today Lita is completely removed from the Hollywood scene.

Georgia Hale—unlucky lady No. Four.

Like the other Chaplin women, she was skyrocketed from nowhere to stardom.

BEFORE Chaplin selected her to supplant Lita Grey in *The Gold Rush*, Georgia had appeared in several "quickies," independent pictures with such lurid titles as *Hills of Peril*, *Wheels of Chance* and *The Rawhide Kid*. She remained pretty much of an unknown during the year spent in making, or rather remaking, the picture.

When *The Gold Rush* was released, Georgia received polite notices from the reviewers. All of the glowing adjectives were reserved for Chaplin's great artistry. Georgia received a few bids from other studios, played in a Fox picture, and then faded. She resides in Hollywood today, leads a quiet married life, and does not seem to mourn the cinematic world she might have conquered, but for that Chaplin jinx.

Now we come to Myrna Kennedy.

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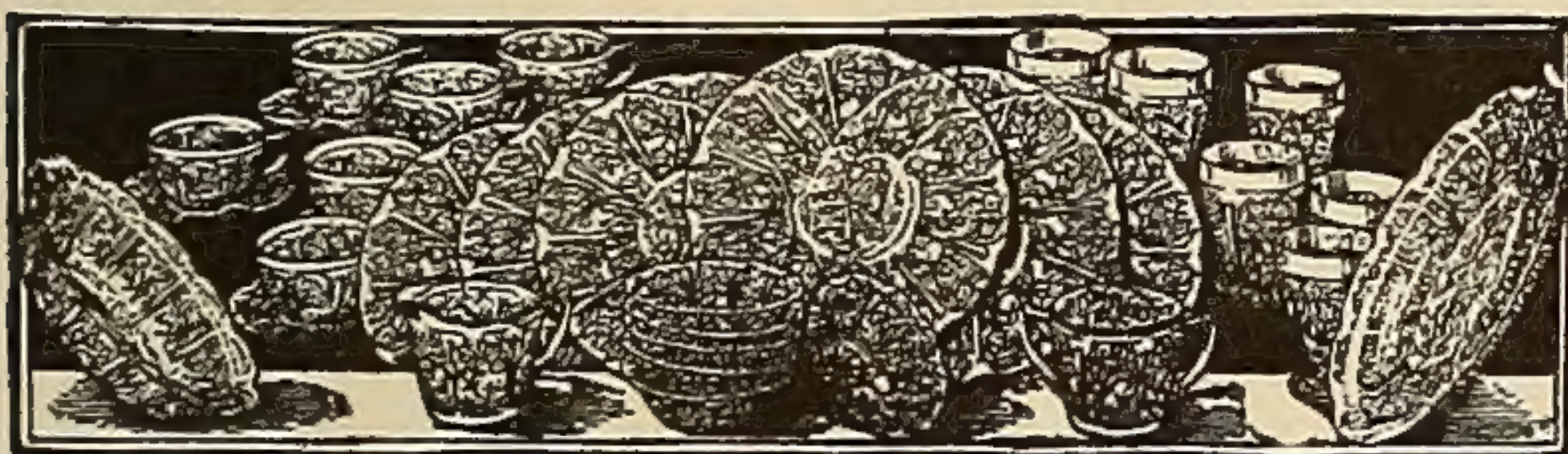
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After a long period of inactivity following the release of *The Gold Rush*, the enterprising Chaplin elected to mirror his talents against a circus background. He had long wanted to make a picture called *The Circus*.

He chose Myrna Kennedy as his leading lady. This time he picked a real trouper. Myrna had been singing and dancing on vaudeville circuits since she was nine years old. She came to Los Angeles in a show which played the old Mason Opera House. Chaplin attended. He saw her possibilities as an exquisite lady of the white tops. She took a screen test. Chaplin was elated. She photographed remarkably well.

It took Chaplin fifteen months to make *The Circus*. As usual, he had another huge success to his credit. Myrna's performance was hailed as unusually promising. She received other offers and appeared in *Broadway*, *Skinner Steps Out* and *King of Jazz*. Then her star began to wane. She married and divorced Busby Berkeley, the dance director. She continues to live in Hollywood, but has passed out of the spotlight.

Last on the list is Virginia Cherrill.

VIRGINIA, a blonde Chicago society girl, came to Hollywood on a visit. She had no intention of entering pictures. Chaplin was introduced to her in a Hollywood night club. He suggested a screen test. She took it, and was signed for the feminine lead in the comedian's *City Lights*. It required about thirteen months to make the picture.

Virginia's work in *City Lights* was exceptional for an unknown, inexperienced actress. Afterwards she played in two or three unimportant pictures for other companies. She married Cary Grant. It didn't take, and they were divorced. Through with the screen, Virginia has returned to her society sphere. She is at present in London. There are reports hinting at a marriage to a titled Britisher.

All of which brings us back to charming Paulette Goddard who will soon be confronting the Chaplin jinx. Paulette played in the stage production of *Rio Rita*. Then she went under contract to Hal Roach and appeared in short comedies. Chaplin met her through mutual friends and signed her for the lead in *Modern Times*, once more demonstrating his belief that pulchritude and youth are more important than experience—at least in Chaplin pictures.

Will Paulette overcome the jinx that has snatched enduring fame from the other girls in Chaplin's life? Hollywood hopes so, for Paulette is popular in the film colony, natural and blessed with a rare sense of humor. Besides, Chaplin after keeping the press in a state of suspense for months, proposed, was accepted, and married her. Those who know claim it is real love for Chaplin this time. Perhaps true love can accomplish the miracle, smash the jinx, clear the way for Paulette to become a more permanent star in the Hollywood heavens.

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Fate—Fame—and Robert Taylor

[Continued from page 49]

term contract—on February 6th, 1934.

His starting salary was thirty-five dollars a week, which put him on an "earning-while-learning" basis. But he was able to keep on working at the Playhouse, where he also received thirty-five dollars a week—so he was hardly starving.

What hurt me was the studio's wanting to change his name. When they told him that people would never get the right pronunciation for Arlington Brugh, he suggested "Alan Stanhope"—the name of the character he had played in *Journey's End*. I liked that, too, because of the coincidence that my maiden name was Stanhope. But it sounded a little too English, and they wanted him to be all-American. So they picked a nice, easy-to-pronounce, commonplace name that everybody could remember—Robert Taylor.

MOST people, I think, have forgotten what his first picture was—if they ever knew. It was *Handy Andy*, with Will Rogers. He was loaned to Fox for the part of the son-in-law, married to Mary Carlisle. A small rôle, but he was happy about it. It was a start.

His second rôle also was "on loan"—this time to Universal, where he was in *There's Always Tomorrow*, with Binnie Barnes. He played Lois Wilson's son.

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer started grooming him as a romantic juvenile. First he had a small part in *Wicked Woman*, with Mady Christians and Jean Parker; next in *West Point of the Air*, with Wallace Beery; then in *Murder in the Fleet*, again with Jean Parker.

His first big rôle was the title rôle of *Society Doctor*, with Virginia Bruce. And if any young actor ever had inspiration in portraying a doctor, that actor was Robert. It was after that picture that the mail started coming in. Then he did *Times Square Lady*, also with Virginia Bruce. Next came *Broadway Melody of 1936*—and a torrent of mail followed. I was back in Beatrice for a visit, just a year ago this August, when he called me one night and wanted me to come back for the preview. The studio thought that the picture was going to do big things for him, and if the studio was right, he wanted me to be there to share in the excitement.

In his next picture, he was starred—with Irene Dunne. That was *Magnificent Obsession*. I think that will always be his masterpiece. I do not see how he can ever do anything more inspiring.

Since then, he has made *Small-Town Girl* with Janet Gaynor, and *Private Number* with Loretta Young. And he has just played opposite Joan Crawford in *The Gorgeous Hussy*, his first costume picture, and opposite Barbara Stanwyck in *His Brother's Wife*. Next he will co-star with Garbo in *Camille*.

To most people, it seems that he has become a star in a very short time. They call it "luck." Sometimes he does, himself. He says that he always was lucky. But I insist that luck did not just happen to him; he brought it to himself—because he was always so willing to do his share.

He always was a serious boy, and he still is serious, though some of his screen rôles have made him out a playboy. When he does see anything funny, his laughter is contagious. One thing he cannot laugh at is criticism. He is so skeptical about his future. . .

"I'm doing 'so well' today—but what about tomorrow?" he will ask.

Fame has changed him in that one respect. He was naturally a very happy person before. That was a remark everybody made. I never can remember him fretting as a child. Now he seems scared of himself. I think that he misses his father more now than ever before.

I try to tell him that he worries too much—that he should sit back and enjoy all this while he has it. However, I do



Gladys George, hailed as one of the most brilliant actresses of the modern stage, will make her screen debut in Paramount's *Valiant is the Word For Carrie*. With her in the above photograph are Charlene Wyatt and Jackie Moran, who have rôles in the picture

not think that his success will be just a flash. He is too sincere in his work.

He has no privacy any more; that is the greatest change in his way of living. He cannot appear in public anywhere without being mobbed by admirers. That will never cease to amaze him. Neither will the curiosity about his possible marriage intentions.

WHEN he was at Pomona, he was positive that he was in love with one girl. He thought a great deal of her. They might be married today, if a difference in religious beliefs had not broken them apart. After that, he "forgot about girls" for a long time. He has been fond of two or three since then, but never enough to marry. Now he claims that he will not marry till he is thirty.

I think that Bob would have been married before now, if his parents' marriage had not been such a happy one. Fear that he could not duplicate it has held him back.

To anyone who never knew our story, that might not be understandable. We were the ideal of a whole community, our minister once told us. He came to my husband one day and said, "Doctor, I want to tell you and Mrs. Brugh something. The way you live is an example to this whole town."

Bob and I lived together until a year ago this August, when he moved into a small bachelor house of his own. He wanted more masculine independence. He was surrounded by too many women—his grandmother, a cousin going to college here, and an old family friend who is his secretary, besides his mother. I could appreciate how he felt. And he has not moved far away—only four blocks. But I miss not having a man in the house.

The lives of all of us revolve around Bob. We handle a great deal of his fan mail. His grandmother addresses envelopes for pictures that people request; six hundred of them a day. I answer the postal cards; thousands of them. Virginia—his secretary—takes care of the letters. We have four typewriters in the house, and if I could use two, I would.

The mail just paralyzes me. But it has made no difference in Bob. He is just as afraid of success as ever.

His success has affected me in many ways. . . mostly pleasant ways. But I was dumfounded by the story that when Bob asked me whether or not I liked him in a certain picture, I answered that the gas stove should be fixed. Or some other ridiculous thing that I never said. It sounded as if I might be interested only in the money he was making; the money is the least part to me. I see every one of his pictures—not once, but several times. We talk about them. I would be a strange mother if I did anything else.

CERTAINLY, no mother could ask a son to be more thoughtful than Robert is of me. He had never given a party until my forty-ninth birthday, recently. Then he gave a small dinner dance in one of the hotels, and I was the guest of honor, wearing a bracelet of diamonds and sapphires that he had given me. No one living could do more for me than he does. He cannot understand why I am so lonely, why I cannot be happier. There is nothing more I can want—except the one thing that I cannot have; my husband with me again.

When I named my boy "Arlington," everyone in the family seemed to think that I had done a terrible job of naming him. But he has namesakes all over Nebraska today—boys who were named "Arlington" after the son of the beloved doctor who brought them into the world. I have never seen a man more loved than he was—by the good, the bad, the indifferent. What makes me happiest is that, in many ways, Robert resembles him.

Even though I have given up the house in Beatrice, and expect to spend the rest of my days in California (where I feel the healthiest I ever have in my life), I do want to go back to Beatrice to visit. And I am afraid now. I am afraid that people there will assume that I am a changed person, because my son is a great success. And I ache to let them know that I am not. I ache to tell them just how I feel:

Robert Taylor is no greater a success than his father was.

Their professions have been different—that is all.

(The End)

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